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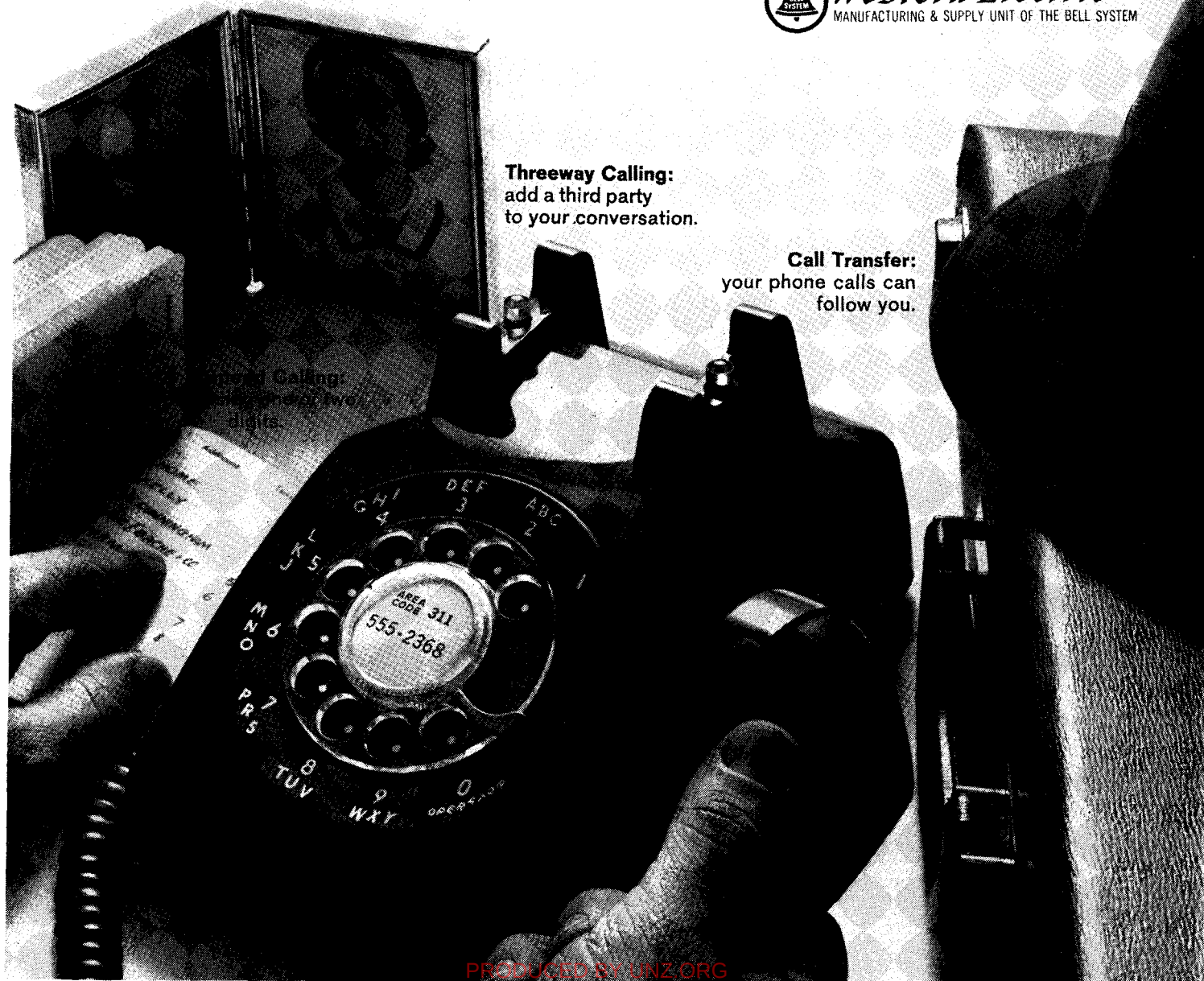


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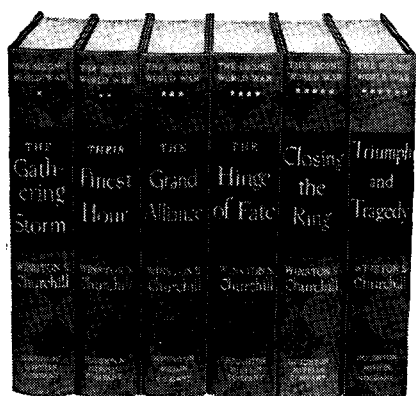
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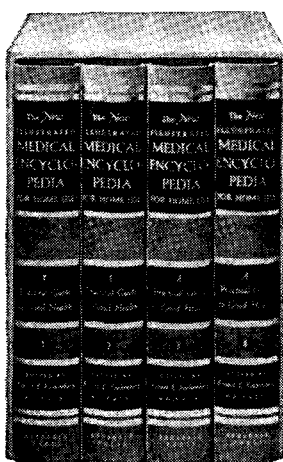
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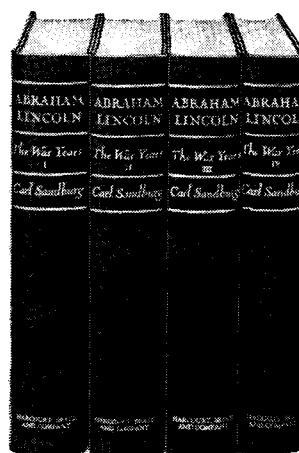
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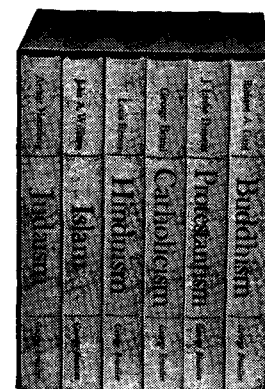
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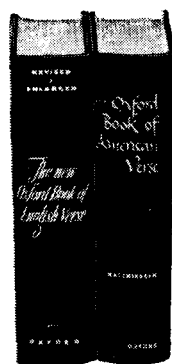
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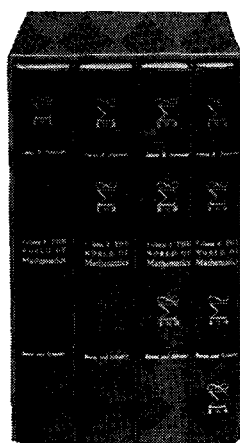
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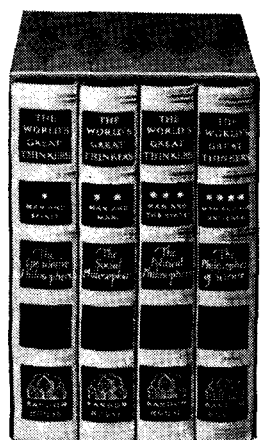
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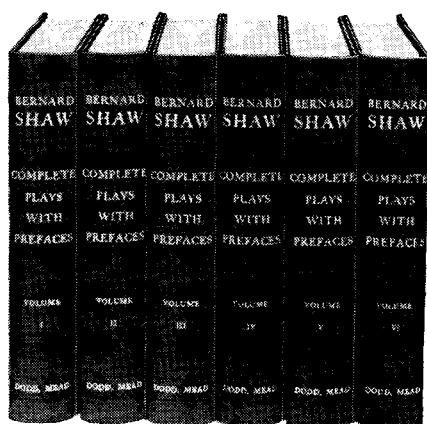
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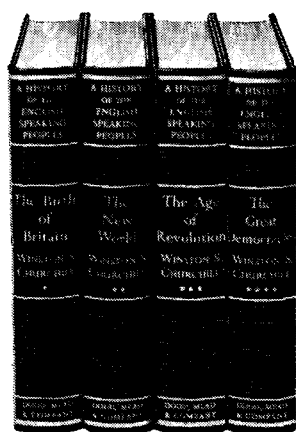
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

WHEN Lyndon Johnson last year suddenly postponed the scheduled visits to Washington of India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri and Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, the criticisms of his handling of foreign policy problems reached a new high. For six months there were no state visitors to the White House. Then, in December, the President began what promises to be a long list of receptions for foreign diplomats.

President Ayub was first. He was followed by British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. The meeting with Prime Minister Shastri, in some ways the most important, will enable the two leaders to examine relations that have been severely strained by misunderstandings and failures on both sides.

During the Wilson and Erhard visits, little immediate progress was made on a nuclear sharing agreement, but it was affirmed that non-nuclear nations should have "an appropriate share in nuclear defense." Further studies and negotiations to this end were agreed upon. In a related move, the President promised cooperation with Western Europe in space exploration.

Some observers thought that this was an idle plan to divert attention from the more serious problem of nuclear sharing. On the contrary, it was a realistic proposal of the utmost value to European scientists and industrialists. They know that they cannot keep up with America in less complicated production unless they try to match the American effort in the more complex nuclear and space fields.

Yet no single European nation is wealthy enough to conduct the experiments under way in the United States. Many European industrialists are fearful that they are falling behind in electronics,

communications, instrument reliability, micro-miniaturization, computers, and management because they are not undertaking the space and nuclear work their American counterparts are doing. If details of a cooperative adventure can be worked out, the alliance as well as European industry will be strengthened.

From a distance, Johnson seems to his foreign counterparts less interested in their problems than Kennedy was. Johnson's approach is vastly different. But when he is face to face with a visitor, the latter's doubts and misgivings often are overcome in the deluge of attention and interest the President manifests. He is persuasive in personal contact, where little bargaining is done, but he is tough in negotiations, which he leaves to emissaries.

The President frankly expects greater support in return for American aid. He reflects more than Kennedy did the congressional doubts about the benefits to America of the foreign aid program. He does not see why America should not use its huge food resources as a tool of foreign policy.

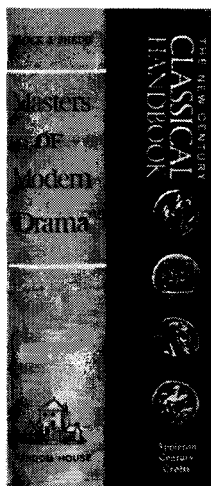
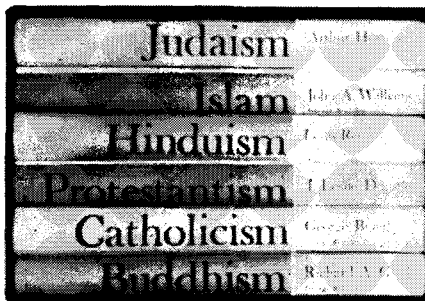
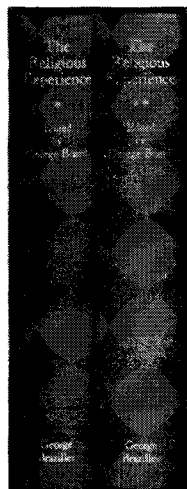
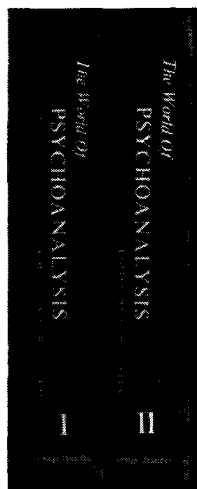
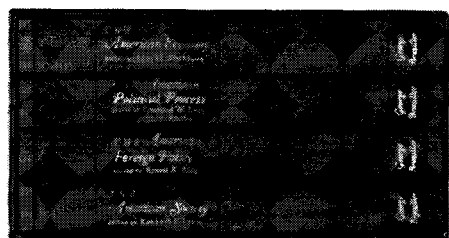
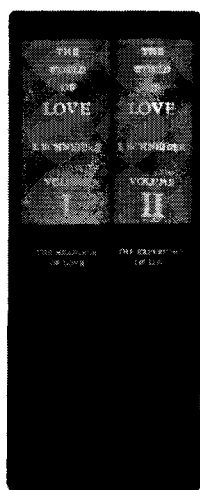
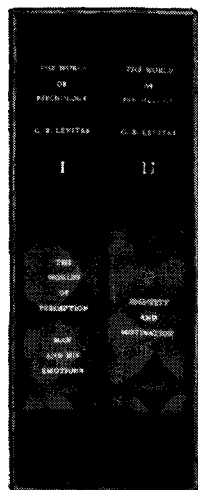
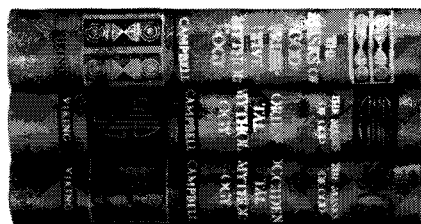
Dismay on the Nile

In the White House view, Egypt is a prime example of a country that responded to Johnson's tough policy. For months Cairo engaged in violently anti-American tactics while receiving bold promises of Soviet aid. The noise did not persuade Johnson to rush to Egypt's assistance. In fact, he turned his back, much to President Nasser's dismay. When it became apparent in Cairo that Russia could not deliver on its promises, particularly to supply food, Nasser stopped denouncing the United States and appealed for food shipments. Johnson thereupon permitted negotiations to be resumed. He thought that Nasser, and others who had watched the exercise, had learned a lesson.

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Report on Washington



In the early days of the cold war many recipients of American aid believed that the surest guarantee of continued assistance was to threaten to go to Moscow. Now, on specific orders from the President, if any foreign official attempts that kind of persuasion, he is politely told: "That is perfectly all right. Go ahead. We wish you luck."

The changed approach to aid is a mark not only of a different President but of changed circumstances. Officials of every food-hungry country know today that the Soviet Union must import millions of bushels of grain each year and that the United States, Canada, and Australia are the only important grain exporters. Moreover, Washington has concluded that the aggregate demand for aid is so great and is growing so rapidly, mainly because of the need for food, that aid from every source should be encouraged. The President has publicly proposed that Russia increase its aid program, and he still hopes that Russia may join the Asian Development Bank. Soviet representatives attended the Bangkok and Manila conferences which established the bank, and Moscow has not completely shut the door against participation.

Whatever the anguish in India, the President is justified, most Washington officials believe, in insisting that India do more to meet its own food needs. He wants to tie American aid to self-help programs in India and to the reform of India's agriculture. It may appear to be cruel to use food as a bargaining weapon in such a manner when Indians are starving. Yet not even North America's vast agricultural potential can meet India's food deficit in the next decades. India's own salvation requires a dramatic improvement at home.

Quick with force

The President professes not to understand why at home and abroad he is criticized for his conduct of foreign policy and praised for his leadership in domestic affairs. The criticism does not die down even though his staff disseminates statistics to show that he devotes an enormous amount of time to foreign issues.

Abroad, Johnson is often pictured as a man quick to rely on force. No doubt he thought that

the use of force in Vietnam would bring results promptly. Washington still hopes that his vastly practical nature and political expertise may yet rescue him from the disasters of a long and ugly conflict in Vietnam. It is clear to all who know the President that he is determined both to stay the course and to find a solution at the earliest possible moment.

Exit Mr. Bundy

Whenever a man of outstanding intelligence leaves the government we are all poorer for it. There is no substitute for brains. McGeorge Bundy's departure from the White House takes from the President's counsels an unusually acute and perceptive mind. No other man has played a more significant role in the development of American foreign policy in the last five years except Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

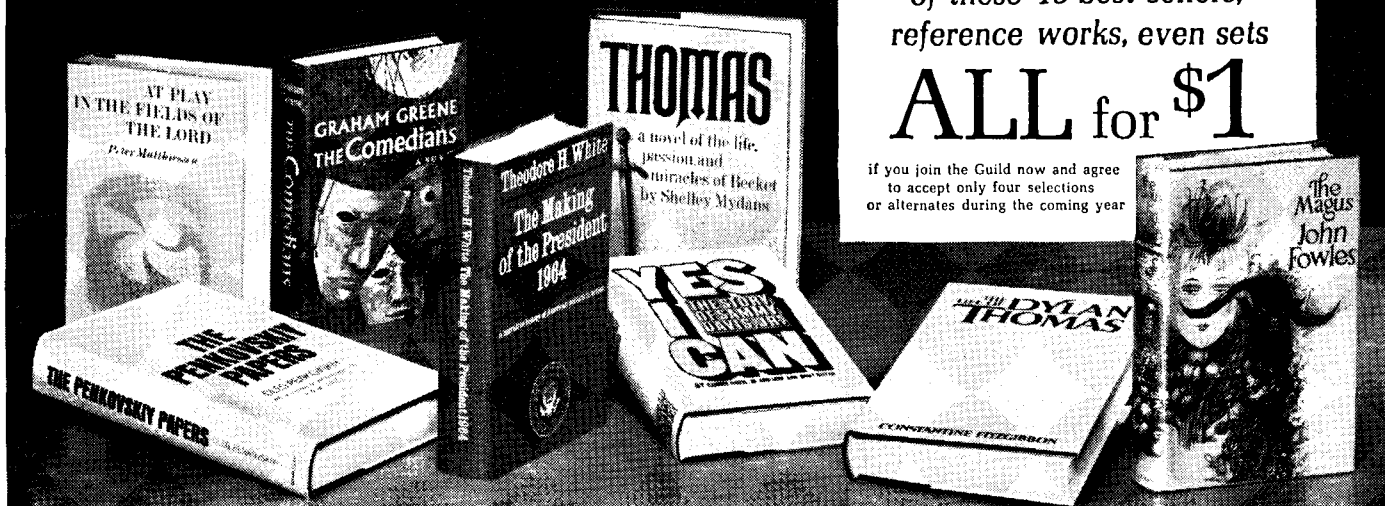
Bundy's role has been on the level of a Cabinet officer not only because he has been at the President's elbow or because State and Defense Department papers passed over his desk; he exercised power and influence because the two Presidents relied on his judgment.

Kennedy had considered appointing Bundy Secretary of State, but rejected the idea because, he said, he could not put at the head of his Cabinet a man with no political or governmental experience. Just after he was elected in 1960, Kennedy spoke of Bundy and Byron R. White as men who after some experience in the Administration could be entrusted with major departments' "But not now," he said when an acquaintance with whom he was talking urged him to go ahead and name Bundy Secretary of State in the first place. White was appointed Deputy Attorney General and later became Kennedy's first nominee as a Supreme Court Justice.

After Kennedy's death, Bundy knew and Washington knew that it was most unlikely that Johnson would appoint him Secretary of State. In 1960, Johnson urged Kennedy to choose Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as Secretary of State. Although the President now is furious with Fulbright because of his criticisms of Administration policies in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, Johnson has always believed that the Secretary of State should be a man of wide political ability and experience. Dean Rusk may have no political background, but members of Congress are impressed by his ability as a witness. He can soothe rather than exacerbate congressional tempers.

Bundy, on the other hand, might irritate Congress by his impatient and at times arrogant

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Report on Washington

manner, as Dean Acheson did. Johnson is well aware of this, and he believes that if a Secretary of State lacks a political background, he must at least have a political instinct. As a White House staff officer, Bundy has been shielded from Congress and the public. He has briefed the press from time to time and in these sessions has sometimes displayed an attitude that annoyed the press and would infuriate Congress.

As president of the Ford Foundation, Bundy will be judged to some extent by the political risks he is willing to run. If he plays it safe, as so many foundation heads do, the opportunities for bold and provocative work will be missed. If he underwrites imaginative and controversial programs, he may well get into trouble with his board of directors and incur the hostility of Ford dealers, who in the past have complained about certain projects of a controversial nature. Yet the Ford Motor Company and the Foundation are entirely separate entities.

If Bundy seeks the advice of his former colleagues in the Great Society, the majority no doubt would tell him that the areas where the Foundation might be most effective are the big cities of the United States and the underdeveloped countries of the world. In both areas there are tasks which governments and existing social institutions cannot effectively undertake. In both there is the paralyzing problem of overpopulation. The Ford Foundation already has constructive programs in operation in American cities and in underdeveloped areas.

Is it beyond the means of a foundation with such large resources to find the answer to the question of why the Administration's poverty program is in trouble and to design a better course? Is it beyond the Foundation's ability to undertake, in India, for example, a program for population control and an agricultural development program to shore up the Indian democracy?

Control the Fed?

Another exceptionally able man, with long experience in Washing-

ton, was put to the political test recently and was found wanting. William McChesney Martin, Jr., the highly competent chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, can recover politically only if he is proved to be wiser economically than the President and his economic advisers. If there is inflation, then Martin and the other three board members who voted with him in December to raise the discount rate from 4 to 4.5 percent can say that they tried to fight it in time.

In terms of the board's power, however, Martin made a political error. By his action he invited a congressional attack on Federal Reserve independence.

For years a congressional minority has believed that the Fed's independence should be checked. Some of President Eisenhower's economic advisers were of the same opinion, but they quarreled with the board only in private. Johnson's advisers are much more emphatic in questioning the board's right to act in defiance of the President, who was aware for some days that the board was considering a proposal to raise interest rates.

In an attempt to dissuade the board, he authorized a White House spokesman to say that the President believed interest rates already were too high. The interest paid on short-term Treasury bills increased 72 percent in four years. A major reason for the President's concern, the spokesman said, was the resulting higher costs to states and municipalities in carrying out necessary improvements.

Despite the President's public and private warnings, the board acted, without, as the President noted, waiting to see his January budget message. Congress was not in session, but its Joint Economic Committee immediately began an investigation of Federal Reserve policies. Representative Wright Patman of Texas, the board's most persistent critic, was convinced that at last he could win his fight to curb the powers of the Federal Reserve.

Mood of the Capital

Cynicism is the word to describe our two great political parties as they go about the business of raising

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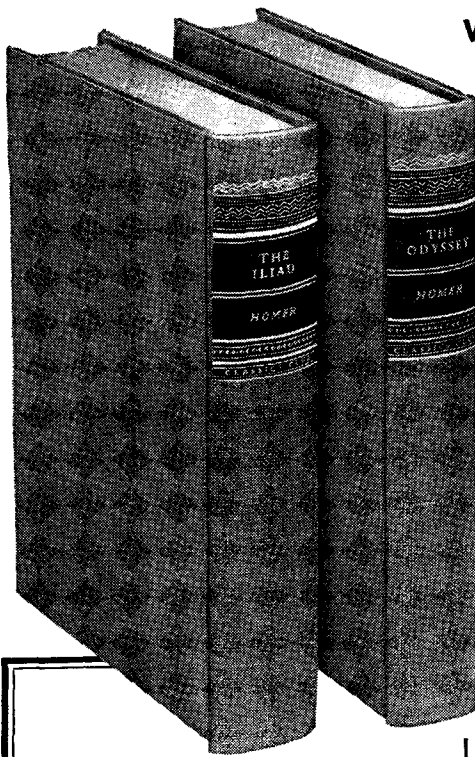
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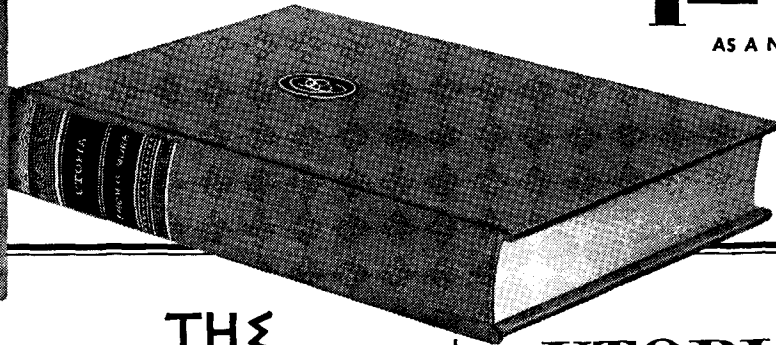
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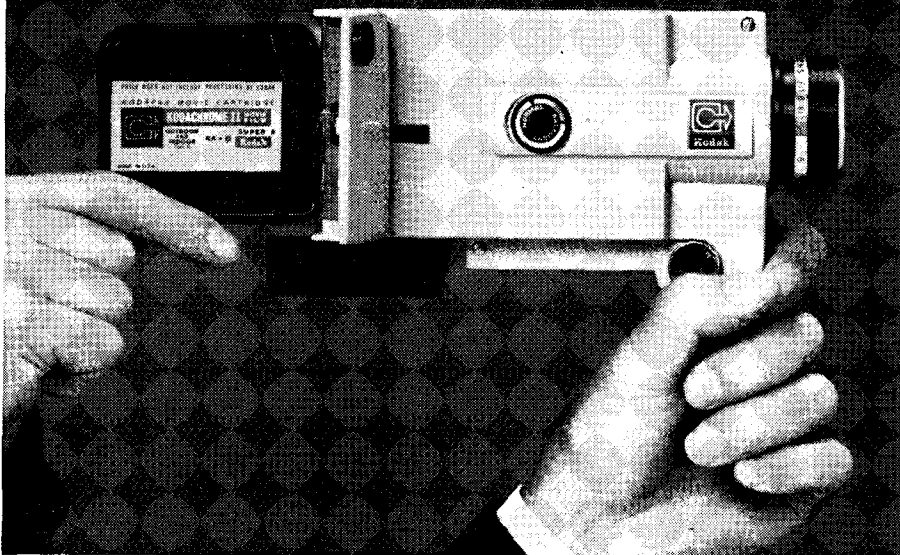
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Report on Washington

money to finance this year's campaign. They have resorted to a form of blackmail that is clearly against the spirit if not the letter of the law, yet the public outcry against their practices is no more than a whimper. Each party is asking corporations to pay large sums of money for advertisements in party publications. This is to get around the law against political contributions by corporations.

The Democratic campaign book, *Toward an Age of Greatness*, led the way by selling advertising at \$15,000 a page. Some of the advertisers are big defense contractors who would not dare refuse such a request from the party in power. And, after all, such an "expense" is tax deductible. Instead of denouncing the Democrats for an unethical practice, the Republicans acknowledged that they were doing the same thing. "Frankly, we can't pass this up," one GOP official told a reporter.

Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy made valiant efforts to persuade Congress to modernize the Corrupt Practices Act governing campaign contributions. But Congress showed little interest in the proposals. The Johnson Administration has not wanted to make an uphill fight for a reform it knows it might never win.

The cynicism of all involved should one day force a public reaction. Already an investigation is under way in New York of the campaign book prepared to raise money for Abraham D. Beame, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for mayor. Despite a New York state law prohibiting corporations from making political contributions, pages were sold for \$5000, \$2500, and \$1000, depending on the color and quality of paper used. The book itself did not appear until after the election, but served its purpose of paying part of the cost of Beame's campaign.

The Eisenhower-Kennedy proposals for a law designed to encourage small contributions and to discourage contributions collected in an underhand way are still before Congress and badly need support.

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This sealable structure contains the prototype of a life-support system which includes facilities to maintain four men in space for a year.

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Regenerating air:

Air regeneration presents a more complicated problem.

Normal air is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, water vapor, trace gases and contaminants. Exhaled air contains less oxygen and is enriched with carbon dioxide. On earth the constant interchange between animals, atmosphere and plants consumes the carbon dioxide and the contaminants and supplies fresh oxygen.

In a sealed ship the oxygen would be

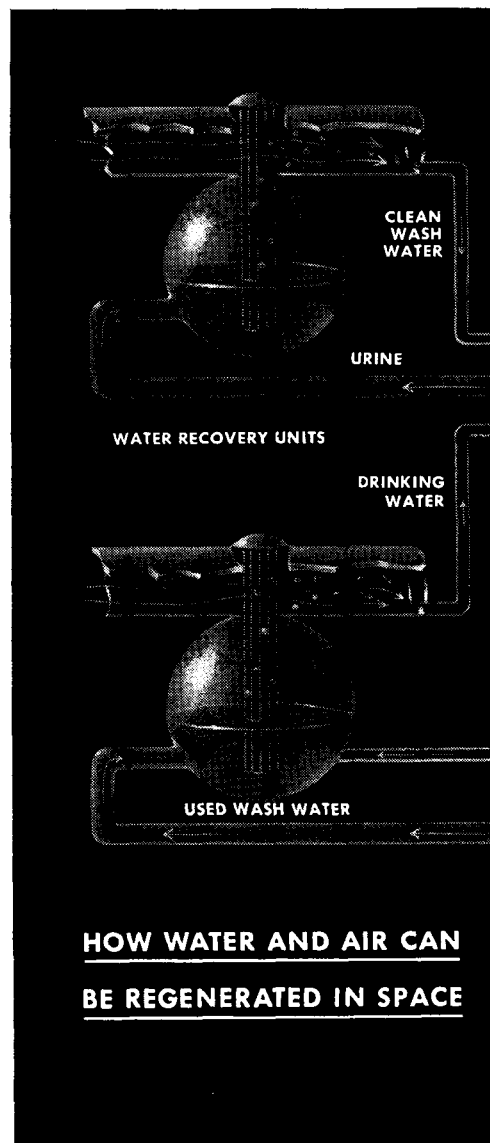
rapidly used up and the carbon dioxide built to a poisonous concentration.

Moreover, new contaminants are constantly being formed. At the end of some Project Mercury flights, the cabin air filter contained dozens of contaminants not present at takeoff. Some, such as ammonia, can come from ordinary chemical reactions to an astronaut's own perspiration.

Machinery now has to do the job otherwise done by nature.

How it works:

In our "spaceship," cabin air—the original mixture, plus exhaled breath, excess moisture from cooling systems and new contaminants—is continually circulated through a bank of equipment. A *dehumidifier* removes excess moisture. A



**HOW WATER AND AIR CAN
BE REGENERATED IN SPACE**

charcoal filter holds back some contaminants. A catalytic burner converts others. And a separator screens out the carbon dioxide. But the removal isn't final.

The water wrung out by the dehumidifier, for instance, is added to the central tanks for reuse. The carbon dioxide is moved to another chamber where it is mixed with hydrogen at a high temperature in the presence of a catalyst. That reaction creates water and pure carbon.

Techniques have not yet been developed to use the carbon, so it is simply blown into a storage area. But the water, collected through a porous plate, is transferred to an electrolytic cell where an electric current breaks it into hydrogen and oxygen.

The hydrogen is pumped back to fuel the previous reaction in which the water was formed. The oxygen returns to the cabin air to be breathed again.

A separate problem is presented by solid wastes. In a biological food sys-

tem utilizing algae or bacteria, these wastes might fuel the growth process, but now there is no use for them. International agreements forbid the contamination of space, so they cannot be jettisoned.

Solid wastes, therefore, are dehydrated into a powdery dry residue and stored. In operating spaceships, this may serve as additional shielding against radiation or meteorites.

The work ahead:

The entire life-support system is the most advanced yet developed and does include, of course, much more than the air and water regeneration loop.

Other facets are an electricity-generating system, mechanisms to circulate gases and liquids, monitoring and control instrumentation, food preparation, storage and other facilities.

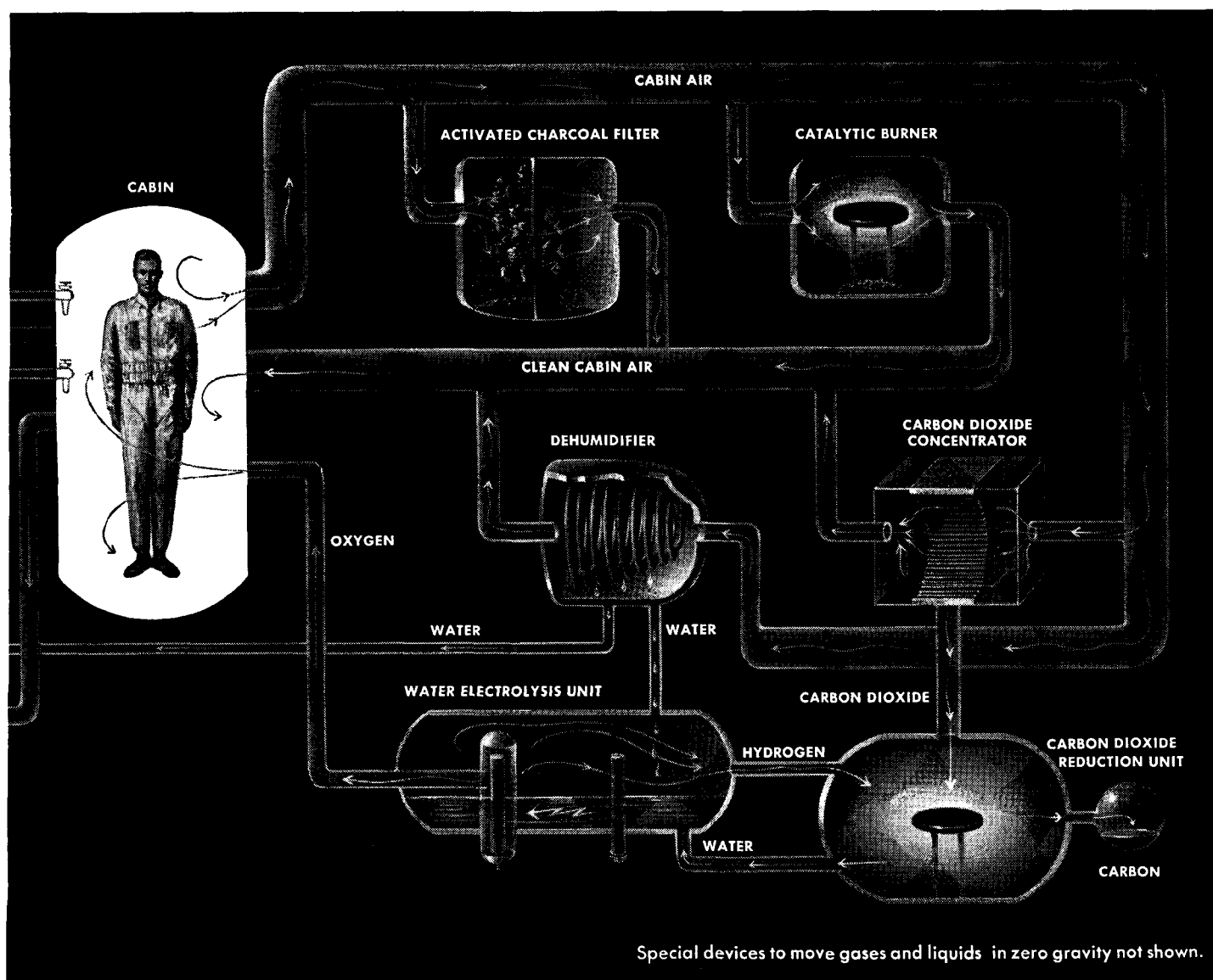
Efficient regeneration of food is not yet feasible. So dehydrated food will be

carried by the spaceship and resupplied.

All in all, we think the prototype is close to what will be needed in space. But as experimental equipment it's still somewhat heavy—over two tons altogether. We expect the long period of ground testing to be conducted by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to provide further guidelines for the design of much more compact and lighter equipment.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS



The Atlantic Report LONDON



It is difficult to decide which is the real Britain today. Is it the Britain of the incandescent young — loud, leggy, amoral, and yet in a way asexual, changeable, vital, fashionable, untidy, and rich? Or is it the Britain of the solid trade union leaders — all astonishingly like Peter Sellers' shop steward in *I'm All Right Jack* — meaningless these days on the steps of the Ministry of Economic Affairs as they "negotiate" in the context of an old-fashioned socialism.

The young are led by a group whose prosperity is based entirely upon the disc and the photograph. These naturally have worldwide markets. Success inevitably brings wealth on a scale and at a speed that are quite without precedent and wildly disproportionate to talent or to value. The engaging Herman of the Hermits is a millionaire in his teens. Jean Shrimpton, a photographic model, is flown from London at great expense to shock the matrons of Australia with London's thigh-length skirts. It seems splendid but crazy. It is untypical. Yet it is not unrelated to the general condition of the country or even to politics.

There is a powerful undercurrent of socialist thinking among students. But the ideas of socialist students flow far to the left of Prime Minister Harold Wilson and his government. Indeed, Labor has disowned and disbanded its former Young Socialist League. Either way, from left or right, Wilson has yet to win the very young.

Wilson is otherwise the most successful politician, in a personal sense, that Britain has seen for some time. Throughout the winter months so far he has run well ahead of his party in popular esteem. At one point the polls suggested that he had almost 70 percent of the electorate on his side. An election at the end of November might well have put Labor back into power with a majority of 200, and in such a landslide, Tory leader Edward Heath could conceivably have lost his own seat.

Wilson has introduced presidential-type government to Britain. In his cabinet he is not first among equals. He is first. He and his ministers

are advised not only by senior civil servants, as tradition dictates, but also by a brain trust from outside. He has used television to project himself as a man above the daily political battle, a national rather than a party leader. And he is a formidable performer on television — cool, quiet, occasionally eloquent, convincing to liberals, and plausible even to conservatives.

Tactical success in adopting this presidential kind of method has put Wilson's new power rival, Edward Heath, at a disadvantage, because it somehow has forced him to fight a permanent campaign. Instead of being merely Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, he has been cast as a kind of antipresident. If Wilson's success continues, the Leader of the Opposition in British politics could in the end come to bear to the Prime Minister a relationship similar to the relationship that the Senate Minority Leader in the United States bears to the President.

Action at any price

Things have not been going all Wilson's way, however. Like Soviet socialism (and Yugoslav socialism and Polish socialism), Wilson's socialism has run head on into an extreme crisis. And his image is to some extent clouded by Rhodesia. Wilson has spoken of Rhodesia as "my Cuba." The phrase is significant. It has been true all along that success with Rhodesia would transform his future potential as a world figure, while failure could at any time bring catastrophe; but the use of this phrase reflects Wilson's major weakness. He is not an original: he is a copy.

Sometimes he has been Kennedy. Sometimes he is Johnson. Once he was Lincoln. He mines Washington for phrases. But he has yet to copyright a "Wilson touch." Most people believe his intentions are good, but few know quite what he stands for. His own recipe for successful government is to head down the right road and "get the stagecoach rattling along at a great speed." This, he says, produces confidence. Any action is better than no action, even the wrong action — it can later be rescinded.



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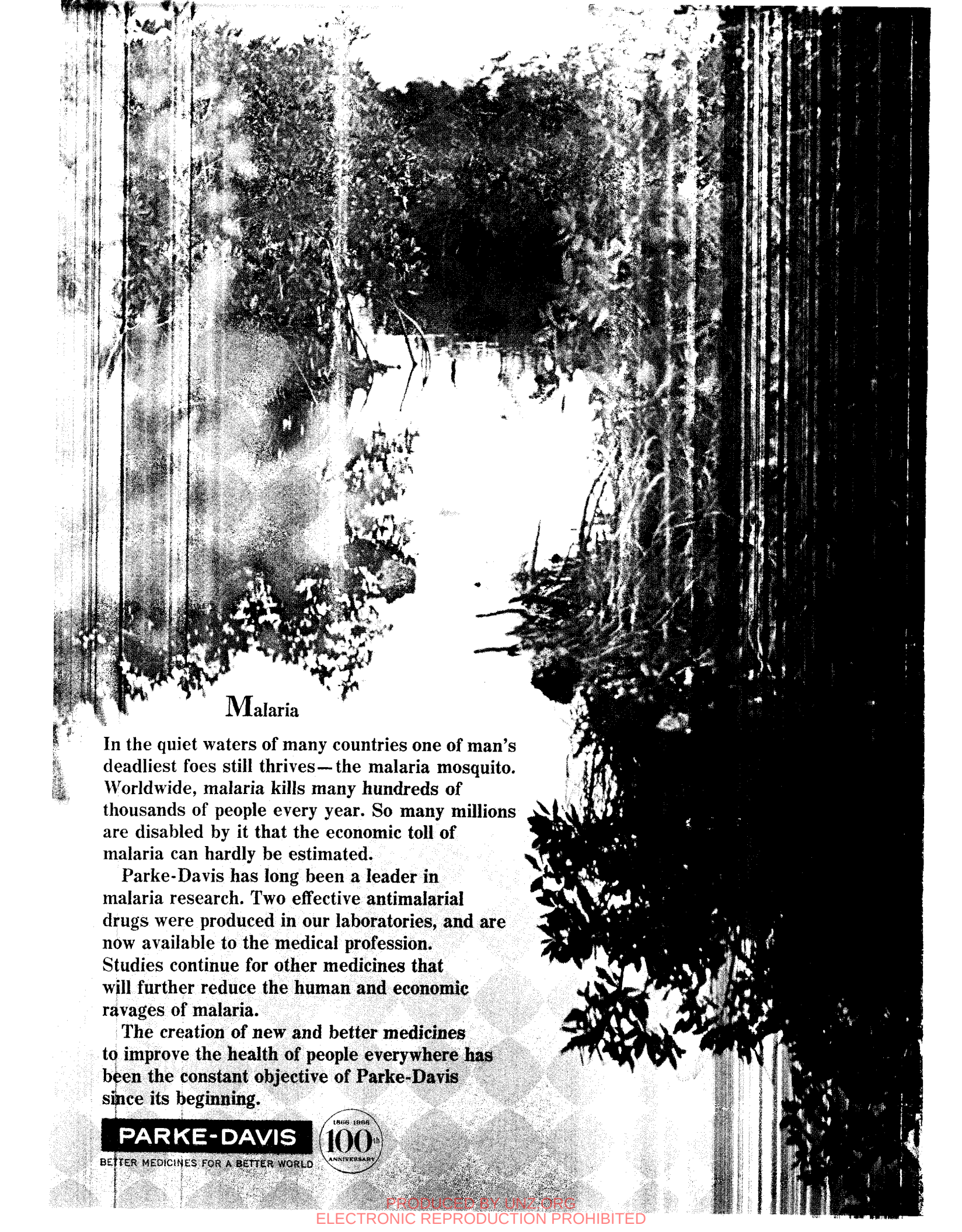
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Report on London

Wilson is an economist, and if there is one field in which this method cannot be expected to work, it is surely the economic. Yet the method has been pressed into service. The aim is announced — fair shares, social justice, and an ever expanding economy. Action starts in many directions — a tariff surcharge, massive borrowing, increased taxes, heightened interest rates, increased government expenditure, cancellation of expensive British aircraft projects, stiffer control of the exchanges, a reduction of investment by Britons abroad, rent control, housing subsidies, a ban on “inessential” building, an “incomes policy,” the assumption of power to influence wages directly from Whitehall, and so on.

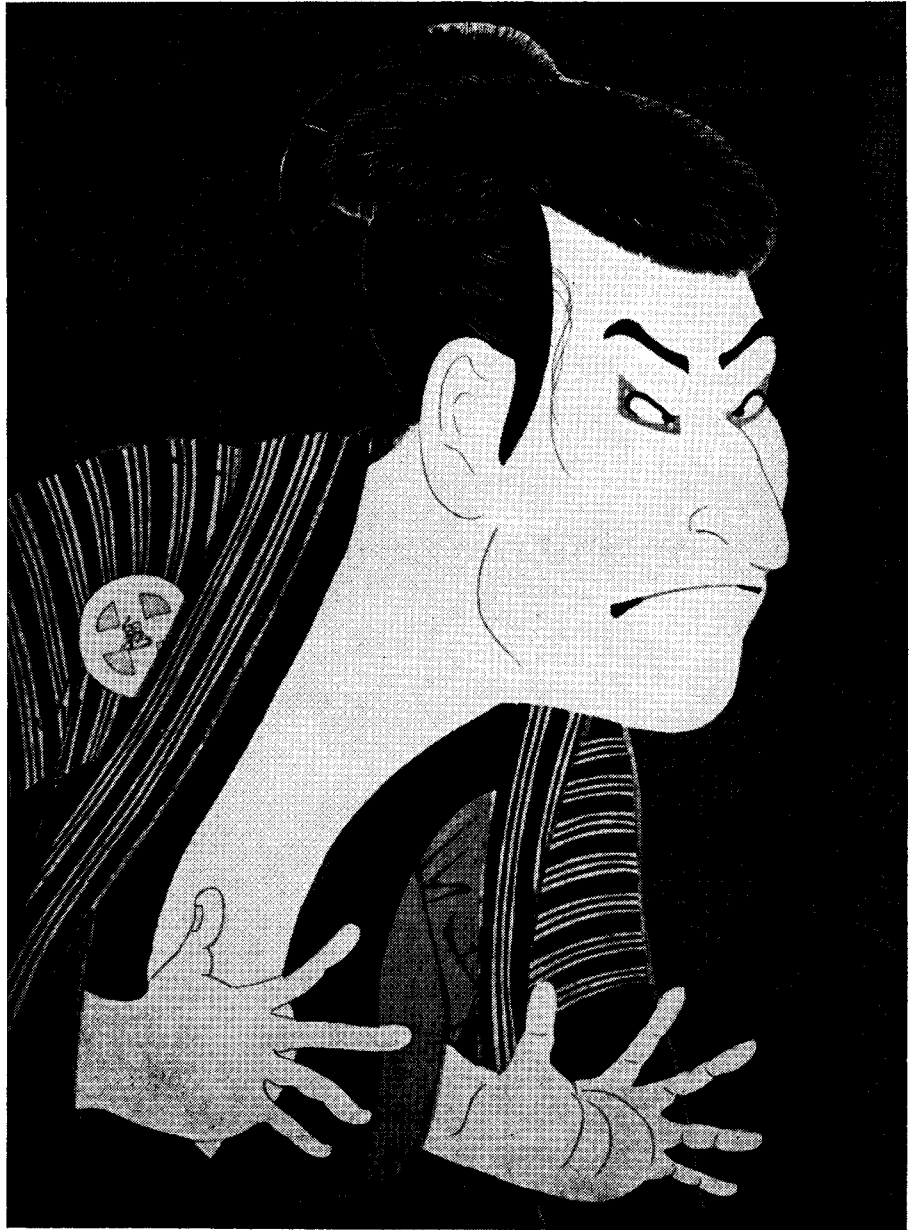
The result, as it turns out, is not confidence, but crisis. The British economy in general has been in a state of chronic crisis for more than twelve months. Britain’s international payments may not be in balance before 1967. In five years after that it somehow has to pay back debts totaling more than all its gold and currency reserves. That can be done only out of surpluses.

Yet the significant crisis is not that of the economy. It is the “crisis of socialism,” which also appears to be almost worldwide. Because consumption cannot be planned, a consumer society cannot be “planned” in the old sense of the term. Because a consumer society must be based on choice, there has to be some freedom of prices, since prices are the machinery of choice. Because there has to be some freedom of prices, there has to be more freedom for investment. And because there must be more freedom for investment, there has to be more attention to profits. Wilson’s Britain is in trouble mainly because its whole philosophy is based on the concept that profits are immoral, and to assure social justice, basic prices should be subsidized.

No warmth in the home

There is a touch of high comedy about the sort of tangle that the confrontation between this philosophy and current events has produced. After the first cold spell of the winter, the government ordered the na-

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Report on London

tionalized power industries — and urged the private oil industry — to suspend all advertising. This advertising has been keyed to producing a warmer Britain by selling British householders on central heating. (Only about 12 percent of Britons enjoy the luxury of total or even partial central heating.) Success of the campaign, however, spoiled the National Plan.

Too much electricity and too much gas were being used. An ordered series of area blackouts was started. Voltages were lowered. And because it is impossible to ration the amount of gas individual householders use, several of Britain's big automobile firms, big users of gas, were cut off from their supplies altogether, and thousands of men were sent home for several days of enforced idleness.

Both the Electricity Board and the Gas Board had earlier asked to be allowed to put their prices up so that they could earn the required amount on their capital. Both had

been denied permission to do so. But the consequence of power being priced below its economic level was, naturally, a very buoyant demand for it. This increased demand compounded the effect of the advertising campaign for warmth in the home.

Nor is the tangle yet unraveled, for denying the power industries permission to raise prices helped to keep the national price index steady, but success in keeping the national index steady accompanied total failure to hold national wage rates steady. Thus demand in general throughout the country has been inflated. Pay has risen at an annual rate of more than 10 percent, but prices have hardly risen at all recently. There is, therefore, more money to spend.

Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan has warned that he may need to put up taxes. The standard rate of income tax already is at 41.25 percent of income, rising to 92 percent.

Cheap housing too costly

Similarly, subsidized rents for local government public housing are further distorting the economy. For

one thing, people naturally go where there is cheap housing. There is most housing, cheap or otherwise, in the southeast of England, and the drift to the south is therefore exacerbated. For another thing, where the price of any item is uneconomic, it becomes difficult to balance supply and demand. With the price of housing uneconomic, it becomes impossible to do so. Where the scale of public housing is modest, the difficulties can be handled. Where it is large, they cannot be; the result is a housing shortage and a long list of unsatisfied applicants down at the town hall.

Richard Crossman, a powerful, intelligent, and active Housing Minister, means to break through by the sheer massiveness of his building program. Yet it seems doubtful that he can in fact succeed, for the simple reason that a building program so huge that it must meet the full demand for housing, whatever the price of it, may be beyond the strength of the British economy.

Similarly, efforts to solve the traffic problem of the southeast of England by cheap rail travel seem doomed to failure. Commuter trains are already overcrowded. A rail program so big that it could meet the full demand for travel, and at subsidized prices, is quite beyond the strength of the economy today.

Wilson's socialism meets the same challenge in another form in its attitude to investment. Public investment has been sustaining Britain's full employment. Private investment has been deterred. Yet private investment is vital to the economy, since private enterprise is responsible for the productive half of the economy and for almost all of Britain's considerable exports.

Strange bedfellows

The puzzle is personalized in the baffling behavior of Frank Cousins as Minister of Technology. The theory behind the formation of his ministry is that planning will produce technical innovation more successfully than profits. Perhaps it may do so. But it has not done so yet. More than half of Britain's science-based industry is, in fact, now American-owned.

But what is baffling about Cousins is that he has never backed the



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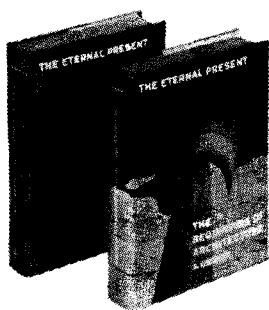
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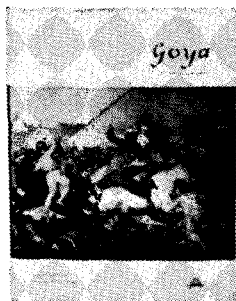
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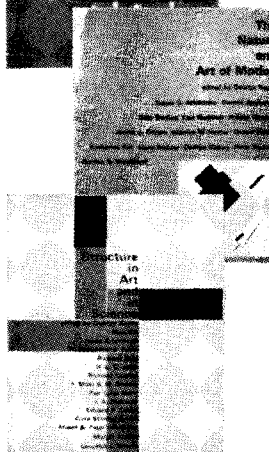
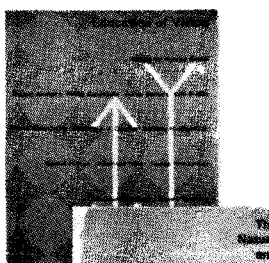
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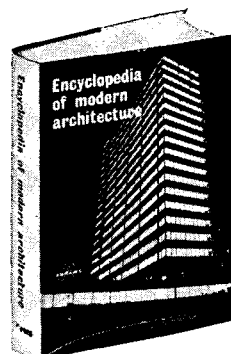
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BOAC

Report on London

“incomes policy” run by his colleagues Callaghan and George Brown, and masterminded by Wilson. He remains general secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, on leave of absence. And the TGWU has become an implacable opponent of wage restraint.

Cousins, the socialist, thus finds himself lined up for the present with Enoch Powell, the archapostle of free enterprise. Powell argues that wage restraint will never work just because you can never expect a union leader to settle for less than he knows is justified, either by the high demand for the skill of his members or by the union’s power.

Powellism is gaining strength, perhaps because there is as yet no such thing as Heathism. Powell has been made shadow Defense Minister. (Heath is a shadow Wilson.) Here again Powell has shown his individualism. Equating power with responsibility, he sees Britain relinquishing responsibility in the Pacific and in Asia, and possibly in Africa, where soon it will have no power. He is not afraid to say so.

Britain alone among America’s allies has 150,000 men under arms overseas. It is not getting out of any of its bases in a hurry. But in the long term, according to Powell, the facts of economics and logistics strongly suggest that Britain will turn exclusively to its own defense. And that means, of course, to Europe. But at the same time, the pull of America is increasingly strong. Wilson is not really prepared to “join Europe” on Europe’s terms, although Heath would be. If he were asked, Wilson would prefer to join America. And it may prove to be the case that there is no answer satisfactory for Britain except an Atlantic union.

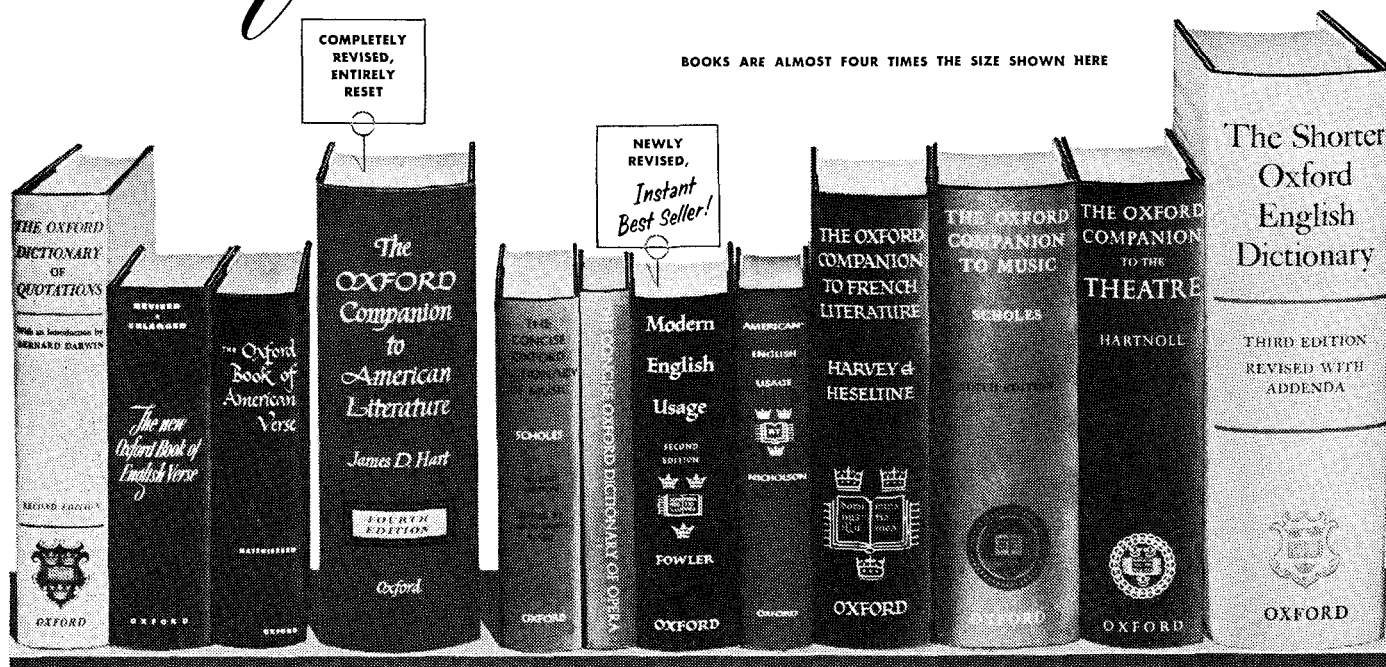
In this context the wild and woolly young probably do reflect the nation as a whole. The essential thing about them, besides their belief in inequality — the Earl of Snowdon, the millionaires of pop, the multiplying of gambling casinos — is that they are international. From their accents to their influence, indeed they are transatlantic.

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SINCE the Israelis love paradoxes, they must have been well satisfied with their elections last November. The campaign was full of sound and fury, but it produced hardly any change. The sixth Parliament, or Knesset, since the state of Israel was created in 1948 reassembled with virtually all the old faces in their old places and confronted with the same problems as before.

The principal new element in the election campaign was the split in the middle-of-the-road social-democratic Mapai (Israel Labor Party), which had taken the leading part in each government formed since Israel gained statehood. Israel's single great contemporary "prophet" and statesman, David Ben-Gurion, was ousted from Mapai—which he, mainly, had been instrumental in founding—and formed a new party, Rafi (Israel Workers Party), with the help of the former Mapai Ministers of Defense and Agriculture, Shimon Peres and Moshe Dayan. Like an old elephant which has been forcibly separated from the herd, Ben-Gurion trumpeted his fury far and wide. A bitterness unusual even for Israel's acrid politics entered the election campaign.

It was certainly not all on one side. Levi Eshkol, also of Mapai and the leader of the outgoing government coalition, responded in kind. Mapai concentrated its fire on the schismatics of Rafi, proclaiming Ben-Gurion to be politically senile and Dayan to be an overambitious opportunist who was prepared to make damagingly generous gestures to Israel's quarter-million-strong Arab minority. Political observers predicted a revulsion on the part of the electorate from both Mapai and Rafi.

In the event, nothing of the kind happened. Mapai, joined by another socialist party, Ahdut Avoda (Unity of Labor), in the so-called "Alignment for the Unity of Israel's Workers," polled just under 37 percent of the votes and took 45 seats in the Knesset. This was 4 percent and 5 seats less than the two parties obtained in 1961. Rafi polled 8 percent of the votes and obtained 10 seats in the Knesset, which was less than ex-

pected and which suggested that the politically diverse but instinctively careful Israelis did not intend to entrust themselves to a once great leader who is now in his eightieth year. The strengths of the other parties remained very much the same as before. The Israeli voter had again shown his aversion to change. More significantly, he had shown no increased confidence in the two parties of the right, which had formed the conservative-liberal bloc and which alone could have offered an alternative to Mapai leadership.

Galloping prices and wages

Just under one and a quarter million Israelis voted on November 2, but more than a quarter of a million stayed away from the polls. Perhaps those who stayed home did so because the contending parties never came to grips with the most important current issue, that of internal inflation, exemplified by galloping prices and wages. The coalition government will have to deal toughly and promptly with this problem. Inflation will make it more difficult for Israel to build up its exports, and its chronically adverse balance of trade is the disturbing result of learning to live a little too well a little too soon. In 1965 the deficit was expected to amount to around \$400 million—\$50 million less than in 1964, but the second largest in Israel's history.

Internal inflation is more striking than the trade deficit. Nominal wages are believed to have risen by a sensational 16 percent in 1965 (the average for each of the previous three years was 11 percent, and that was considered unduly high). The cost-of-living index jumped by 8.5 percent in the first nine months of the year. Money in circulation rose by around 13 percent. Personal consumption was up by somewhat more than this, although it would be unfair to accuse the Israelis of indulging in a spending spree. On the contrary, up to the last three years they have been living almost excessively modestly, although never quite within their means.

Certain factors continue to operate against them. They have few raw materials other than

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old, and be subject to a time limit. In this one city are both King David's Tomb and The Room of the Last Supper. A morning's drive on is Beersheba (Abraham dug a well and planted a tree there), and a few hours down the road, King Solomon's Mines.

On the Mediterranean is Tel Aviv, Israel's largest city, and the home of Lod Airport, where El Al jets arrive from New York and 12 European cities.

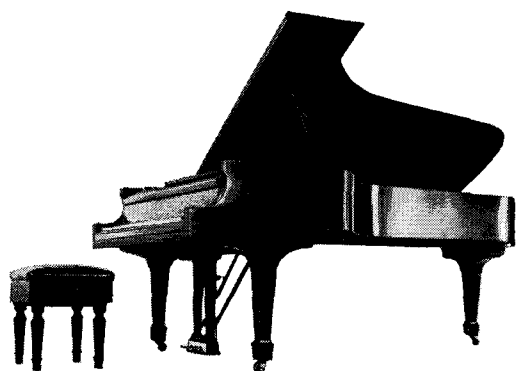
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Report on Israel

Dead Sea minerals and citrus fruits. The hostility of their Arab neighbors has imposed a disproportionately large defense budget on them, along with the major nuisance of the Arab blockade. Israel is a long way from its main markets in Europe and America, and they are highly competitive ones. Israel must, too, absorb large numbers of immigrants from North African and Middle Eastern countries who have no skills, arrive virtually penniless, and must, initially, be heavily subsidized in order to take their place in a modern state.

The last Eshkol government knew all about these factors, and did far too little to check inflation. The impending election was the main reason for its lack of action. The Eshkol government has, in fact, produced slightly better trade figures for 1965, by running down stacks of raw materials, limiting credit for capital investment, and reducing capital purchases, such as ships and heavy machinery. In addition, 1965 produced enough rain and a good citrus crop.

The major sin of omission of the last Eshkol government was in the field of labor relations. Dependent on the support of the left-wing elements of the coalition, the government acted as an impotent onlooker to a series of leapfrogging wage demands and wildcat strikes, largely staged by white-collar workers and government and municipal employees. The strike of workers in the milk-marketing cooperative resulted in milk having to be rationed throughout half of Israel. There were strikes of dentists, doctors, and hospital staffs — one of which threatened to paralyze the hospitals in Jerusalem. At the end of November, occupational therapists threatened action if their demands were not met.

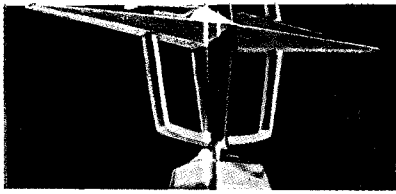
When both postmen and garbage collectors went on strike, a Trade Union (Histadrut) official remarked: "The economy is being subjected to uninhibited pressure by all sorts of groups of wage-earners in order to obtain their demands. These groups are almost entirely in the public services. As a result, categories of

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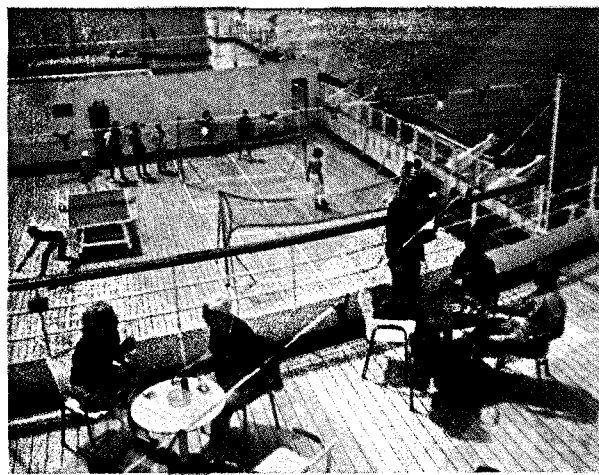
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Above: The sweeping staircase to the Ritz Carlton Lounge on the flagship s.s. Rotterdam.



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Report on Israel

industrial workers have been left behind in the race for personal gain. There is the threat of a spreading state of indiscipline, which can seriously damage the economy."

What will the new Israeli government do? Eshkol's last Minister of Finance, Pinhas Sapir, was believed at the time of the election to be in favor of a wage freeze. But the left-wing parties cannot support such ultimate austerity. Nor can the Histadrut, which would do no more than sponsor a sharp slowdown in wage increases for most wage earners while allowing carefully pruned increases for categories of industrial workers which have lagged behind.

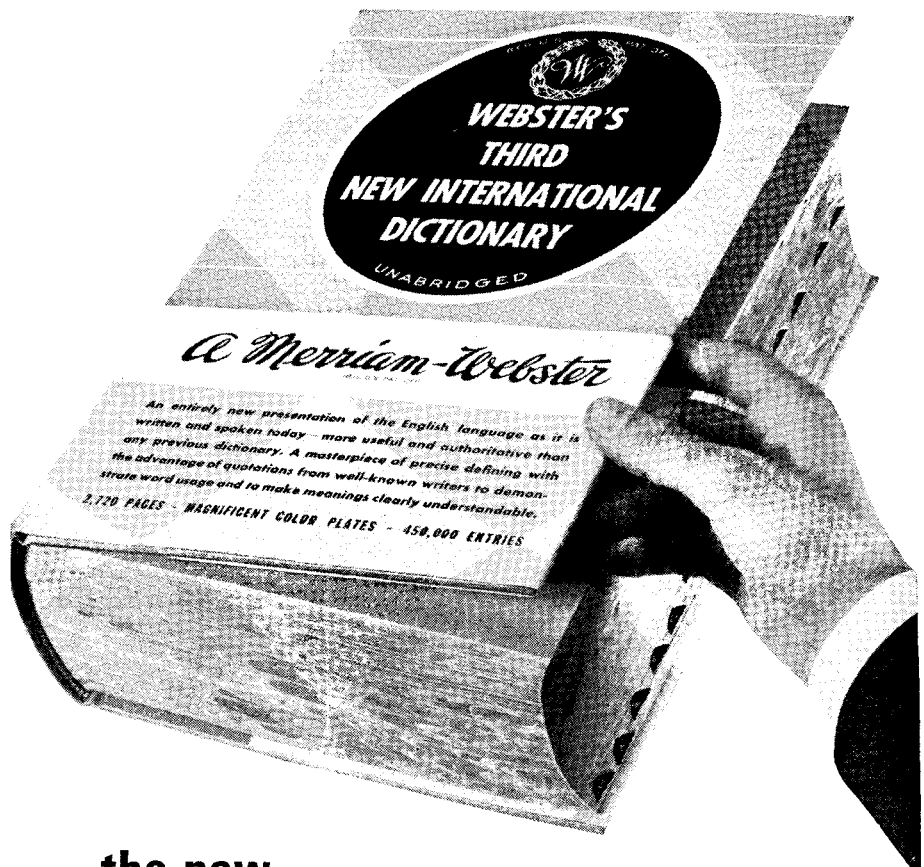
Whether wildcat strikes can be outlawed or otherwise suppressed seems doubtful in a state of overfull employment, with thousands of jobs vacant. Some observers believe that any sort of wage slowdown is unattainable, and that government will instead give a twist to the tax screw.

Mundane economic problems at the moment totally obscure national issues, which, admittedly, do not change much. For instance, the fall brought fresh incursions of Arab el-Fatch raiders over the frontier into Israeli territory. The Israelis allow a raid of these Syrian-trained bands, largely composed of asocial elements, to be repeated once, even twice, from the territory of one or other of their Arab neighbors. Then they strike back. One such counter-action took place, just before the election, against a Lebanese hamlet. In the outside world the reaction was that reprisals against the Lebanon, surely the most innocuous Arab state, might be unjustified. But Israel had conveyed a prior warning, and the Lebanon had taken no action to discourage or disarm the Syrian-based intruders.

Nasser's threat

The threat posed by President Nasser of Egypt remains. Some alarm was caused in November in Israel by the report that France had agreed to sell Mirage III-C planes to Egypt, for France has been Israel's principal supplier of military equipment. On November 25 Nasser painted a gloomy picture of

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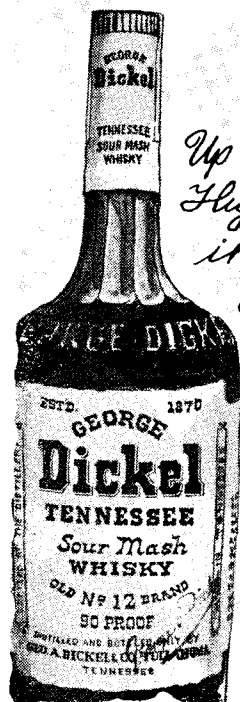
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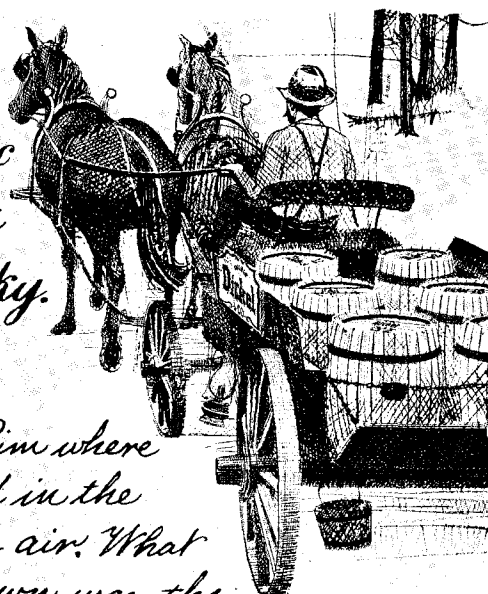
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Report on Israel

Egypt's economy but claimed that the Arab military front against Israel is more united than ever before. It is a permanent Israeli worry that Nasser may spearhead an Arab "crusade" to try to drive the Israelis into the Mediterranean.

Nasser has proclaimed this ambition often. According to the most recent estimates, Egypt now has 1200 tanks against Israel's 600, 500 planes to 450, and more than 100 middle-range rockets, which would be especially lethal if successfully launched against Israel's heavily populated coastal belt. This is why Israel must remain highly alert. Army maneuvers, which took place in late November and early December, have been highly comprehensive and have involved the swiftest possible movement of armored forces.

The American presence

The Israeli connection with the United States remains firmly based on mutual understanding. The special connection between the five and a half million Jews in the United States and the two and a half million people in Israel is being continuously renewed — most of all by the massive United States contribution to the Israeli tourist trade, but also by close commercial connections and by the common denominator of functioning democracy.

The United States is Israel's biggest supplier of imports (roughly \$220 million in 1965) and takes \$65 million of Israeli exports. Direct United States investment in Israel is substantial, and there are around 450 "know-how" agreements between Israel and United States firms. Apart from all this, the United States has a vast, indefinable sentimental interest in Israel. Washington was the first to recognize the new state in 1948, and Israelis believe that it is the United States which offers the best possibilities of interchange of thought, commerce, or even population.

A surprisingly small United States Embassy in Tel Aviv maintains a lively contact with Israeli governmental and outside opinion. The United States ambassador is regarded, on the one hand, as a man

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Progress.

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This one sat 12 people comfortably, had 11 huge windows, and walk-in doors.

The box shape held 174 cubic feet. (About twice as much as most modern wagons.)

And the wheel base was only 97 inches, so you could park it in small spots.

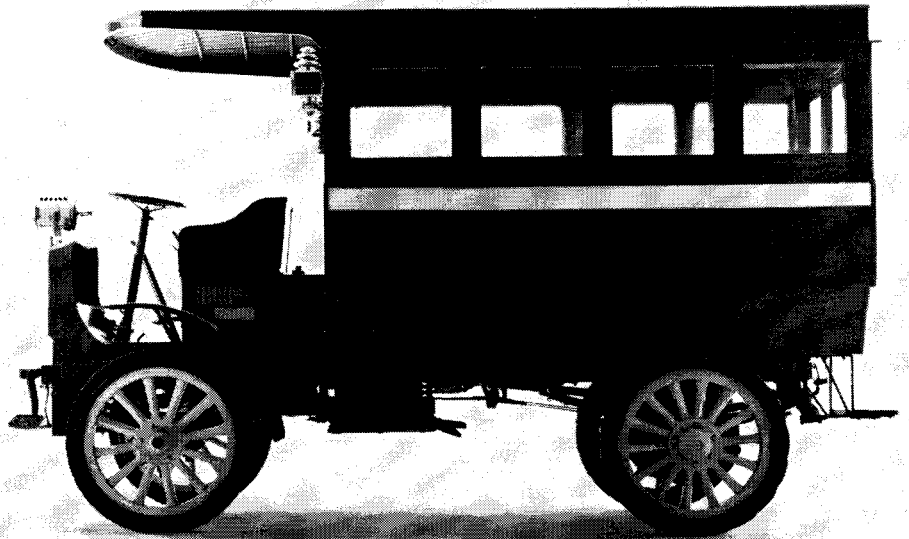
It was a sensible machine; too bad somebody didn't quit while they were ahead.

The object below is what station wagons look like today.

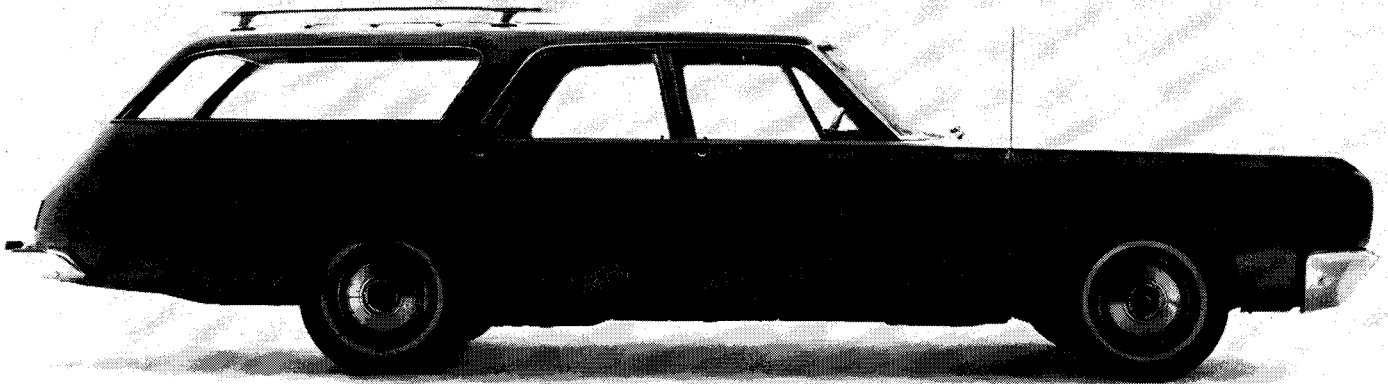
Most of them only hold about half the people and load of the old timer.

They take a lot of room to park, and a lot of gas to run.

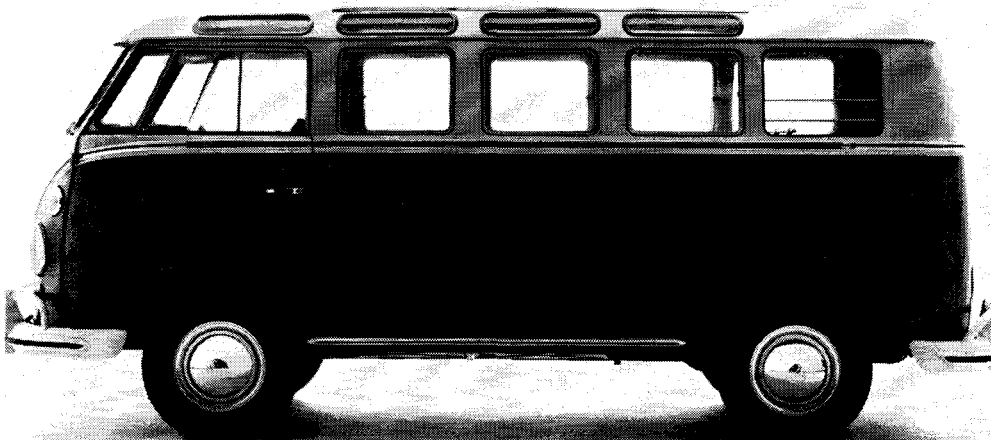
But then you get lots of shiny chrome and sculptured lines to polish.



The first box held an even dozen.



They should've quit while they were ahead.



Where do you go from here?

The funny-looking box on the left is a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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by Rudolph Wurlitzer

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by Julius Duscha

How the oil companies are pressuring the U.S. Department of the Interior to hand over \$300 billion worth of shale oil reserves, the largest store of oil ever discovered.

Fourth of July in Maine

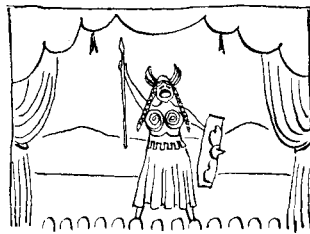
A new poem by Robert Lowell

Writers in Universities *by Donald Hall*

A distinguished poet and critic wonders whether writers on university payrolls serve either education or their art.

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OPERA RUN

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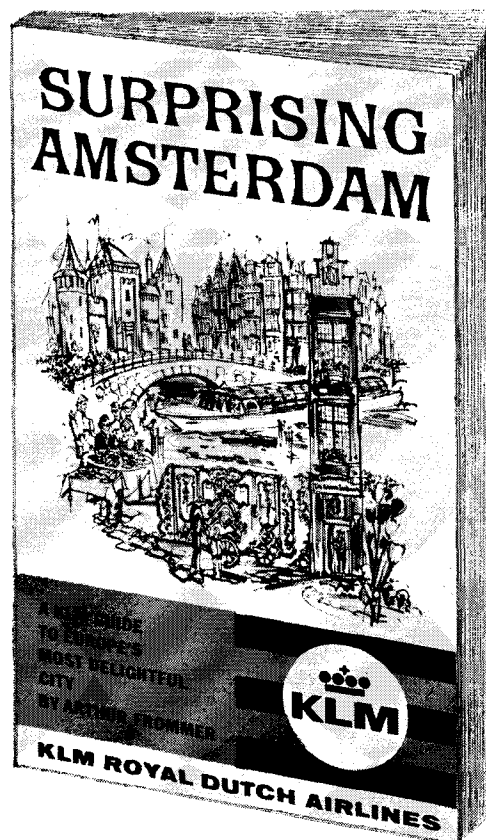
who lacks the drive and vitality of the Israelis themselves, but on the other hand, as a friend of Israel with a thoroughly sound understanding of Israeli problems. It is relevant that Israelis expect their friends to be objective and are happiest if they know that foreign diplomats are just that.

Israel's complaints

While American-Israeli relations are generally good, there are at present three sources of Israeli complaint against the United States. One is minor. It is that the State Department has taken an unobjective attitude toward raids and counterraid across the Israeli frontier. The United States government was, the Israelis think, too ready to condemn the Israeli counterraid on the Lebanese village of Houla, while not condemning at least thirty acts of sabotage which Arab terrorists have perpetrated in Israeli territory in recent months.

More important is the Israeli belief that the United States should be readier to supply arms to Israel. This belief has been strengthened by the evident French desire to secure better relations with the Arab world. Since France has been Israel's main source of arms, the question is being asked whether French arms may not in the future go equally to Israel and the Arab bloc. If this happens, Israel will expect a revision of the United States attitude.

Finally, a great many Israelis would like to have a United States guarantee of existing Middle East frontiers. This wish is not often spoken, but Israelis harp on the fact that the United States is the only "policeman of the West" now that the British Commonwealth has relinquished this function and can produce no more than fire brigades in its own territorial domain. All this should not suggest that Israel wants to lean increasingly on outside help. Generally speaking, confidence in its own ability to solve present problems and maintain an effective defense remains unshaken. Israel is moving out of a pioneering phase; but it remains vigorous and viable, and utterly determined to survive.



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THE external trappings of modernity transforming Addis Ababa today signify the beginnings of revolutionary change for Ethiopia. It is a revolution from the top. All the crucial decisions are made by Emperor Haile Selassie I. He has first of all made the decision that Ethiopia is to be of Africa as well as in it. By his order Africa Hall was built and presented to the United Nations as headquarters for the Economic Commission for Africa. Thus ECA is the hub of UN activity in Africa.

At his insistence UN and United States aid was used to build the four modern airports which welcome international traffic. Haile Selassie University, a chamber of commerce tower, imposing banks, hotels, and a tourist headquarters have changed the face of the city, which, until five years ago, had no building larger than the imperial palace. By making Addis an African capital, His Imperial Majesty appears to be deliberately setting the stage for Ethiopia's survival and ascendancy in the coming period of African renaissance. The props are being put in place with imagination and style. Africa Hall itself combines the efficiency of Geneva with the dash and vivid color of Ethiopian art. But the lines and the cast of the future national drama remain in doubt.

Fully engaged

On the larger political issues in Africa today — on independence and the end of European privilege — His Imperial Majesty has spoken out unequivocally. He was host to the first meeting of the Organization of African Unity in May, 1963. Since then at Cairo and Accra he has played a leading moderate role, stressing common African needs and aspirations. He is fully engaged in the current attempt to establish a common market for East Africa.

In its approach to modernization Ethiopia has farther to go than do the ex-colonies of Africa, but it has a certain range of choices not open to many of them. Its great plateaus, separated by the Rift Valley and cut by deep river gorges, are extraordinarily fertile. Rainfall is generally ade-

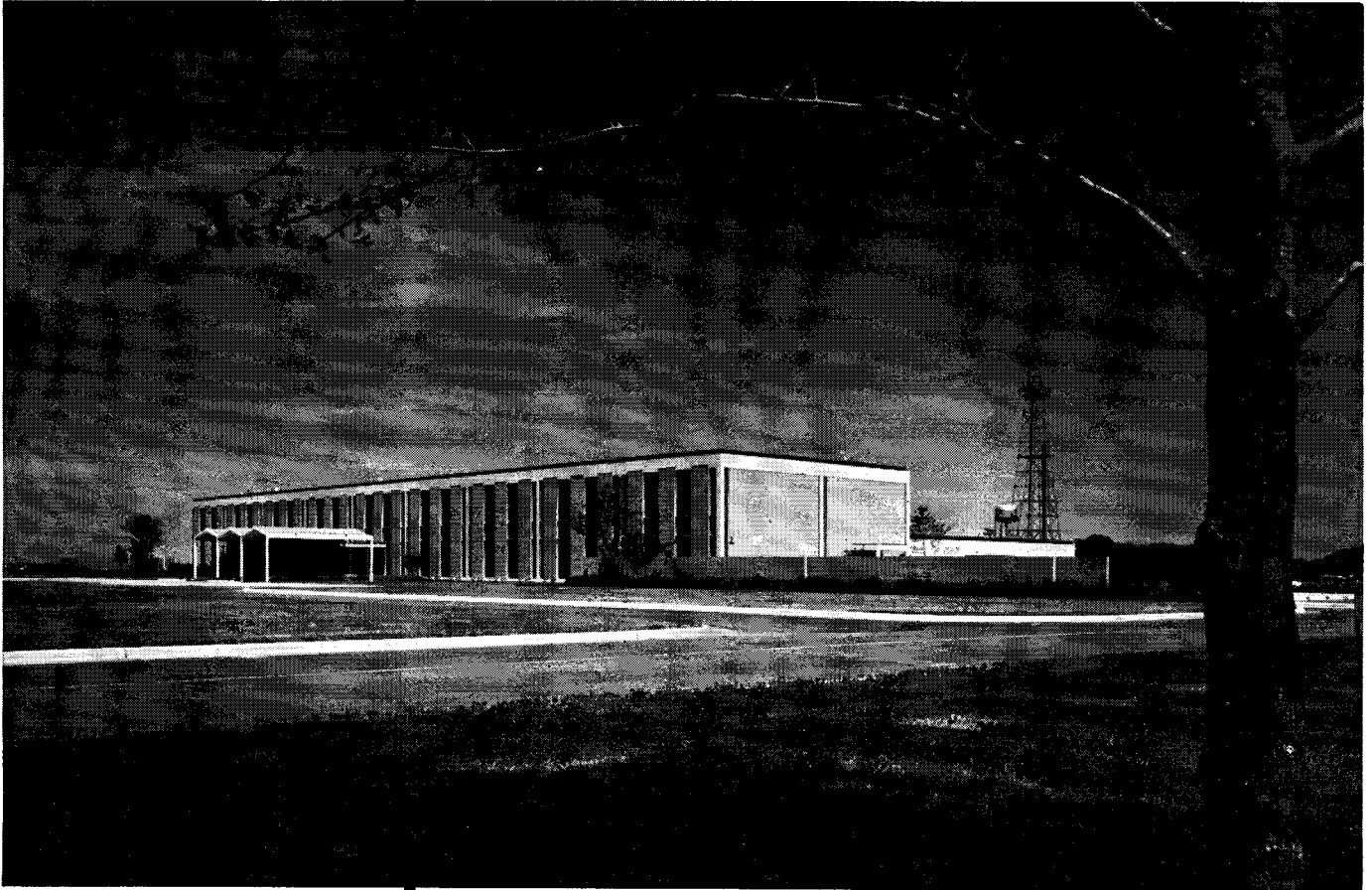
quate. So is food. There is no overwhelming pressure of population on the land. With some management and modernization of cultivation, combined with incentives to production, the country could feed itself and much of East Africa.

Coffee is, of course, the main crop. It provides more than half the country's exports and is the main source of foreign exchange. Skins and hides come second. The freak of chance which has brought leopard skins into style in the Western world has given this side of Ethiopia's economy an unexpected boost. Production of other crops beyond the subsistence level lags. Only about 15 percent of the cultivable land is being farmed. There are few incentives to peasants to exert themselves to engage in the cash economy. If they produce extra crops, they must share up to 75 percent with their landlords.

Because of a complicated mosaic of inherited land ownerships, large tracts belong to families with little interest in development. These include loyal military and tribal leaders, the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, and the civil heirs of former generations of priests. A few foreign-owned land companies are producing cotton and sugar on a scientific, commercial basis. But thousands of acres remain untouched for lack of interest or tax incentive. There is a similar lag in commercial cattle raising. In some parts of the country the tribal view of livestock as capital to be hoarded inhibits change. Of an estimated 22 million head of cattle in the country, only a fraction, about half a million a year, find their way to market.

Foreign capital: welcome

In 1964 the first land reform legislation was enacted. It is designed to make agriculture a part of the cash economy. Yet it is recognized in Addis Ababa that rural changes will come slowly. Most landowners will stubbornly resist sharing with cultivators on a fifty-fifty basis. They will defend as well their traditional right to levy taxes directly on the peasants, as the Church has continued to do. The abolition of this ancient privilege and collection of all taxes by the government



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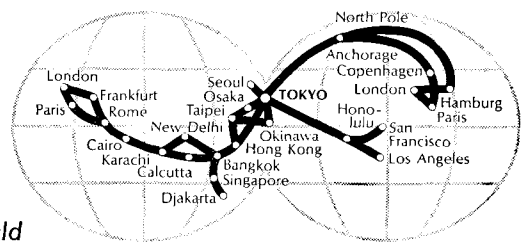
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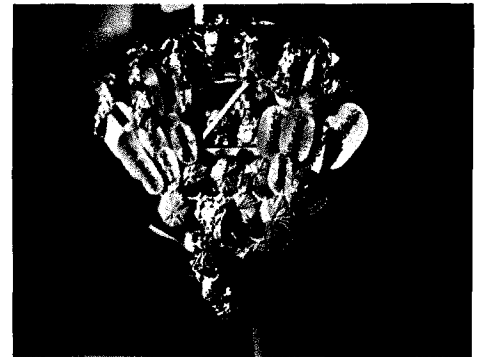
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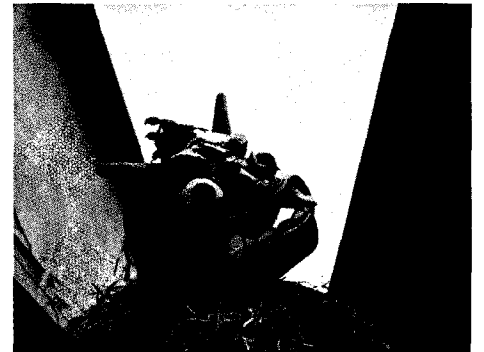
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Report on Ethiopia

are predicted to be years away. But the pressures are mounting. These reforms are recognized as indispensable to economic progress. Other visible harbingers of change are tractors. In the last two years more have appeared in Ethiopia than in the previous twenty years.

So far, thanks to world coffee markets, Ethiopia has held its own economically. For the future its planners aim at diversity. Mineral resources, fish, and a textile industry are within relatively easy reach of attainment. In their approach toward such new enterprises the Ethiopians differ from most of their neighbors. They are not troubled by doctrinaire socialist theories about how to organize the economy. It appears natural to them to welcome foreign capital. Lacking an entrepreneurial class of their own, they aim at modernization with outside talent and investment.

Thus customs duties are waived on imports of equipment for industry. New foreign companies have a five-year tax holiday, and may repatriate capital in stages after that period. Ethiopian participation is encouraged. But the real problem is to entice the release of tradition-bound capital from those who tend to hoard it. Potential Ethiopian investors are cautious. As a result there is more foreign than local business initiative in Addis Ababa. The business community includes Bulgarians, Japanese, Americans, and Belgians jostling Yugoslavs, Italians, and Russians in the competition to build new plants whose products will eventually be carried on a French railroad to the port of Djibouti in French Somaliland. A Yugoslav cement plant and a Russian oil refinery already mark the commercial landscape. An American oil company has put in bunkering facilities across the gulf from troubled Aden. Indian textiles still fill the great market in Addis, the *mercato*. Such Italianizations survive, along with many mixed Italo-Ethiopian families.

Revolution from the top

Except for two brief periods of Italian occupation, Ethiopia has escaped the ministrations of the

imperialists. But it has missed something too. It has not inherited, as its neighbors have, the basic structures and institutions which the colonialists left behind. Ethiopia is having to build its own road network, water system, and defense forces. It is in the early stages of creating a system to educate its population, and of setting civil service standards. Thus the discrepancy between the demands of twentieth-century life and the country's readiness to compete is very great.

Again it is the Emperor who has decided that Ethiopia shall modernize. At the same time, he is determined to preserve the special pride, aloofness, and individual values which set Ethiopia apart. The result is tension, apparent to even casual observers. The attempt to impose revolution from the top is courageous. All the new structures set the tone. But the alteration of age-old attitudes is more difficult. Each new class of graduates returning from London or the United States adds impetus to the demands for sharing of decisions and power. One attempted revolt in 1960 collapsed, partly for lack of planning, partly because army and church defeated it.

The need for an outlet for responsible opposition, met elsewhere by political parties, is unmet in Ethiopia. The growing class of several thousand young intellectuals has so far been disarmed by shrewdly incorporating them into the existing bureaucracy, giving them jobs but no say in government. Ethiopia's parliament is the only one anywhere without a party structure. The elected lower house represents population districts. It still includes illiterates. The upper house, appointed by the Emperor, retains veto power over any disturbing reforms. The press is government-controlled. Thus organized movements for political action are practically impossible.

The American presence

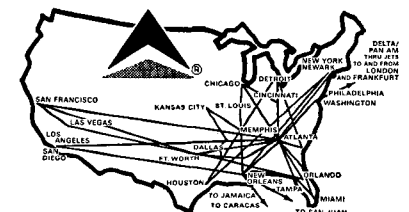
In this situation of uneasy political stalemate the role of any foreign aider must be circumspect. Even so, much is being done by the United Nations and the United States to help bridge the more obvious gaps in Ethiopia. UN technical agencies provide assistance in manpower

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Report on Ethiopia

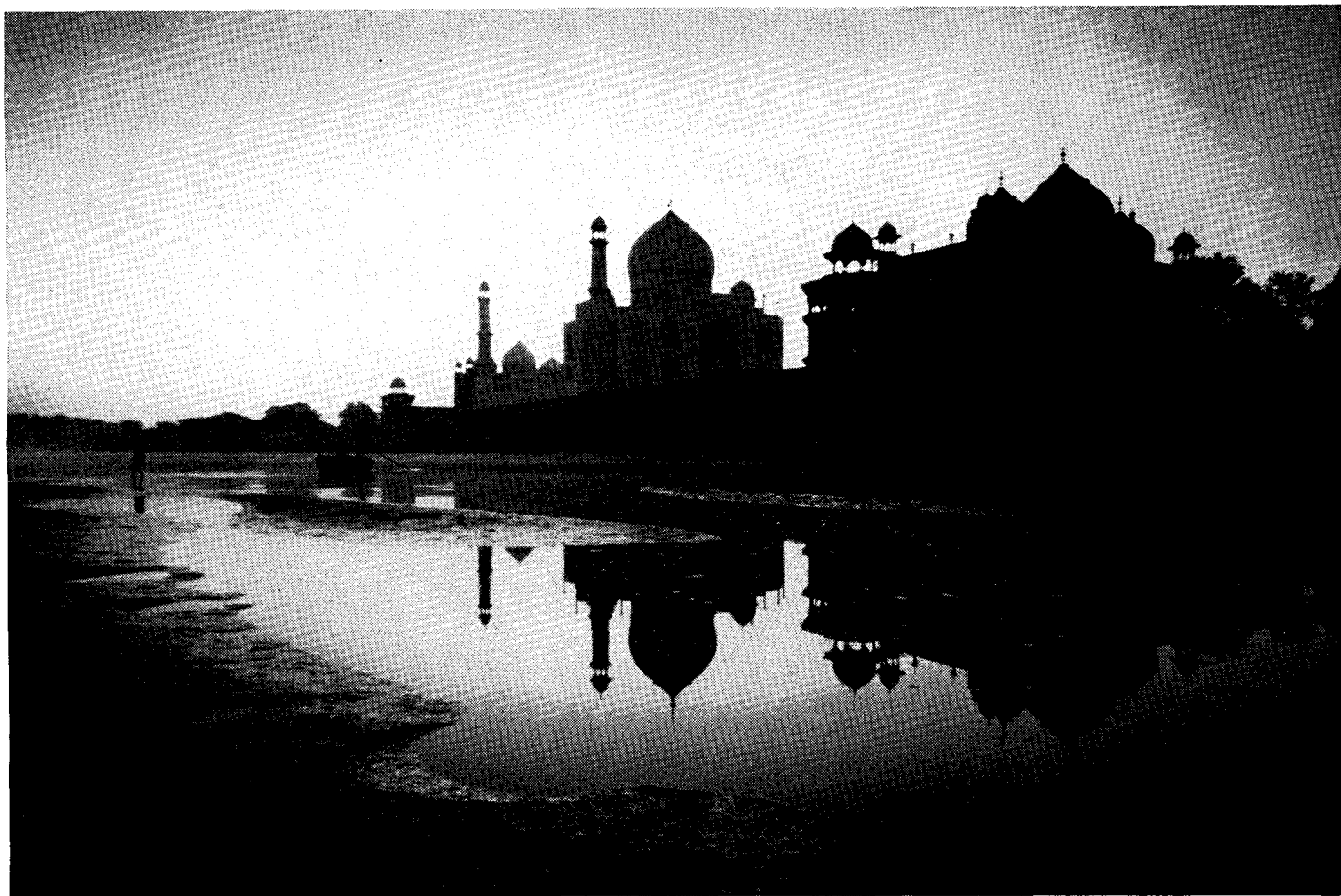
training in public health, public administration, telecommunications, and secondary education. An International Development Bank credit of some six to seven million dollars has been negotiated to speed the construction of new schools. The need for a crash approach is obvious in the light of the 5 percent literacy rate throughout the country.

The Ethiopian government realizes that primary and secondary education should have highest priority. Even so, it faces problems which call for heroic measures. One is the diversity of languages in widely scattered provinces separated by sharp geographical barriers.

Students at Haile Selassie University are dispatched between their third academic year and their fourth to teach or work for ten months in the provinces. Engineering students help construct schools. Agricultural students work at extension stations. Geology majors prospect under the direction of the Ministry of Mines. This Ethiopia University Service is an innovation being watched with interest in other African countries. Its possibilities for national development seem unusually promising.

United States aid to Ethiopia has developed significantly during the last fifteen years. Since 1953 some \$68 million has gone there for technical assistance work — chiefly to education, public health, and a Blue Nile survey. Loans amounting to about \$60 million have helped in airport and highway construction and in the creation of Ethiopian Airlines. Further grants for food brought the total amount of American assistance up to \$141.8 million through 1964.

Ethiopia has attracted this scale of American aid because of its basic friendliness to the United States, its recognized economic potential, and its pivotal position in Africa. The presence of a vitally important U.S. communications relay station at Asmara for many years gives Ethiopia strategic value to the United States. Except for assistance to Ethiopian airline development and some training of police, American aid has focused on civil needs.



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Report on Ethiopia

Today the emphasis in American aid is on accelerating directly productive enterprises. This practical approach has come to prevail over long-range or theoretical programs to redesign the economy. It has evolved during the tenure of an activist pragmatic-minded American ambassador whose philosophy permeates the American mission at Addis Ababa. Ambassador Edward Korry skillfully appeals to the new men, the young intelligentsia, and has also kept the confidence of the elder statesmen. Other Americans have influential roles as advisers in the Prime Minister's office, particularly in drafting legislation and modernizing the legal code.

Aid to education continues to have a high priority. Haile Selassie University receives strong American support. The Public Health College at Gondar, a nurses training school at Asmara, and the Imperial College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Alemaya all receive help. In the latter two the object is to turn out more technicians to man an existing network of health centers and agricultural extension services.

Peace Corpsmen have had conspicuous success in Ethiopia. Six hundred of the seven hundred there now are teaching, mainly in secondary schools, where the need is greatest. They have won acceptance throughout the country.

The domestic drama

The internal dilemma for the aged Emperor remains in spite of all the bustle in the capital. Each planeload of conferees arriving at Africa Hall bring in fresh ideas and news. Each session of the OAU stirs the young educated Ethiopians to question the mores and inhibitions which differentiate them from their generation in the rest of Africa.

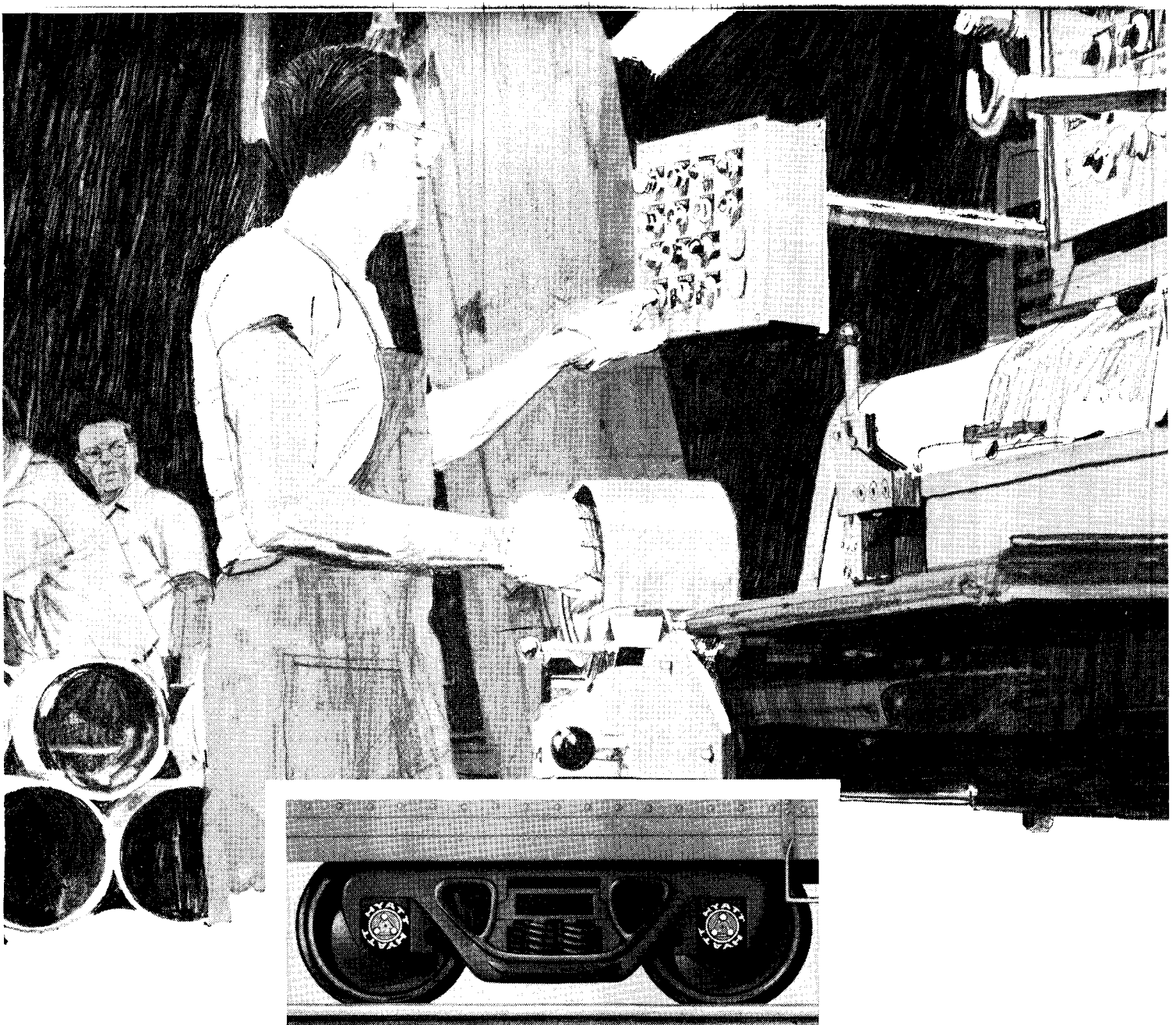
The Emperor is seventy-four this year and subject to the health hazards of age. His apparent heir and eldest son, Prince Asfa Wossen, is fifty. While almost unknown in the outside world, the Prince is regarded at home as a potential constitutional monarch who could command support from the army, the Church, and the young reformists.

The power of the first two is already decisive in the country. The 30,000-man army, plus another 30,000 territorial reserves and police, support but also constrain even the Emperor. They are vital to the integrity of the country, providing a protective force in the Somali border areas particularly. Chronic dissidents in that region threaten the authority of the crown. There is the classic tension between nomads and settled peoples, exacerbated by religious particularisms in the Muslim southeast. Eritrea to the north is a base for further possible dissident movement. Any ruler in Addis Ababa must maintain his authority. The army is his shield.

The Orthodox Church represents the conservative strength of tradition. Its 170,000 priests must be supported and heeded by any Ethiopian ruler. The Primate of the Church is a member of the Crown Council, which guides the Emperor in important policy decisions. In the crisis of 1960 a threat of excommunication helped to break up the palace revolt against the Emperor. Moreover, the Church helps to maintain Ethiopia's unique position as a Christian outpost, even though the majority of the country's population today is not Christian.

In any future change of regime the young reformists and the more far-sighted elders are bound to exert new pressures on the palace. So far the Emperor has not been able to bring himself to designate his son formally as his heir to the throne, and the issue of succession remains open to a possible challenge. The result of this uncertainty is an atmosphere of suspicion and intrigue and of resentment against the Emperor. The young men in the ministries must continue the byzantine game of courting royal favor. No questioning or criticism is tolerated. Thus the air in the capital is heavy with suppressed impatience and embarrassment over vestigial obeisances to autocracy.

The Emperor, who has been one of the great figures of Africa, has opened the doors to the modern world. In his own role he is superb. What is missing is a strong supporting cast, empowered to speak with assurance. It is the public silence in Addis that is ominous.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



More on the Troubled Campus

SIR:

I liked your supplement on the Troubled Campus (November *Atlantic*) for several reasons, but best of all was Irving Kristol's "What's Bugging the Students." In his discussion of "participatory democracy" he touches upon the most crucial matters, which every young student ought to take to heart. For while his words accentuate the cul-de-sac which the students' improbable popular revolution may lead to, they also remind us of something else that has been growing with us and in us since the death of the best of all Presidents: namely, the new belief that it *is possible to do something* about our condition; that we can, by aiding the Negro, diminish our own worst image; that by protesting Vietnam we can show that we are peaceable; and that by teach-in, sit-in, and lay-down we can find a voice, all too ready, and brilliantly democratic in a way our fathers never dreamed of. But this overrunning of the democratic ideal before the world is ready to receive us only shows that our motives about peace are confused.

About all the young student really sees, for the most part, is the utter black and white of it, and at his best, the choice between immediate notoriety through joining a group or slow recognition through being his own voice and doing his own part his own way.

Thoreau never consented to joining the mob; and his disobedience was *civil* and truly the matter of private conscience. The phantom of his individualism eludes us and

continues to skulk by the woods that we haven't discovered how to get out of yet.

THEODORE HADDIN
*University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

SIR:

Mr. Kristol does not succeed in telling us much about what's bugging the students.

Student activists, he complains, do not have a "platform." He fails to understand that the students are not a political party and that it is a mistake to expect a platform from them, even one in quotation marks. Politically active students constitute a pressure group for a better society. Since society can always be improved, it is not their function to celebrate even such social reforms as the Civil Rights and Voting Rights Acts. Their function is to keep up the pressure for more improvement. It is Mr. Kristol, not the students, who would be spared disillusionment by celebrating the status quo.

Mr. Kristol is in the habit of mentioning the increase in social security and medicare to students and receiving in return icy stares "of incomprehension and disdain." Does he really expect the students to stop pressuring, even temporarily, for an end to the war in Vietnam, or for equal rights for all, or for a decent education, and instead dance in the streets because we have inched forward in a field where poverty races ahead?

J. RICHARD
*Goddard College
Plainfield, Vt.*

SIR:

W. Allen Wallis (November *Atlantic*) says that the plight of the small college is desperate. He assumes, quite properly, that a college can be useful only if it has a strong faculty, but he goes on to the conclusion that a strong faculty can be gathered together and retained only when there are graduate students. I know an exception to this rule that exists in a California college.

Pomona College professors of English, history, government, economics, philosophy, psychology, religion, and botany have contacts with Ph.D. candidates in the Claremont Graduate School. The teachers of physics, chemistry, geology, and biology in the same college do not accept graduate students; nevertheless, their departments have become strong through year-round research that involves both interdepartmental and faculty-student cooperation.

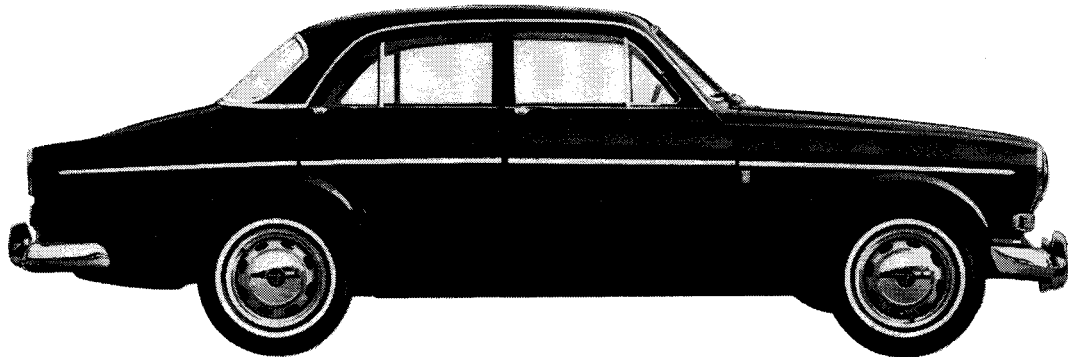
The infectious zeal that makes such cooperation possible has produced many discoveries, described in scores of published papers. The program has attracted massive support from federal and other sources, and has led to the building of the Seaver Science Center at a cost of more than six million dollars. These developments have attracted a few postdoctoral research workers. A professor does not leave the Seaver Center unless induced to do so by a phenomenal opportunity elsewhere. Clearly, the lack of graduate students has not prevented the development of strong departments.

PROFESSOR A. O. WOODFORD
*Pomona College
Claremont, Calif.*

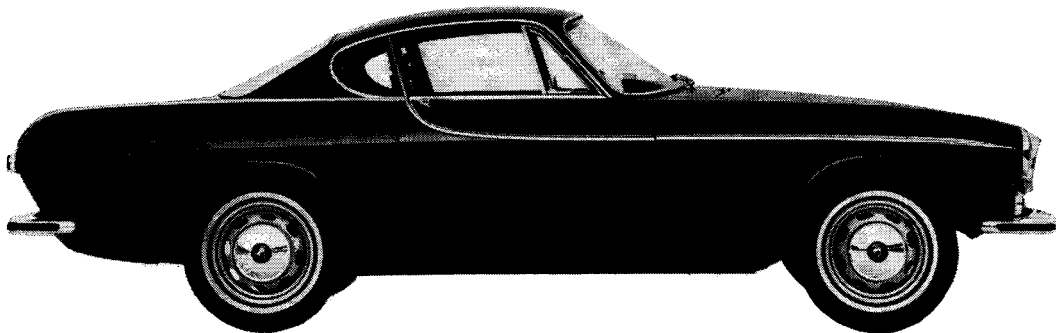
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SIR:

Re: Robert P. Wolff's "The Race for College." There is no doubt in my mind that high scores on the SAT's are reliable indicators of success in college. This is because college exams are often a slightly changed version of the SAT's in that only talent in the objective deployment of information is required. However, both are hit-or-miss indicators of intelligence. All of us know about those who take exams well and who deal with information methodically and efficiently. Of this group there seems to be a disappointingly high number who are nevertheless intellectually shallow and dull.

SUSAN NEISULER
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Re: the Jeremy Larner article in the November *Atlantic*, "The College Drug Scene."

Systematic investigation of hallucinations indicates that unfortunate side effects in experimentation are exceedingly rare: less than one in a thousand with normal volunteers, and not much more frequent with patients. Few doctors who have carried on actual research with the drugs regard them as dangerous.

I am not in favor of unsupervised experimentation by any undergraduate who can procure a sugar cube saturated with LSD on the black market. The experience is too valuable to be wasted in that manner and can indeed be dangerous, even though such instances may be rare. But no one need be afraid of volunteering in an experiment competently supervised by a doctor with experience in the field.

PROFESSOR WALTER H. CLARK
Andover Newton Theological School
Newton Center, Mass.

SIR:

The impression may have been created by Professor Eric Solomon ("Free Speech at Ohio State," November *Atlantic*) that only by leaving the university could a faculty member maintain his academic integrity. Personally, I have more admiration for those among the faculty who stayed and helped to get rid of the obnoxious rule. Perhaps Professor Solomon enjoys more academic freedom in his present position than he enjoyed at Ohio State, but he won't do so because

of his own efforts. There are at Ohio State a large number of faculty and students who have more academic freedom now than before, in the knowledge that they themselves brought it there.

ARIE JANSSENS
The Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

SIR:

President Giddens' comments on college athletics in the December *Atlantic* are about as derelict morally as the policies of the NCAA. What's the difference, morally, whether a fullback is paid \$15 a month for "laundry" or \$16, or whether he plays on the back lot without a referee or in front of 50,000 with five officials?

The real point is whether or not he's a student. What we need are two changes: 1) limit eligibility to those proceeding normally to a degree — that is, to those taking enough courses, properly distributed, to graduate in eight semesters; and 2) budget athletic funds as all others — that is, income from athletics goes into general college revenue; expenditures are allocated from college revenue. Whether this results in subsidizing athletics (or athletes) or in making a profit for home economics is a matter of institutional policy.

Beyond that, no holds barred. Nobody protests if a wealthy alumnus (or the Ford Foundation, or the federal government, or the school's own endowment) "keeps" a budding nuclear physicist in the luxury he expects. Why pick on the athlete? It just might be that a Joe Namath will do less damage to society than the nuclear physicist.

RICHARD E. HASWELL
Southwest Missouri State College
Springfield, Mo.

SIR:

While James R. Killian made a number of important concessions at the conclusion of his article, "Teaching Is Better Than Ever"

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(December *Atlantic*), he also overlooked a number of factors which deserve attention.

Admittedly, many outstanding research scholars are also excellent teachers, partly because people with fertile, imaginative, creative minds can often bring those qualities into all of their work. Granted too that some research directly enhances classroom performance, since the professor's work may enliven and illuminate his teaching in related areas.

But this is not the whole story. Much research today is trivial and pretentious; other research is of such a highly specialized nature that its utility for the classroom is minimal. Many professors, moreover, go into excessive classroom detail concerning their special research interests at the expense of more important matters.

It is commonplace knowledge that a professor's academic reputation is based almost entirely upon his publications, his research grants, his officership in professional organizations, and his academic tours abroad. Whether or not he is doing a good teaching job is largely irrelevant to his prestige and professional standing. And despite protestations to the contrary, advancement in our more prominent schools is largely and increasingly based on publication. As a result, many professors with neither appetite nor real capacity for research grimly go to work grinding out something — anything — to give their chairmen bargaining power when salaries and promotions are being decided.

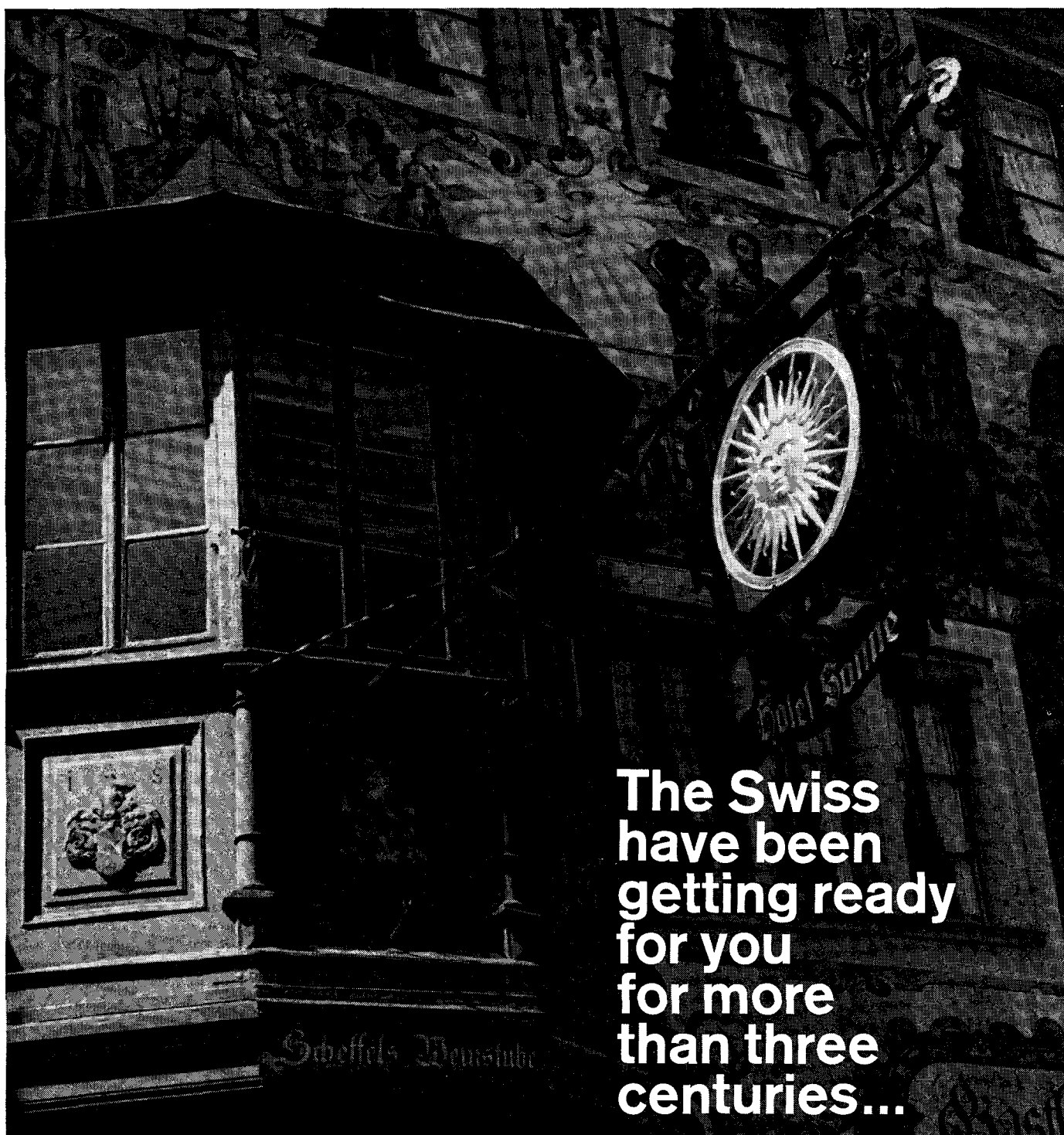
PROFESSOR REO M. CHRISTENSON
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

SIR:

Your supplement gives rise to mixed thoughts and emotions on the part of this worried parent of four — one now in college, three several years away.

The calm and scrupulous analysis of the situation by your twelve contributors with such varied backgrounds has helped me to understand problems and phenomena that have been flashed at me piecemeal in a variety of media with wild and sometimes frightening conclusions.

If Mary N. Gonzales, Tom Mayer, and Julie Hayden, for example, are typical of the nonconformist under-



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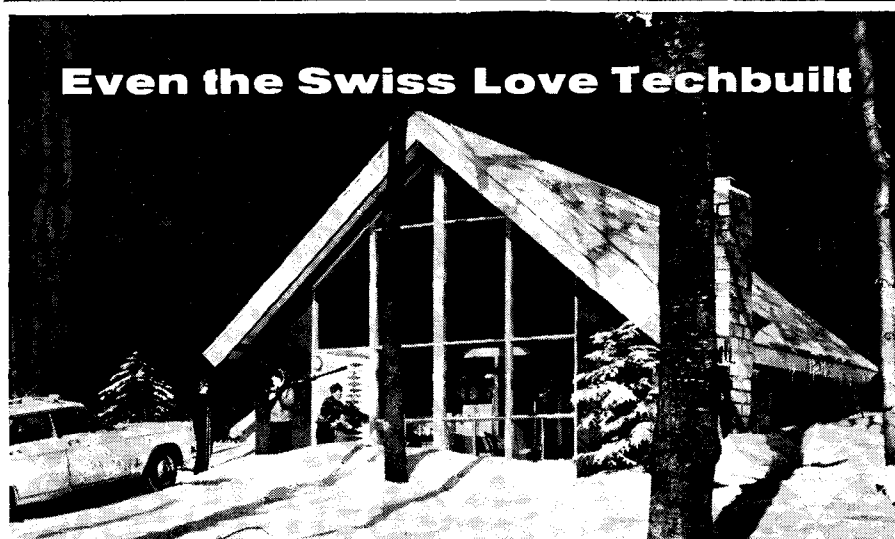




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graduates of the sixties, then I do not have much to fear.

Robert P. Wolff's discussion of the race for college, with all its tensions and the subsequent specialization of the students at such an early stage of their college life, was a revelation. I wonder if these tensions after qualification have some effect on the restlessness of the undergraduate as indicated by the protests, drugs, and other activities as outlined.

Because of the lurid headlines we read about undergraduate activities, I was surprised and pleased to find more than half of your articles dealing with other aspects of university education. There seems to be as much unrest, although of a quiet and more mature nature, among the professors, administrators, and other educational leaders.

"The Troubled Campus" leaves me a troubled parent, but less troubled now than before. I feel that even in these rapidly changing times my educational purchases over the next twelve years have a reasonable chance of directing my children to a happy, intelligent, and useful life.

JOHN S. HALEY
Marblehead, Mass.

Several full-length responses to Troubled Campus contributors will appear in subsequent issues of the ATLANTIC.
— THE EDITORS

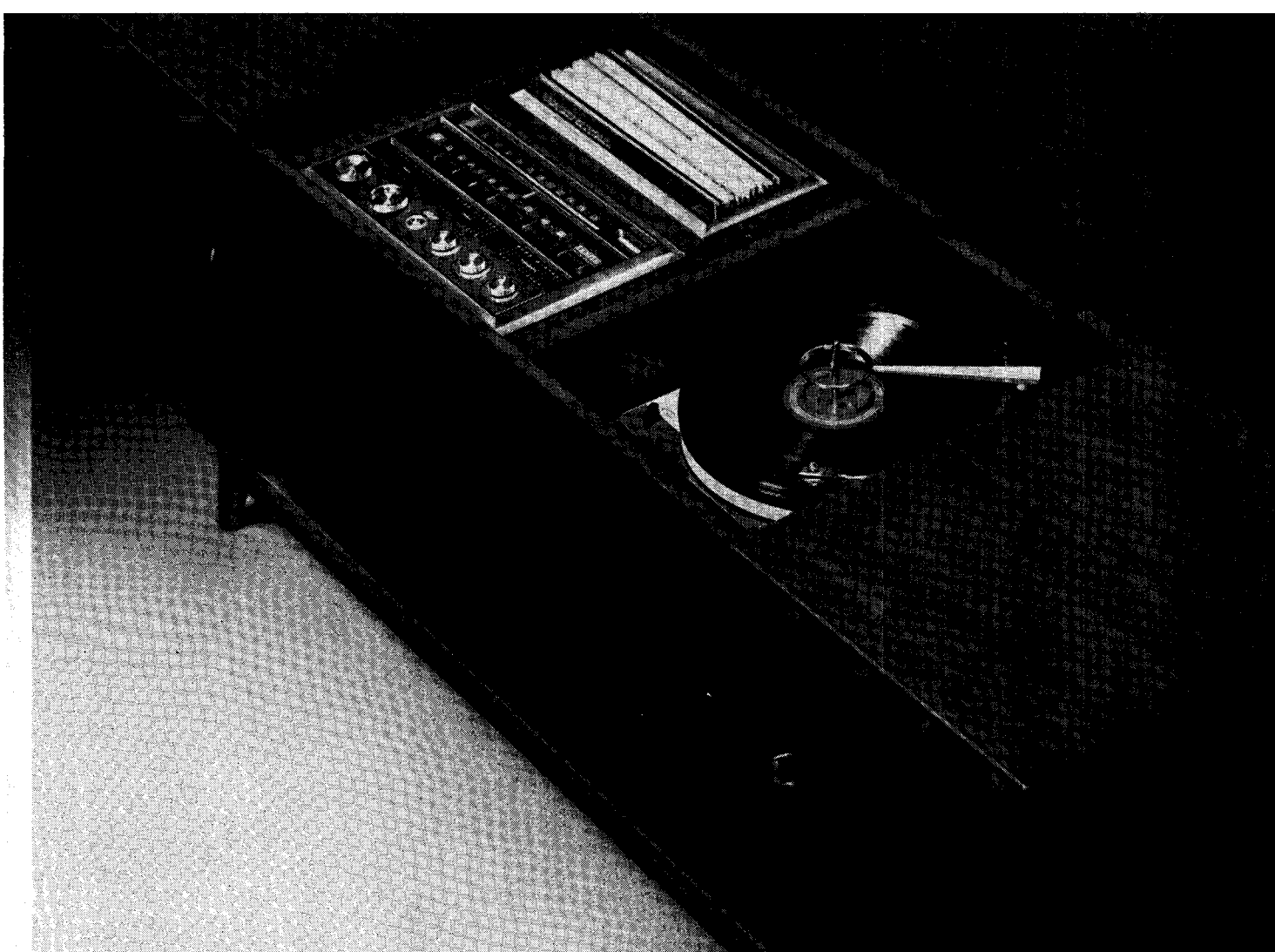
Between war and peace

SIR:

Eric Larrabee's "The Pursuit of Peace" (November *Atlantic*) combined in the same issue with "The Troubled Campus" — particularly Mary N. Gonzales' "A Vote for Student Protest" — was a stroke of genius.

Mrs. Gonzales is quite right about the authoritarian error of stereotyping the protester and is also correct that a university student should at some point feel arousal about social injustices. She should be reminded, however, that "righteous wrath and insistence" is not the domain, exclusively, of "intelligent" students.

Mr. Larrabee is smashingly correct that today's student is academically superior, probably not being intellectually stimulated, and blessed with an abundance of energy. Thus, he seeks other emotional outlets, such as gregarious protestation.



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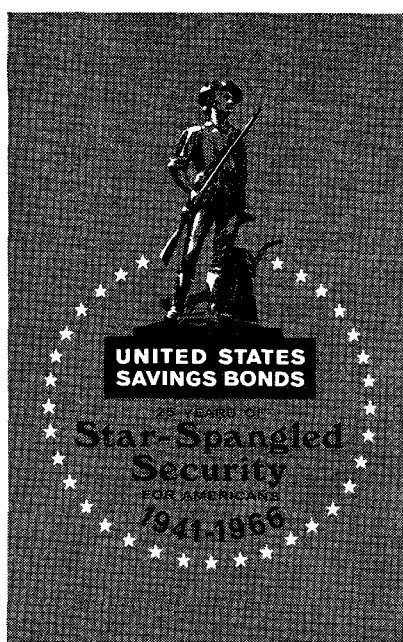
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Mrs. Gonzales must accept the modern definition of peace Mr. Larrabee strives to identify: a condition of peace which could be termed "not-war." Not-war is not complete peace, but neither is it genocidal at the other extreme.

I am presently recovering from wounds received while serving with the Third Marine Division at Da Nang, Vietnam.

MAJOR D. E. JONES, JR.
San Diego, Calif.

SIR:

Mr. Larrabee's essay "The Pursuit of Peace" is very thought-provoking. He makes an interesting case for the use of ground forces in South Vietnam but fails to convince me that guerrilla warfare is the only "moral equivalent of war," or that the civilian virtues of courage, trustworthiness, and endurance are merely pale reflections of their military equivalents.

I agree with Mr. Larrabee that war invites attention and compels thought. This is the reason for the teachings and for the demonstrations (on both sides of the issue). And certainly a language of doves and hawks is inadequate in the complicated world of today.

Our nation must weep *with* and for every man who dies in battle until we can bring about a worthy and honorable moral equivalent of war, and this must be negotiation and compromise. The stumbling block, of course, is that this requires civilian courage, trustworthiness, and endurance, which will indeed make their military equivalents seem pale!

LOIS R. MARTIN
Alexandria, Va.

India's sacred cows

SIR:

It is amazing that Leland Hazard could write "Strong Medicine for India" (December *Atlantic*) without including a discussion of the immense burden imposed upon the subcontinent by the Hindu veneration for animals.

The land that will produce food for animals will produce food for human beings. There are millions of monkeys, billions of rats, and more than 236 million cattle in India, of which only about 20 million are milk cows. These sacred cattle consume millions of tons of food every day. So far as American aid

policies are concerned, they raise the question, Are we feeding the people or the holy cows?

O. L. BRANNAMAN
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR:

Leland Hazard's article will repel rather than convince the enlightened citizenry of India of the error of their ways.

It may be true that India's administrative house requires an overhauling. Yet one may ask, Is any sizable government free of strangling and effete bureaucracy? Will India permit itself to be singled out in this offensive manner from the remainder of our aid recipients?

Now we come to Mr. Hazard's second "nomination," admonishing India to join the exclusive fraternity of nuclear powers. At a time when the responsible nations of the earth are bending every effort in the direction of nonproliferation (at stake may be the very survival of all of us), Mr. Hazard's proposal that the solution of India's problems may well depend upon the possession of the bomb is utterly dismaying.

SYLVAN I. SELIGMAN
Audubon, N. J.

Ars longa

SIR:

I should like to take a moment to comment on the creative aspects of your magazine, in particular on Peter Davison's "Bright Being" in the November *Atlantic*. Here is an utterly beautiful piece of verse.

MIKE WINTER
Fairfax, Va.

A gross exaggeration

SIR:

I join Mark Twain in charging "gross exaggeration" in the premature announcement of the demise of *The Crisis* in Ralph McGill's article on W. E. B. DuBois (November *Atlantic*). *The Crisis* is very much alive and — with a circulation of 126,000 — bigger than ever.

HENRY LEE MOON
Director, Public Relations, NAACP
New York City

Some ATLANTIC readers have inquired about the manufacturers of the toys described in George Bowman's article entitled "Trend in Toys" in our December issue. To the best of our knowledge, the toys exist only in Mr. Bowman's imagination. — THE EDITORS



Son of Koltanowski?



YES, as a sequel we're giving the Chess Master and World's Blindfold Champion away in this year's Paul Masson Chess Tournament, as well. For the following reason:

1) He was a roaring success. Actually, he played the *first three* winners in a Grand Prize Grand Tour that took him to Seekonk, Massachusetts, Houston, Texas, and New York; playing all comers and dispensing champagne in a chessmasterly manner.

This year Koltanowski's bounty will consist of Paul Masson California Sherry (Fine, Cocktail, Rare Dry, Pale Dry, Rare Cream, and Golden Cream), Port (Tawny, Rare Tawny, and Rich Ruby), and Vermouth (Sweet and Double Dry): slow,

thoughtful drinks, ideally suited to chess play.

All entries will receive a pocket-size "International Laws of Chess" with an introduction by Koltanowski. Second through 100th prizes are of the deluxe edition, and autographed by the Master himself.

So go to it. White to play and mate in two moves.

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. A-5, Saratoga, Calif.,

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski: _____ I'll be delighted to receive the International Laws of Chess. Also, I hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1966. I understand that unless my answer is postmarked before then it will be ineligible for a prize.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



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You can't buy a better car than a Buick.

And you can't buy a better Buick than a 1966 Buick Electra 225.

When you consider that every Buick gets the best of everything, you can imagine what the best of Buicks gets.

Not that we tune the Electra more carefully than other Buicks. Tuning, as you know, is an obsession with us. Everything on every Buick has to blend with everything else. Performance. Styling. Ride. Handling. Everything. For an idea of what we mean, think how an engine responds to a

tuneup. Now think about getting the same response from the entire car. The whole, beautifully balanced, meticulously engineered car. That's Buick tuning.

Now think of a few things that make the Electra 225 what it is today. The majestic Super Turbine transmission. A massive 401-cu. in. Wildcat V-8. A suspension that takes the rough edges off the world. Luxury, luxury everywhere. (The following safety items are standard on all Buicks: front and rear seat belts, inside and outside rear view mirrors, padded dash and sun visors, back-up

lights, dual-speed windshield wipers and washers. Our suggestion on the subject of seat belts? Use them.)

Money? Some think a man who can afford an Electra 225 is above thinking about money. We doubt it. (After all, thinking about money is how Electra owners get enough of it to become Electra owners.) So Electras are tuned to last. And they cost less than you might have thought in the first place. (With us, green is more than the color of envy. Or grass.) There now. Things are looking up already, aren't they?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

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HOW THE WASTELAND BEGAN

The Early Days of Radio

BY CARL DREHER

One of the original pioneers of broadcasting, Carl Dreher brings back the enthusiasm and the exasperation of the days when wireless began and young David Sarnoff and William Paley set up their rival shops. Mr. Dreher spent a good many years as a radio engineer and was director of recording at RKO Studios when he turned to writing. He is now science editor of THE NATION.

LONG before the mass broadcasting of the twenties there were several fitful attempts at radio telephony. On December 24, 1906, Professor Reginald A. Fessenden transmitted clear speech and music from his experimental station at Brant Rock, Massachusetts. His audience was limited to wireless telegraphers, mostly on ships at sea. Beginning in 1907, Lee de Forest conducted similar experiments, culminating in the 1910 broadcast of Caruso and other artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company, whatever the defects of that achievement.

By 1916 De Forest had an authentic broadcasting station at High Bridge on the Harlem River in New York powered by his three-element vacuum tube and complete with phonograph records, with De Forest himself sometimes acting as a primeval disc jockey. The listeners, until World War I caused a shutdown of all such activities, were largely amateurs.

After the war, I was working as a research assistant in the laboratory of Professor Alfred N. Goldsmith at the College of the City of New York. Dr. Goldsmith was a leading radio engineer, and I had had the good fortune of being one of his students. The laboratory was supported in part by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, the predecessor of RCA. In the latter part of 1918, a flotilla of U.S. destroyers equipped with radio telephones was anchored in the Hudson, and several of us listened to the conversations. The

speech quality was tolerable but badly broken up by spark transmissions from other vessels. Since we had all heard De Forest's High Bridge broadcasts, the thought that radio telephony might have entertainment value naturally reoccurred to us, but the interference was so severe that we saw little chance of commercial application. Dr. Goldsmith recalled, however, that in 1916 David Sarnoff had submitted to his superiors in the Marconi Company a prospectus for what he called a "Radio Music Box."

"I have in mind," Sarnoff had written, "a plan of development which would make radio a 'household utility' in the same sense as the piano or phonograph. The idea is to bring music into the house by wireless. . . . The 'Radio Music Box' can be supplied with amplifying tubes and a loudspeaker telephone, all of which can be mounted in one box. The box can be placed on a table in the parlor or living room, the switch set accordingly and the transmitted music be received."

Although it was coolly received by the officials of the Marconi Company, who had their minds on transoceanic and marine telegraphy, the music box memorandum was one of the early steps in Sarnoff's Horatio Alger rise. The next year he became commercial manager of the Marconi Company. The job did not pay much — about forty-five dollars a week, I was told — but it was already a remarkable success for an immigrant in a business where, by established custom, Jews were

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not employed. Sarnoff's later remark about that situation is characteristic: "I realized that I couldn't compete with Gentiles in a Gentile industry if I were merely as good as they were. But if I were, say, twice as good, they couldn't hold me down. So I decided to be twice as good."

We all knew, even then, that his rise had only begun. People were not afraid of him as they are now, when, with perhaps two exceptions, no one on the fifty-third floor of the RCA building would dare to tell a humorous anecdote about him, or concede publicly that even a genius is a human being with, perhaps, a few little faults and absurdities in his makeup. Nor, though he was always busy, was his time then rationed as if he were creating the world in seven days.

Sarnoff was extraordinary — he had phenomenal clarity of mind. The salient point quickly emerged in any discussion with him, one reason being that if you had any wit of your own, Sarnoff brought it out. He who at ten spoke only Russian or Yiddish now expressed himself in pellucid English sentences, with never the slightest hesitation, as if he were reading from a manuscript already completed in his brain. But if you interrupted him with a question or an observation which he could not have anticipated, he took off on the changed course with the same fluency.

Equally impressive was the authority he radiated. He was not a big executive yet, but he had the posture of one. Nor was it only a posture. "The difference between you and me," he said a few years later to a group of RCA engineers and executives, "is that I'm willing to take responsibility." Not that we were lacking in confidence ourselves — much less subservient — but we knew from sometimes painful experience that he would be right more often, in business matters, than we could possibly hope to be.

In 1920, after the formation of RCA, Sarnoff renewed his radio music box proposal. The time was now propitious. Dr. Frank Conrad was broadcasting music from his station 8XK, and the audience was spreading in widening circles from an amateur nucleus to a large part of the population in Pittsburgh. The station was not an ordinary amateur station — the "X" indicated a special experimental license — any more than Conrad was an ordinary amateur. He was assistant chief engineer of the Westinghouse Company. In November, 1920, KDKA took over from 8XK, and that was the real beginning of broadcasting. With this background, the RCA directors allowed Sarnoff \$2000 to develop a broadcast receiver.

In 1921 a short but sharp depression upset the economy. I was among those affected by it. RCA had a lower budget for research, and I was assigned as an engineer and telegrapher at the outlying

stations, where the money was coming in (though not much of it) instead of going out. In the meantime, Westinghouse had established other broadcasting stations, including one at Newark, New Jersey, a location dictated by the fact that the company had a meter-manufacturing plant there and the station could lay down a signal in nearby New York and western Connecticut as well as northern New Jersey. RCA paid half the operating expenses of this early WJZ, and in 1923 took over Radio Group broadcasting in the metropolitan area. I was recalled from the provinces by my superiors in the RCA engineering department to serve as chief control operator of the new station, and after a few months, as engineer in charge.

The installation was in Aeolian Hall on Forty-Second Street, just west of Fifth Avenue. The Aeolian Company made player pianos; thus the location imparted a faintly artistic atmosphere, and it was close to the theatrical district. A part of the sixth floor was converted into studios, one for WJZ, the other for a companion station, WJY, which never amounted to much but enabled the RCA publicists to call the facility Broadcast Central. On the roof a transmitter building and two one-hundred-foot towers were erected, giving the antennas an elevation of about four hundred feet above the street.

From its dedication on May 15, 1923, WJZ served a threefold purpose: it enabled RCA to sell receiving sets, the income from which shortly made the company's telegraph business a mere sideline. Second, it enabled the Radio Group (mainly RCA, General Electric, and Westinghouse) to contend with the Telephone Company for control of broadcasting. Third, it gave David Sarnoff his radio music box and, though not for that reason alone, brought him to the top of a corporation which grew from some four hundred employees to ninety thousand, and which in 1964 had assets of over \$1.1 billion, with a profit of over \$82 million after taxes on sales of \$1.8 billion. RCA is still ruled by Sarnoff, a nearly absolute industrial monarch at seventy-five.

GOING from radio telegraphy into broadcasting, I was, in a sense, disorbiting myself as an engineer. Although I was still doing technical work, I was now dealing not only with a technical staff but with announcers, musicians, actors, politicians, and other public figures, and with the public itself. Even further from his origins was the program manager, Charles B. Popenoe, who came to the station from Newark, where he had been a supervisor in the factory. He too was a technical man, with a degree in mechanical engineering. He

was a driving, aggressive type, very tall, with the manner of a martinet transparently concealing much uncertainty and self-doubt. I considered him a Babbitt — Sinclair Lewis had just written the book — but we got along well and were even friends on balance.

My staff consisted mainly of thirty-five-dollar-a-week wireless operators home from the sea, with a few men from Newark-Westinghouse and General Electric-Schenectady. They were divided into three functional groups: control operators, who worked in a room on the sixth floor between the two studios, switching, adjusting volume, and sending audio currents up to the roof; outside operators, who picked up program material at hotels, concert halls, the Lewisohn Stadium; and the transmitter operators, who put the stuff on the air. One of the outside operators became president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, the highest honor that could befall an electronics engineer; another operator, this one in the roof gang, committed several murders and died in prison. The rest of us fell in between.

In the nature of things, announcers were more in the public eye than operators. WJZ incubated several prominent ones: Milton J. Cross and Thomas H. Cowan, who came from Newark, and Norman Brokenshire and Ted Husing, who were hired in New York. The explosive celebrity of announcers was another sign that broadcasting would attract an ever increasing mass audience and become big business. At first, since every would-be orator wanted to be an announcer and the eligible ones could be hired for fifty dollars a week, the Westinghouse-RCA policy was to play them down so that they would not be getting swelled heads and demanding raises. They were not allowed to use their names on the air, and operators did some of the announcing. Identification was by cryptic call letters, beginning with *A* for announcers and *O* for operators. After the station moved to New York, operators announced only in emergencies, as when poor Brokenshire had to be yanked off the air because he was too obviously intoxicated.

Nor did time become precious at WJZ until about 1925. Popenoe and I would be at the station most of the day, each managing in his own domain. In the evening, except for big events, we would monitor at home, he in a New Jersey suburb and I in Manhattan a mile or two from the station, with a direct-order wire to the control room. If I heard some out-of-town station on our wavelength, I would take WJZ off the air, with a suitable announcement from the studio, for five minutes or so and try to get the offender's call letters so that I could complain to the radio inspector in the morning. One reason for this cavalier disregard for continuity of service was that much of the

early program material was hardly worth broadcasting. Aspiring instrumentalists who should have been organ-grinders, church vocalists who dreamed of the Metropolitan, inspirational speakers who beat their wives might manage to get on the air if Popenoe could not scrounge up anything better. The only time liberties could not be taken was when we were broadcasting a prizefight.

Occasionally, real talent came our way, but it might not sound as good on the air as it did in the concert hall. One evening a big New York politician and real estate operator brought Beniamino Gigli to the studio, and he sang arias for half an hour. I stayed at the station to see that all went well, but it didn't. Gigli had a powerful tenor, and the studio was about the size of a modern ranch-house living room. He sang at full volume, and the distortion was hideous. We begged him to hold it down, but he only smiled and sang louder. Later I was told that he had cabled his relatives in Italy to listen for him, and thought if he sang *fortissimo*, they would hear him better.

Our chief competitor was WEA, the Telephone Company's station, with studios at 195 Broadway and a transmitter atop the old Bell Laboratories building on West Street. The Telephone Company's Long Lines network was available for connecting WEA with other stations, and local pickup facilities were likewise superior. The Telephone Company would not furnish long-distance service to RCA stations at any time, and local service only by special arrangement between Sarnoff and their executives for events of great public importance. Otherwise we had to rely on lines leased from the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in the case of WJZ's connection to the RCA Washington station, from Postal Telegraph. The service was good, considering that these systems were not designed for telephony; but sometimes noise was excessive, and now and then the lines would fail entirely — once while Mary Garden was singing from a New York hotel ballroom.

For the first few years, radio was held in about the same repute as the theater was in Elizabethan England, and that caused the worst debacle in WJZ's history. David Lloyd George, the wartime Prime Minister, came to the United States in the autumn of 1923, shortly after his fall from power and my ascension to engineer in charge. One of his principal addresses was before a distinguished gathering at the Lotos Club. By skillful maneuvering, Sarnoff took the event away from the Telephone Company, and to make certain there would be no failure, he pressed the Telephone officials to furnish wire service from the club to the

WJZ control room. When our outside operator started to set up a microphone on the speakers' table, a club functionary declared that it was out of the question to put the intrusive instrument before the eminent though disowned statesman. Finally they compromised — the microphone would be hidden in a bowl of roses.

None of us had had experience with the acoustic properties of roses. Those at the Lotos Club muffled the sound considerably: the vowels came through, but the consonants, riding on higher frequencies, were down. Still, the quality would have got by had it not been for an error in the original installation of the lines between the control room and the transmitter. The electricians had put in lead-covered cable, and no one had corrected them. The lead gave good mechanical protection, but discriminated against the higher tones. The combination of the two attenuations was fatal.

I was in the control room when Lloyd George began speaking. He sounded as if he were shouting into a rain barrel. Now and then a word was intelligible, but as for getting the drift of his argument, he might as well have been talking in Turkish. The Telephone Company's representative called my attention to the fact that the speech coming over the lines was understandable, while the monitoring signal we were taking off the air was not. I knew, moreover, that the telephone circuit was "flat" — that is, equalized to transmit all frequencies within the speech range. The trouble was entirely our responsibility. Soon the switchboard was swamped with calls from listeners who had tuned to other stations to check their receiving sets, and wanted to tell us what we already knew only too well.

There was nothing we could do. As any high-fidelity fan will understand, with modern equipment much could have been done; but then, today's speaker, whether he is the President of the United States or Fidel Castro, has the microphone stuck in front of his nose. I was marginally thankful for one thing — Sarnoff was at the Lotos Club, and the full measure of the debacle would not be apparent to him until later.

Sarnoff could exercise a kind of baronial charm, or he could hurl administrative lightnings, and I knew it was going to be the lightnings this time. A high-level conference was convened at his Woolworth Tower office thirty-six hours after the fatal broadcast, and I was invited. The trouble was not predominantly my fault. Others were responsible for the design of the station, and until the microphone was buried in the roses, none of us had realized how serious the cable losses really were. Still, results are what count, and these results would take a lot of explaining. My job was at stake. On my way downtown that morning, I decided to

wait out the inevitable recriminations and counter-recriminations, and then make as clear and candid a statement as I could manage, not concealing the fact that if I had had a sharper ear, I could have detected the cable trouble earlier and taken steps to have it corrected.

Sarnoff was loaded for bear, as we all knew he would be. Sitting at the head of the big conference table, he referred to his mortification at having wrested Lloyd George from the Telephone Company and then having the job botched by his technical people. Why? At first everyone felt obliged to defend the past decisions and actions of his own department. I was silent. Sarnoff's fury was rising. What was most to be feared was not the loss of a job, not even the setback of a career, but his contempt. Finally there was an opening, and I began to speak. Desperation, instead of tying my tongue as often happened, made me suddenly fluent. I ended with the assurance that with what we now knew and remedial measures that were already under way, it could not happen again.

"That was a good speech," Sarnoff said, and ended the conference. He knew what he needed to know. He was not vindictive, only efficient. Had there been a recurrence, heads would have rolled, but we took care to see that there was none.

THE clash between the Radio Group and the Telephone Company was never an open one, for the antagonists recognized what the elder Morgan called "community of interest." Nor was the controversy confined to broadcasting. There were all sorts of conflicts over commercial and patent rights, particularly vacuum tube patents, and the stakes were enormous. Everyone wanted to build up a position of strength for an eventual settlement. An arbitrator was agreed on, and hearings, arguments, decisions, and compromises extended over a period of years, with some of the leading lawyers and most expensive law firms in the country representing the parties. During this interval of private litigation, the Radio Group stations were debarred from selling time. From the moment the carrier went on the air to the sign-off at night, WJZ was on a sustaining basis. It alone cost \$100,000 a year to maintain.

All the income came from the sale of receiving sets, and Sarnoff was determined to hold down costs so long as the stations had no income of their own. It was humiliating to him not to be able to pay the artists; he said so at the WJZ opening. It was even worse for the artists. Among the aspiring sopranos, I remember one girl who could sing and who had looks and charm besides. Her name was Doris Doe, and she was very successful later. On her appear-

ances at WJZ she was always accompanied by her mother, and I used to talk to them in the control room. Doris was invited by an organ company which had a regular remote program to sing at their studio. She hoped they might offer her a fee, however small — perhaps five dollars — but money was not mentioned. “How is one expected to live?” her mother asked, and I had no answer.

It was a problem, and not a minor one. But after 1924 it was no longer a problem for the Telephone Company. Their broadcasting department had losses of \$100,000 in both 1923 and 1924, but 1925 showed an operating profit of \$150,000. They were selling time. The advertisers who were buying the time not only supported the station but could pay the performers. Popenoe could get the advertisers to pay selected performers, mostly dance orchestras or other surefire draws, but he had to give the time free.

The dual scheme of the Telephone Company was largely the creation of George F. McClelland, Popenoe's opposite number at WEAf. To McClelland more than any other individual is due whatever acclaim or opprobrium commercial broadcasting merits. Before he joined the Telephone Company he was secretary of the Association of National Advertisers — the right background and the right man. Action came fast. Before the end of 1922, McClelland was calling on the head of the William H. Rankin advertising agency to ask them to sell their clients a ten-minute talk over WEAf for \$100. He did sell ten minutes to the president of Rankin, who used it for a talk on Advertising and Its Relation to the Public on December 30, 1922. By March, 1923, McClelland had sponsored entertainment on the air, and was offering a balanced mix of commercial and nonpaying presentations.

The advertising message was at first handled with the utmost caution. The Telephone executives and publicists understood the difference between advertising in publications and on radio, where in effect the audience was forced to listen to the advertising message in return for entertainment. William Peck Banning, a former assistant vice president of AT&T who wrote a history of the WEAf experiment (*Commercial Broadcasting Pioneer*, Harvard University Press, 1946), says: “Sales arguments like those in the ‘commercials’ that are common today were considered offensive to listeners and, therefore, antagonistic to the station's policy of building a following by the broadcasting of the best possible programs available and the avoidance of offense.” Banning refers to an argument between a radio-time salesman and the manager of WEAf over the propriety of mentioning toothpaste on the air, and comments: “The contrast between this ‘squeamishness,’ as a member of WEAf's original staff has termed it, and today's frank references to intimately personal

subjects is certainly marked; and there is much evidence that the restraint insisted upon at WEAf would appeal to listeners now.”

THE restraint of which Banning wistfully speaks was not only public-relations wisdom within the Telephone Company but also apprehension that the government might step in. Radio was under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce, headed by Herbert Hoover. Legally there was no basis for regulation of broadcasting, not even for allocation of wavelengths, but Mr. Hoover's sharp distaste for radio advertising did have some regulative effect. In his address at the conference of industry representatives in February, 1922, he said: “It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising chatter.” It proved to be quite conceivable, but for the time being the broadcasters were prudent.

At this juncture Sarnoff was of the same mind as Hoover. He envisioned NBC in 1922 under various names — Public Service Broadcasting Company, National Radio Broadcasting Company, American Broadcasting Company — as a nonprofit organization supported by 2 percent of the gross broadcast receiver sales of RCA, Westinghouse, General Electric, and their licensees. Advertising was to be barred. For several years he also considered, and publicly advocated, the endowment of broadcasting stations by philanthropists.

Even after the founding of NBC in 1926, these visions persisted. Owen D. Young, the RCA chairman of that period, regarded NBC as a “semi-philanthropic activity . . . an investment in the youth of America.” Between Young and Sarnoff, NBC acquired an advisory council which included John W. Davis, William Green, Charles Evans Hughes, Dwight W. Morrow, Elihu Root, Julius Rosenwald, and at one time, Robert Hutchins.

Within five years all these noble dreams had vanished. The dreams were a compound of public relations puffery and good faith; to some extent the dreamers even believed in their dreams. But reality soon asserted itself. The essential factor in the formation of NBC was the merger of WEAf and WJZ into one company. WEAf (later WNBC) became the key station of what was known as the Red Network, while WJZ became the key station of the Blue Network. (The WJZ chain was later sold to the American Broadcasting Company in 1943 under a Federal Communications Commission ruling prohibiting multiple ownership of networks serving substantially the same area.) RCA paid \$1 million for WEAf after the Telephone Company finally decided that entertainment and broadcasting were incompatible with their primary mission.

By that time a third network was gestating, the one which was to become the Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS was a factor in the transition from Young's semiphilanthropy to a normal corporate drive for maximum profitability. One of the prime movers in the CBS development was a paving-machine salesman and catch-as-catch-can promoter named George Coats, who wandered into a radio industry gathering at the Hotel Astor in New York in 1926 and stayed. Another was Major J. Andrew White, long with RCA in various capacities and sports broadcaster for WJZ; Popenoe had beaten him out for the program manager's job. The third was the concert manager Arthur Judson, who had tried to interest Sarnoff in an NBC concert bureau and had been rebuffed. These three, with a few lesser associates, formed a paper network which they called United Independent Broadcasters. They signed up sixteen stations for ten hours a week of network time at fifty dollars an hour, but they had neither wire lines nor capital. The Columbia Phonograph Company, alarmed by the tie-up between RCA and the Victor Talking Machine Company which was then in the making, bought into the network with \$163,000. The name was changed to Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting System. Operations then began, but losses amounted to \$100,000 a month, and after three months the phonograph company was glad to sell the network back for \$10,000 and thirty hours of broadcasting time. Next, Jerome H. Louchheim, a Philadelphia millionaire, went in with some associates. After they had invested almost \$400,000, the network was still on the verge of bankruptcy and Louchheim wanted out. Then came William S. Paley.

THE opportunity came to Paley because his father, Samuel, was president and principal stockholder of the Congress Cigar Company, which had a contract with the Columbia network. Young Paley — he was twenty-seven — was the advertising manager of the cigar company and the heir apparent to the presidency. But after looking the situation over and noting a sharp rise in the sales of La Palina cigars as a result of advertising over the Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting System, he decided his vocation was in radio. The Paley family bought the network from the Louchheim interests at a knockdown price, William S. Paley became president on January 3, 1929, the "Phonograph" was dropped, and NBC had competition.

About the only thing Sarnoff and Paley had in common was that both were Jews. Sarnoff was ten years older. He had been in radio (including wireless telegraphy) for twenty-three years and knew more about it than anyone else. Paley was so igno-

rant of the technical requirements that when Congress Cigar began broadcasting over WCAU, a local Philadelphia station, he wired distributors all over the country to listen for a signal that probably died away fifty miles from the transmitter. Sarnoff's family had been so poor that, as one of his brothers said, David never had a childhood at all. At the age of ten, he was peddling papers in the street; at twelve he found additional income as a boy soprano singing in the synagogue and at weddings (thirty cents a performance); soon, when his father fell ill, David became the principal support of his family. Paley received a large amount of stock in the family company from his father when he graduated from the Wharton School of Finance, and later sold it for \$400,000. Sarnoff got his education while working. But finally, rich boy and poor boy had something else in common — business success achieved by their own acumen and enterprise.

The biggest advantage Paley had was what Thorstein Veblen called "the merits of borrowing and the penalty of taking the lead." Veblen applied this concept to imperial states, especially pre-World War I Germany and Britain, but in many situations it is applicable to corporations as well. Paley came into an industry with the road to profit paved for him by the salesmanship, technology, and investments of the Radio Group and the Telephone Company. NBC did not make a profit until 1931 — \$2.3 million net. CBS made money almost as soon as Paley took control. In those beginning days Paley did not go in for any of that nonsense about investing in the youth of America or bringing culture to the masses. He wanted CBS to have a respectable public image, but his chief interest was in beating NBC in profit on investment — which, considering how he acquired the network in the first place, could not have been too difficult — and profit on sales — which did require some doing. Yet by 1934, CBS had more stations than either NBC network, sales had increased from \$5 million in 1929 to \$19 million in 1934, and in the midst of the Great Depression, the net had quadrupled.

The effect on Sarnoff does not require elaboration. He became president of RCA in 1930. The company was ten years old and still a mere sales agency for GE and Westinghouse, not yet in possession of its own manufacturing facilities, when the roof fell in. Sarnoff needed money to keep RCA in business, and NBC had to pull its weight in the boat and more. Its profits from 1931 on helped the parent company. As it was, Sarnoff had to sell RKO, the movie subsidiary, for \$15 million, less than he had invested in it. The Depression alone would have driven Sarnoff to unleash the advertisers, but the CBS performance made it imperative for NBC to make the best possible showing on the balance sheet. And that way lay the "wasteland."

"TAKING A McNAMARA FELLOWSHIP"

BY DONALD GRAHAM

Here two young men speak their minds. Each is twenty-one, each a leader on his university campus; both hold strong but highly divergent views on the inequities of the draft and the realities behind it. The first is Donald Graham, a senior at Harvard and former president of the CRIMSON. The second is Jeffrey Goodman, an honor student in sociology at the University of Michigan, and an active participant in the anti-Vietnam and anti-draft demonstrations of the Students for a Democratic Society. For varying reasons, many will disagree with their views, but they accurately reflect the thinking of vocal elements among young Americans.

No other group is sheltered from the draft more securely than college students, but it is these students, by and large, who are most eloquent in their doubts about the system. It hits them at just the wrong time, pushing them into a hasty choice between the Army and a graduate education they may or may not have intended. It introduces an enormous element of uncertainty into their lives, for there is no one who can offer them dispassionate and specific information about when they may be drafted, or how they might usefully serve with the least disruption to their lives. And at a time when lives and careers are being planned, it confronts them with an obligation that is fundamentally unattractive and very difficult to fulfill.

These are minor complaints, but they add up to a major headache for the Selective Service System. Chicago congressman Roman Pucinski estimated in 1963 that 126,000 men presumably fit for service had reached the age of twenty-six through various deferments during the preceding year, and had thus managed to avoid their draft obligations altogether.

No one outside the academic world seems to realize how easy it has been for college students to evade the draft. A student might graduate from college at twenty-one, and then take a job for a year. If the draft threatened him, he could enroll in a local university and claim to be studying

toward an M.A. After a year or two at work, he could duck back into graduate school and be assured of reaching his twenty-sixth birthday without being called, as long as his grades held up.

If working for a year didn't appeal to him, our student could move directly into graduate school on the assumption that he would acquire some kind of permanent deferment — like a wife and children — during his years there.

Draft-dodging was particularly easy in the late 1950s and early 1960s, when the number of men eligible for the draft far exceeded the number of men required. Some draft boards were advised to give a deferment to anyone who sought one; so many men were available that strict deferment rulings seemed pointless.

This leniency had its obvious result: college students felt themselves relieved of their military obligation. No one else was serving, so why should they? Harvard, which takes a careful count of its seniors' postgraduate plans, found last year that only 9 percent of them planned to enter the Armed Forces, a decrease from 21 percent in 1957, when the surveys were begun. On campuses where the students are rich and the war unpopular, a senior who is entering the service is still an exception. Graduate school and scholarship-hunting is so much the rule among students that enlisting in the

Army is jokingly known as "taking a McNamara Fellowship."

What's wrong with these college kids? Have they lost their patriotism, or their courage? By and large, the answer is no. Every educational cliché specialist now knows that college is becoming a hyphen between high school and graduate school. When the draft was set up in its present form in 1951, college was the end of education for most people. Today advisers argue that graduate study is necessary for prospective job hunters, and it is a rare student who can go through four years of college without hearing at least one suggestion that he "go on and do serious work" at the graduate level.

The draft has narrowed the choice for him: it is the Army or graduate school. And when he thinks about the first alternative, his thoughts are likely to turn more and more to the second. For the Army is asking of him what he seems to have least of: time.

The services seem to punish rather than reward enlistment. To be drafted is to go into the service for two years with a two-year ready-reserve requirement that is a nuisance but not an especially time-consuming one. A few programs in the Army permit two-year enlistments, but for most prospective recruits, military service means a three- or four-year hitch. There is, of course, the six months program, but it carries with it a five-and-a-half-year reserve requirement that many consider too risky.

You can argue with a senior all you like. You can tell him that it's easier to be admitted to graduate school after service (some graduate school deans agree, some don't). You can tell him about special programs in the Army. But he's likely to envision himself starting his career three years after his classmates, or entering graduate school three years removed from his college courses. Or he sees a reserve requirement that claws away at traveling fellowships (you can't leave the country without your unit's permission) and business travel (if you're absent from many reserve meetings, you're drafted).

There are other factors that confuse student relationships with the Selective Service. The system of local boards, for instance, is supposed to make the draft more personal, more equitable. But a student attending a college away from his hometown can get little specific advice about when he is likely to be drafted if he leaves school, or whether he might be called out of grad school.

Perhaps the ultimate case was that of a student who ranked in the top ten in his second-year class in a prestigious Eastern law school. One day he received a I-A classification in the mail and called his draft board, 2000 miles away. They told him he was certain to be inducted within a month, but would be permitted to finish the year in school if he enlisted immediately for induction in June. He did:

a week later another letter told him the reclassification had been a mistake.

Many students are genuinely torn about the draft. They feel they owe some kind of service. But when the pluses and minuses are added up, most prefer the advantages and protectiveness of graduate school to the patriotic extravagance of a two- to three-year tour in some routine military assignment. When 90 percent of one's classmates are staying out of the service, all the strongest temptations say one thing: don't go in.

It goes without saying that the draft will quickly absorb almost every healthy twenty-year-old American who *isn't* in college. And it cannot help but rankle these soldiers to know that many of their contemporaries are beyond the reach of the draft. The draft is admittedly based on inequity. But the services can't get along without it. When the Selective Service Act lapsed between March, 1947, and June, 1948, the Armed Forces dropped from a desired strength of 2,000,000 men to 1,384,000 before conscription was hastily reinstituted.

Government officials, however, have been unwilling to consider a truly universal draft. Before the stepped-up calls that accompanied the increase in American troops in Vietnam last summer, an American nineteen-year-old stood almost a one-in-two chance of reaching his twenty-sixth birthday without receiving the letter of greetings from the President. Half the available men were enough to satisfy the military. To take more, they felt, would create a huge pool of men with nothing to do.

Since the draft is necessary, and the manpower pool too large, the services discriminate in many ways. They reject people of low intelligence (who can't pass the qualifying test) and people with physical handicaps that would go unnoticed in civilian life. They protect fathers, farmers, sole surviving sons, ministers, conscientious objectors, workers who are "essential to the national defense," and a few platoonsful of others. But the people most helped by the draft inequity are those smart enough, or lucky enough, or rich enough, to be students. And if students aren't happy with the way the system works, it can be safely assumed that it isn't working to the advantage of anyone directly concerned, except, perhaps, the Armed Forces.

There are many proposals for reform, and all of them will bear a great deal of study. The draft law comes up for renewal again in 1967. But unless the Armed Services committees hold extensive hearings, and start them early in the session, the tendency will be for a routine extension to slide through as it did in 1963. An attempt at reform will be worth the effort. There must be some system that is capable of supplying the military needs as well as the present one does, but it can be both fairer and more efficient than the one we now have.

HOW TO BE PATRIOTIC AND LIVE WITH YOURSELF

BY JEFFREY GOODMAN

SINCE the Johnson Administration obviously depends on the draft for the manpower requirements of its war in Vietnam, the draft is a crucial link in the chain of mobilization which stretches from the creation and direction of public support to actual warfare. Thus, both for the present war and in general, it is a burning issue for those concerned with social problems.

The draft has always been recognized as vital in providing needed military manpower, but too little attention has been paid to its effectiveness as a means of controlling public opinion and behavior. The present war in Vietnam provides an example of the dangers of both these functions, for the draft's universally applicable and very narrow definitions of what constitutes national service are proving one of the Administration's best instruments for maintaining the strength of its position. We have already seen the ugly spectacle of draft boards reclassifying for immediate or threatened induction college students who have publicly criticized the Administration's foreign policy and questioned the propriety of contributing to the war effort in Vietnam. (For example, of twenty-eight University of Michigan undergraduates who sat-in at the Ann Arbor Selective Service Board on October 15, in protest against the war in Vietnam, seven were notified within thirty days that their deferred draft status had been changed to I-A.)

Essentially it is a system of forced labor: everyone must either serve (whether in the military, in national defense industries, or in school) or admit to being unfit or impoverished. The dissenter, therefore, finds himself written out of the category of loyal Americans; and the passive majority is regimented toward a policy to which far too little moral or practical consideration has been given.

Those who go into the Armed Forces spend at least two years in which they experience communal problem-solving only when bludgeoning their ad-

versaries. The man who spends four years in one of our universities, or is exempted for some other reason, misses this experience, and has few alternative opportunities for organized communal social work. Since the draft hangs over everyone's head in some form, these general conditions apply for a whole age group. Some are militarized and dehumanized and then returned to civilian life, where their isolation from meaningful social problem-solving is reinforced. Those who avoid the draft have few compelling reasons to give militarism much thought.

At this point, the great paradox in the whole situation becomes evident: the regimentations of the draft are not universal but are discriminatory with respect to various social divisions. Obviously there is unfairness in many of the physical, marital, and financial-hardship exemptions. More significant, however, are the social class inequities: most of those whose parents can afford to send them through four years of college are, at least for now, having fun, thinking very little about the personal or social implications of the war, and preparing for very lucrative careers which their less wealthy peers will not enjoy or have had interrupted because of the draft. Servicemen could easily justify their resentment of the safety and freedom of students even if students were not the backbone of the war opposition (as well as a source for the most vocal domestic support of that war).

Consider the class composition of combat casualties. Taking only the forces stationed overseas, at most 20 percent of these actually see combat. To a great extent, these are the men whose education and skills (a function, largely, of social class) are inadequate to the requirements of noncombat support roles. Yet these units absorb all the casualties — the figure was as high as 90 percent in the Korean War. The poor get children, and the children get shot at.

These consequences, among others, are important to the thinking of the major student groups opposing the war in Vietnam. Since the war is a very immediate crisis, there is a tendency to view the draft issue largely instrumentally: as a powerful potential opening through which to create and crystallize an opposition movement. Specifically, students like myself want to ask those people whom the draft affects — the young men, their wives, their parents — whether they think it is right that they are being manipulated in this way to fight this war.

HOWEVER, none of these immediate and instrumental considerations lessen the importance of the draft as a more general social issue. Ideological behavior necessitates an awareness and consistency of both ends and means, and in any case one is somewhat obliged to outline or imply alternatives to what one is criticizing. Idealistically, I can conceive of no viable solution to the war/conscription problem other than rejecting the use of armed force as a means of prosecuting national policies and then dismantling the military establishment. For the foreseeable future, however, the question is whether there is any structure which can satisfy both military needs and the social-moral issues implicit in the raising of armies.

One widely discussed alternative is the army of mercenaries.

But such a system involves some serious social dangers. Where the draft at some point forces all men to deal with the implications of war on an immediate basis, an army of mercenaries means that the great majority of men will never have to consider whether they want to risk death or want to kill in a given war. To most, the decision will be largely economic or perversely psychological (searching for a “masculine” occupation). If one dislikes placing his life in jeopardy or thinks there are better career opportunities elsewhere, one need not feel guilty about not joining: “It’s a free country, and there’s no reason why I have to involve myself with this particular aspect of its policies”; “After all, if others are concerned about the issue of war, let them do the fighting and make the decisions.” The nation’s ability to wage a war depends less and less on its ability to justify that war and more and more on its ability to pay.

Second, given the types of men who will enlist, their motives, and the requisites of military efficiency, there will very quickly develop a much different kind of army from what we now know. Relevant statistics indicate that re-enlistments are significantly higher among enlistees than among draftees, especially among those men who have already served two stretches. All these men become

the career soldiers; encouraged by the military (in order to reduce turnover costs), they voluntarily separate themselves from civilian life. But to build an army more and more out of the men who want to be in uniform and who will stay is to increase the effective separation of the military from civilian control. Fewer men, and men of a more consistent nature, pass through the military, which means that strains on military organization and military indoctrination are considerably reduced; fewer men emerge from the military to inform civilians of what it means to kill or of what the enemy is really like. The armed forces become more self-contained, more capable of existing without paying homage to political considerations. While it is hard to foresee a military takeover in this country, it is relatively easy to predict more ruthless, more single-minded, and more politically powerful armed forces built around career soldiers.

Third, a mercenary army would effectively discriminate along class lines even more than the draft does: whatever level salaries might reach, they could not compete with what middle- and upper-class men, especially those with degrees, might expect in civilian occupations. While the lower classes would bear the burden both of casualties and of changes in social attitudes, the middle and upper classes would grow increasingly unconcerned.

If there is to be a solution to the inequities and social damage of the draft, it must lie in a structure combining egalitarianism with the right to choose how to serve one’s country (if at all), maximum contact with the implications of war, avenues for significant social experiences, acceptance of non-military alternatives, and civilian control.

One scheme which approximates this description would establish a national service requirement for all males (perhaps females as well), with exemptions only for extreme physical handicaps and extreme financial importance to the support of elders. Besides the Armed Forces, one could choose from numerous nonmilitary offerings for fulfilling one’s obligation. There could be a few relatively large, government-run programs such as the Peace Corps, VISTA, Project Head Start, social work, and teaching in slum schools, plus many smaller, autonomous programs such as community organizing, freedom schools, voter registration, and various charity-supported agencies. The plan which Students for a Democratic Society has advanced — that thousands of youth go to Vietnam to build where the Armed Forces are burning — is a good example of the constructive alternatives to military service.

What would happen with such a structure is that there would finally be much more choice and much more difference of opinion and action in regard to what constitutes genuine patriotism, and this can only be healthy for American society.

WHO SHOULD SERVE?

BY KEITH R. JOHNSON

In this thoughtful article, Keith Johnson, a reporter for TIME magazine's Washington bureau, sizes up the draft and analyzes possible improvements or alternatives to it. On page 69, a chart assesses the various programs open to young men who prefer to volunteer for military service. Mr. Johnson, a former New York HERALD TRIBUNE reporter, served as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve.

BEFORE the Vietnam buildup of American military forces began last year, even prior to the accompanying steep increase in draft calls, two young men, recent college graduates working as management interns at the Department of Commerce, asked the Department to write their draft boards for a deferment. The Department prides itself on a personnel policy in which the thought ranks high that no man is indispensable, and the resulting identical letters to the two men's draft boards simply set forth in very low-key fashion what their duties were. One got an occupational deferment. The other did not.

What happened in the case of one draft board, in an urban, lower-middle-class area, was that the college-educated man could be deferred because the board's quotas could easily be met from a draftable population with generally less education, performing jobs less clearly concerned with the public weal. By contrast, the other man was registered with a draft board in a more prosperous middle-class community, where college graduates make up a larger proportion of draft-age men and public service is less of a novelty. The two boards made their decisions on their own terms, in their own local contexts, and came to opposite conclusions.

Practically any one of the millions of American

men who have had contact with the peacetime draft could tell a similar story, and Lieutenant General Lewis B. Hershey, the hefty and jovial seventy-two-year-old who has headed the Selective Service System since the middle of 1941, has heard them all. From his manner, it would be difficult to cast him as a villain; he is more a Falstaff than a Iago. Homely analogies come easily to him, and his answer to the charge that the draft is inconsistent in its choice of inductees takes such a form. "I don't drive a Cadillac, but I know lots of people who do," he explains patiently. "That's inconsistent. I don't like it, but there isn't anything I can do about it." He goes on through a lengthy homily on the uncertainties of human existence ("I'm an old man. Don't you think there are still uncertainties in my life?") and concludes abruptly that selective service is inevitably unfair. "By any definition we don't have uniformity," he says, "and I don't know how you get it."

The underlying reason for this lack of uniformity is that the basic purpose of the draft has always been simply to supply quickly the shifting needs of the Armed Forces for manpower to bear arms. It was never conceived as a system of universal military service, under which every able-bodied man of a certain age would put in, say, a year on active duty and then spend a fixed amount of time in the

reserves. The purpose of the draft law is only to meet the demands of the services, while retaining in civilian life those essential on the home front — for example, enough doctors, farmers, and defense workers to meet national needs — and those mentally or physically unable to perform military service.

To do this, the Selective Service System works through an elaborate network of more than 4000 local boards and a superstructure of appeals boards. The members are appointed by General Hershey on the recommendation of state governors, who often rely on local nominating boards. They serve without pay for indefinite terms. Many have served for twenty years or more, and several hundred have sat on local boards since the draft was set up in 1940. "The turnover is negligible," says General Hershey. "They don't quit. They do it as a public service, and they're pretty respectable citizens."

In theory, at least, the local-board system provides the virtues of decentralization: the men who classify potential draftees from their community know whom they are dealing with and know the personal hardships and economic needs in their area better than a computer or a Washington-based bureaucrat. The local boards receive regular bulletins from the Department of Labor and the Department of Commerce on critical occupations and industries, to guide them in granting occupational deferments. "We have a continuous problem of keeping them informed," General Hershey confesses. But he offers a *faute de mieux* defense of the local-board system. "We've got 4000 local boards," he says, "and if half of them are wrong, that's a damn sight better than if I were making the decisions. I could be wrong all the time. One of the strengths of a democracy is that the people can make their own mistakes."

BY LAW, every male in the United States subject to the draft must register for service within five days after his eighteenth birthday. (The few exceptions include some men already in uniform, foreign diplomats, and temporary visitors to the country.) Shortly thereafter, his draft board puts him into one of eighteen classifications. All classifications are temporary, and it is not unusual for a man qualified for service to go through four or more different classifications before attaining Nirvana in the form of Class V-A, for registrants over the age of liability for military service. A very common sequence is II-S (student), I-A (available), I-C (member of Armed Forces), I-D (member of reserve component), IV-A (service completed), and finally, V-A.

At any given moment a registrant is in one of

three categories: available, deferred, or exempt. Only ministers, divinity students, and certain aliens are legally exempt from service, and as of mid-1965 they made up less than one percent of the nearly 12 million classified registrants who had not entered military service. By far the largest group, 83.4 percent, were deferred and not available for military service at that time — more than 4 million not qualified physically or mentally, 3 million with hardship or fatherhood deferments, more than 2 million high school and college students, and some 200,000 deferred for occupational reasons.

Those remaining available for service, 16.6 percent in mid-1965, are ordered to report for induction in an established sequence. First to go in meeting each local board's monthly quota, which is its share of the monthly call established by the Pentagon, are delinquents, those who have failed to comply with selective service regulations. After that come those who have "volunteered for the draft" by informing the board that they prefer not to wait to be called in the usual sequence. In the period preceding the Vietnam buildup last year, that group was surprisingly large; it averaged 39,000 a year, 31 percent of the total drafted. Next, in order of date of birth, oldest first, orders to report for induction go to those between nineteen and twenty-six who are single, married but not living with their wives, or who were married after August 26, 1965. On that date President Johnson took childless married men out of a less-draftable pigeon-hole President Kennedy had put them in two years before.

Until recently, those three categories within the I-A classification have filled all the Armed Forces' needs. In December, however, some draft boards reached category four, which includes childless nonvolunteers nineteen to twenty-six who married before President Johnson's August order. The last two categories are nonvolunteers twenty-six or over, and nonvolunteers between eighteen and a half and nineteen. By law, no one under eighteen and a half may be drafted.

There is also a special class for doctors, but in practice since the Korean War no doctors have actually been inducted as draftees. "The way that works is pretty silly," General Hershey says. "We encourage them to get their education by deferring them. It's our method of gentle compulsion. The country needs doctors, and the Armed Forces need doctors. We say we draft doctors, but we don't. We threaten to draft them, and they all take commissions as officers. We've inducted about twenty doctors in the last fifteen years, and that was all during Korea."

With this kind of flexibility, the Selective Service System is geared to answer the Pentagon's shifting manpower calls with relative ease. When possible,

the Defense Department calculates its needs two months in advance, and relays that call to the Selective Service System, which apportions the monthly total among the fifty states. Each state director divides his quota among the local boards within his state. The allocations are based on availability of draftees, reflecting, not always accurately because of the inevitable time lag, such variables as enlistments, deferments, and rejection rates for draftees in the area.

General Hershey would not like the comparison, because he prefers to emphasize the human character of the system, but once selective service registrants are classified by the local boards, the draft works like a very simple mechanical computer. The requirements go in at one end, and out come the bodies from the other. Over the past twenty years the number of men in uniform has ranged from a low of 1.5 million in the early post-war period to a high of 3.7 million during the Korean War, without any perceptible strain on the system. Draft calls fluctuate wildly. There was no call at all in June, 1961. Four years later, in July, 1965, the call was for 17,100 men, and it went to 40,200 for December, 1965.

In spite of these variations, the Selective Service System does its job with reasonable accuracy. In August, 1964, the call was 3300, and SSS supplied some 4200. The next month, SSS was 564 men low in meeting a 4900-man call. Over the long term, SSS comes out slightly high. From November, 1948, through June, 1964, 3,126,000 men were inducted to meet draft calls for 2,993,000. Viewed only as a machine for supplying rapidly changing numbers of bodies, selective service can fairly be said to have succeeded in meeting the requirements of the Armed Forces.

BUT any discussion of the draft must range more broadly.

First, selective service must be weighed in the wider context of military procurement policy. What would happen without it? The conventional opinion in Washington is that voluntary recruitment would fall off drastically, and that it would not be possible to maintain anything approaching the present force level of nearly 3 million men in uniform without continuing the draft. In the five-year period preceding the Vietnam buildup, the number of men on active duty ranged between 2.5 and 2.8 million. To keep the force at that level, 500,000 men were added each year to replace those whose tours of duty were up and did not re-enlist. One fifth of the 500,000 were draftees, all of whom went into the Army during this period. In addition, some 130,000 men each year enlisted in the

reserves, so that in fact only one sixth of the men going into uniform each year — into the reserves or onto active duty — were supplied directly by the draft.

The indirect impact, however, is far greater. One recent study shows that 40 percent of enlistees and junior officers coming onto active duty and 70 percent of those enlisting in the reserves would not have volunteered had it not been for the pressure of the draft. Instinct and experience suggest that those figures are conservative.

If the draft were stopped, and enlistments fell off as expected, military service would have to be made more widely attractive in order to bring the number of volunteers up high enough to maintain present force levels. The Pentagon estimates that the cost of increased pay and other incentives would add \$4 billion to \$6 billion a year to the defense budget to keep 2.7 million men under arms. For a 3-million-man force, which is the goal for mid-1966, the extra cost is estimated at a staggering \$20 billion annually. Such a price may be worth paying to end the draft, but it seems unlikely that the present Administration or the present Congress would agree to pay it. What is more, an all-volunteer force is less flexible because it cannot be expanded so rapidly in an emergency as a force relying in part on conscripts. A further hazard is that changes in the civilian job market could strip the services of critically skilled men before new incentives could be added to keep them in uniform.

Assuming, then, that the draft is here to stay, how can it be made to work more equitably? In fairness to the individual, and to advance a presumed public interest in having the burdens of national defense shared as widely as possible, it would seem desirable to have an increasing percentage of qualified men serve in the Armed Forces. If military training is nearly universal, the perennial question "Why me?" is easier to answer. It appears that the question of who should serve is going to become more acute, rather than less so, over the next decade. In the absence of a dramatic increase in the size of the Armed Forces over the next ten years, a smaller and smaller percentage of those qualified will be needed. The reason is simple. The generation born after the end of World War II is vastly larger than any other in the nation's history. If force levels stay reasonably constant, the proportion of those qualified who will actually have to serve will continue to decrease. The number of men between eighteen and a half and nineteen and a half was 1,470,000 in 1964. It will jump to 1,920,000 in 1966, and to 2,160,000 in 1974.

Already only half of American men reaching age twenty-six have performed military service. If force levels stay at 3 million, by 1974 only 42 percent of those reaching twenty-six will have had

to serve. If the number of men in uniform should drop back to 2.7 million, the level before the Vietnam buildup began last year, then by 1974 only 35 percent, barely more than one third, of all men reaching age twenty-six will have put in any time at all on active duty. By 1974, the number of men reaching twenty-six, the end of military liability for those not deferred, will be 64 percent greater than it was ten years before.

Even in 1964 about half of the twenty-six-year-olds were escaping service. Who were they? Statistically, the best way to avoid being drafted has been to have either little education or a lot of it. Participation in military service is highest (60 percent) among high school graduates and those with some college education. It drops to 48 percent for those who did not graduate from high school, and to 40 percent for college graduates. The men who did not finish high school fail primarily on the mental test. High school and college graduates tend to fail chiefly on the physical examination, college graduates more than high school graduates, possibly because a man who has been deferred through college is older when he is examined than one who has taken the physical not long after high school graduation.

In 1963, as part of the groundwork for the Administration's poverty program, and particularly for the Job Corps, a presidential task force headed by Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz prepared a statistical study of men rejected for military service. The report was called "One-Third of a Nation," and the Rooseveltian echo in the title derived from a Pentagon estimate that if the entire draft-age population were examined, one third would be found unfit for service.

Unfortunately, the presidential task force study concentrates on men who failed the mental test. It makes no effort to explore the sociological backgrounds of men who are disqualified for physical reasons. In the brief discussion of medical disqualifications, the only interesting conclusion is that psychiatric disorders account for more rejections than any other cause except diseases and defects of bones and of organs of movement. (The report adds that 75 percent of those rejected "would probably benefit from treatment.") The study of those rejected for failure to pass the mental test is more thorough, and the conclusions are dismal if unsurprising. The unemployment rate is four times higher among those who fail the mental test than it is among those who pass. Nearly a third of those who failed came from broken homes. Eighty percent were school dropouts. Almost half came from families with six or more children, and seven out of ten came from families with at least four children.

One hopeful note is that practically all of those rejected said, at least, that they wanted another chance: nine out of ten nonwhites and eight out of

ten whites said they would take part in a program of education and training. General Hershey, for one, feels that in spite of such statistics, voluntary programs like the Job Corps are not a complete answer to this social and economic need. He argues that while those who volunteer need help, they need it less than those who refuse to volunteer.

TO HERSHEY the only solution is universal military training (UMT) — not so much for its contribution to the national defense as for its character-building value in a society where, in his view, the family, the school, and the church have lost their effectiveness in molding the nation's youth. The military has little use for the idea, because UMT would mean considerable added expense without any increase in military effectiveness. The sole encouraging sign from the Pentagon has been Secretary Robert McNamara's STEP proposal in 1964, a special training enlistment program which would have allowed Army enlistees with inadequate educational qualifications to get some basic schooling along with military training. That plan got nowhere with Congress, and General Hershey thinks that even STEP is not enough. Here, too, he contends that a voluntary program reaches only those who need it least. If he could have his way, all men disqualified under present standards but with relatively minor handicaps would be put into a mandatory two-year rehabilitation program run by the Armed Forces.

"I'm as popular as a bastard at a family reunion with the military because they don't want to run a correctional institution," General Hershey says. "But they have the know-how to teach discipline. It's not a matter of authority for the sake of authority. Authority is just a method of getting things done without being reduced to chaos. What I'm proposing isn't like Hitler. If this country decided to do this kind of thing, it would be the people who decided to do it and not some dictator. . . . The question is, what are you running? A force to garrison the world, or a training school for citizens? I guess I straddle that one."

General Hershey may straddle that issue, but the military and the Congress have not. After lengthy debate in 1952, during the Korean War, the House of Representatives killed a UMT bill by a vote of 236 to 162, in the face of a favorable report on the bill from its own Armed Services Committee under Carl Vinson of Georgia. The idea has made no more headway on Capitol Hill since. From the military standpoint, given current Pentagon doctrine, UMT is useless. If UMT is to have any military value, there must be a need for a large reserve force in lieu of, or in addition to, a large standing

army. But to meet the nation's worldwide military commitments, particularly as weapons become more and more sophisticated, now requires a large, highly trained, highly mobile regular force.

A UMT plan providing six months active duty training, plus seven and a half years in the reserves for all who did not serve the draftee's two years, would add \$2.5 billion a year to the national budget. The cost would not noticeably improve the nation's military readiness, but such a program would broaden military participation to include virtually all able-bodied men of military age. UMT would help solve the "why me?" problem, although it would not entirely eliminate it, and it has an unfortunate air of forced labor about it. However, if General Hershey is right in saying that military service can be a useful experience for the unenthusiastic citizen, particularly when the United States has wide and continuing military commitments which should tax all Americans alike, then UMT seems an acceptable possibility. It is cheaper than increasing pay to guarantee an adequate all-volunteer force, and it has the flexibility that an all-volunteer force does not. It can also be contended that UMT is not so unpopular politically as a majority of the House thought it to be in 1952. A Gallup poll last year found 83 percent of those queried favoring compulsory service of some sort for those who fail to pass the mental test.

THERE are other possibilities besides UMT for broadening the military load, or more precisely, for broadening participation by male citizens in the nation's defense commitments. (There is even the possibility of drafting women for clerical jobs in the military, although the political hazards of such a proposal are staggering. Nonetheless, Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act provides that no one shall be discriminated against in employment on account of sex.) The Selective Service Act of 1948 provided twenty-one-month tours of active duty for draftees. That was increased to the present twenty-four months in 1951. Reducing the draftee's active-duty obligation would require more men to be drafted. Hence it would also broaden military participation, though hardly so much as UMT. A return to twenty-one months would take 14 percent more draftees, but with the military-age population growing so rapidly, the cut in length of service would have to be much greater than three months to bring a significantly larger proportion into uniform.

Currently, most draftees are sent overseas, and out of a two-year hitch, they are actively soldiering for seventeen months. The remainder of the time goes for training, travel, and leave. A cut in the

total active-duty obligation would thus reduce the draftee's effective service still further. A draft obligation of less than two years service might also make enlistment a less attractive alternative and force the services to reduce the standard terms of enlistment — set now at three years in the Army, four years in the Air Force, the Navy, and the Marines, and the Coast Guard.

One further possibility for broadening service participation is to provide nonmilitary forms of "alternate" or "equivalent" service. The law permits this now only for conscientious objectors, thousands of whom have served overseas in civilian capacities over the past twenty years. "It's pretty lousy living," says General Hershey, who adds that he is hardly anxious to recruit CO's. Before the Peace Corps was established, there was some thought of making it a substitute for military service, but as enacted, the law provides only that Peace Corps volunteers shall be deferred while enrolled. The question of providing alternatives to military service is a serious one, despite the obvious bias of some advocates who dislike the war in Vietnam but fail to qualify legally as conscientious objectors.

There are three difficulties. First, are there enough viable alternatives (for example, the Peace Corps; VISTA, its domestic counterpart; social work; teaching underprivileged children, as in Project Head Start; voter registration in the South) to accommodate more than a token number of draft-eligible men?

Second, what really is equivalent to military service in physical danger, discipline, and susceptibility to recall in a national emergency? (Christopher Jencks of the Institute for Policy Studies has one answer to that question. "Suppose you asked a man in Harlem whether he wanted to serve in the Army or go register voters in Mississippi," Jencks suggests. "I think after two weeks in McComb the Army would start looking awfully attractive.")

The third problem: who qualifies for equivalent service, and who does not? The Peace Corps and many of the other suggested alternatives are more accessible to men with a college degree, and thus might not be open to most potential draftees. If a system of alternative service is to be fair, the choices must be available equally to all, and the means for selecting those who may perform alternative service must be equitable. Otherwise, the "why me?" problem persists. General Hershey is not unsympathetic to the idea of alternative service, but the practical difficulties baffle him. "I have tried to maintain an open mind on this," he asserts. "I can see where you start, but I don't know where you stop."

Without UMT, shorter active-duty obligations for draftees, or a significant program of alternative

service, the Pentagon will be caught increasingly with an embarrassment of riches. As the draft-age population grows, more and more men will escape service simply because they are not needed. The age at which draftees are inducted will rise, as it invariably does when the supply of bodies exceeds the Armed Forces' demands, from the present twenty-one to as high as twenty-five in 1974. A high induction age is generally thought undesirable, since it prolongs uncertainty and complicates plans for education, career, and family. The result is that state of suspended humanity described by Saul Bellow's "Dangling Man" as he awaited call-up in 1942: "There is nothing to do but wait, or dangle, and grow more and more dispirited. It is perfectly clear to me that I am deteriorating, storing bitterness and spite which eat like acids at my endowment of generosity and good will."

Other ways to choose who should serve tend to limit rather than broaden the base of military participation. Raising induction standards, so that fewer men qualify for service, would have an unfortunate effect: short of some dramatic increase in the intellectual and physical demands on the average soldier, it seems more important to improve the qualifications of those subject to service, fitting them better for civilian life as well, than to limit military service to those with the highest mental and physical qualifications.

Broadening deferments is equally unsatisfactory, since the deferment system is already near the limits of its flexibility. Most students in good standing are already deferred. Reverting to deferment of all married men would once again artificially stimulate the marriage rate among men nearing induction age. It went up by more than 10 percent among twenty-one-year-olds after President Kennedy's 1963 order putting single men ahead of childless married men in draft priority. Liberalizing occupational deferments is in effect a backhanded way to set up a system of alternative service without personal sacrifice, and without opening it to the undereducated. Proportionately, because of the training required for most critical civilian jobs, many more college graduates have

occupational deferments than do men with less education.

One remaining solution is a lottery. Lotteries were used in World War II to determine order of call-up at a time when the vast majority of men had to serve. Their use now, when only a minority is needed, would be different: the lotteries would determine which of those qualified would serve, not merely the order of call-up. If lots were drawn when the draft registrants were nineteen or twenty, and military service followed immediately for those picked for induction, a lottery system would substantially diminish uncertainty. But it raises serious questions of equity. A lottery is fair in the sense that a roulette wheel or a tossed coin is fair, but it provides only the cosmic impassivity of the laws of chance as an answer to the troublesome question "Why me, and not the other guy?" General Hershey adds: "If you use a lottery, you just admit that you don't know what the hell to do."

Albert Camus said that there is no justice, there are only limits. It may be too much to expect that any machinery vast enough to satisfy the massive manpower needs of the United States military establishment should operate with complete justice, but the limits of inconsistency should be narrow. The present structure of selective service could be improved by limiting local boards solely to classification, and then selecting inductees from a national pool. With that change, draftees would be inducted uniformly from the same category across the nation at any one time. As it is now, last December some local boards drafted childless men married before August 26, 1965, while others did not. This change would not solve the problem of the two management interns in the Department of Commerce, which is one of inconsistent classification, but it would remove another major inequity of the present system.

Beyond such administrative adjustments within selective service, equity becomes elusive. There may be no escape from the conclusion of the "Dangling Man": "Alternatives, and particularly desirable alternatives, grow only on imaginary trees."

VOLUNTEER PROGRAMS

ENLISTED MEN

<i>Branch</i>	<i>Minimum Active Duty</i>	<i>Basic Training</i>	<i>Comment</i>
ARMY	3 years	8 weeks	Only service that guarantees specified training for high school graduates. Widest choice of schools.
NAVY	4 years	7-9 weeks	Three-year enlistments available in some areas.
AIR FORCE	4 years	6 weeks	Shortest basic; long enlistment.
MARINE CORPS	2 years	8 weeks	Shortest enlistment; no active reserve obligation after discharge. Toughest training. Probable combat duty.
COAST GUARD	4 years	9 weeks	Fewer "military" duties than other services. Long enlistment.

Recruit pay: \$87.90 per month, plus housing, meals, complete clothing issue, and all medical expenses.

RESERVE and NATIONAL GUARD

These programs offer a short (four months minimum) active duty tour and a total reserve commitment of six years. Annual obligations for active reservists include 48 to 72 meetings and a two weeks summer camp.

AVAILABILITY: Reserve units have few openings at present for new enlistees, though men with technical skills will get preference.

ARMY, NAVY, and AIR FORCE ROTC

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: Approximately 250 colleges offer ROTC programs to college students who take military science courses, participate in drills, and go to one summer training camp during their four years in college. Interested students can join the program as juniors by going to an extra summer camp after their sophomore year. The commission of Second Lieutenant or Ensign is awarded at college graduation.

MINIMUM ACTIVE DUTY: Army: 2 years, with subsequent two-year active reserve commitment; Navy: 3 years; Air Force: 4 years.

SERVICE SCHOLARSHIPS: The Army, Navy, and Air Force each provide 1000 scholarships (tuition, books, lab costs) per year for highly qualified high school graduates. Scholarship holders participate in regular ROTC programs but must serve four years active duty.

COMMENT: ROTC programs provide more leisurely officer training than the crash programs each service offers. They do, however, take up as many as 20 semester hours in a four-year term.

MARINE PLATOON LEADER CORPS: Officer training program for college students. Two college-vacation summer camps, but no other drills or college courses required. Three-year obligation.

OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOLS

<i>Branch</i>	<i>Minimum Active Duty</i>	<i>Length of Training</i>	<i>Comment</i>
ARMY	2 years, 23 weeks	23 weeks	Tough and long. Real military commitment advisable. Short active duty with active reserve obligation.
NAVY	3 years, 18 weeks	18 weeks	Less harassment than at Army school, but more demanding academic course.
AIR FORCE	4 years, 12 weeks	12 weeks	Less technical than Navy school. Won't be accepting new applicants until July, 1966.
MARINE CORPS	3 years, 10 weeks	10 weeks	Short and sweet. Quick commission after grinding course. Additional tough training after commission.
COAST GUARD	3 years, 17 weeks	17 weeks	Similar to Navy program, but less chance of combat duty.

GENERAL REQUIREMENTS FOR OCS: College diploma, plus qualifying test and physical.

IF YOU FAIL THE COURSE: 2 years as enlisted man, minus time spent in school.

Animals Running Free

TWO WEEKS IN THE SERENGETI

by Martha Gellhorn



Novelist and short-story writer, Martha Gellhorn was in residence for nearly two years in East Africa, in the course of which this appealing article was written.

ON THE winding, ravishing, unfeasible road down from the Ngorongoro Crater, joy sets in. Below a loop of curve, a Masai stands on one leg like a stork, dressed in large earrings, a sepia toga, a spear, supervising his bony humped cattle. Otherwise there is no one, no house, no vehicle, no gasoline station, no helping hand should the car conk out. If you have the world to yourself, as far as you can see, you begin to feel you've discovered the whole wonderful place. The views make the heart beat with excitement, but the road requires attention, being red murram soil, treacherous when turned into glue by rain, just as treacherous when deep in dust. Zebras roam, more like the Swedish toy trade than authentic African wildlife. Near the wooden arch that announces the Serengeti National Park, giraffes are daintily occupied in nibbling the tops of acacia trees. Let those who will, rear lion cubs; I'd plump for a baby giraffe, not more than seven feet tall. Inquisitive and nervy, the giraffes pose with their leaning-tower necks at unlikely angles and scrutinize you through tremendous eyelashes, don't like what they see, and amble or bound away in motion like no other creature. They never seem real; unicorns would be as probable.

Having passed the Serengeti gate, one is nowhere. Blue mountains rim the silent world. The

plain, a mile-high plateau, stretches around with nothing on it. By now one feels, correctly, ant-size, though a glad ant. Then suddenly a giant bustard, resembling a hut on feet, runs across the short tawny grass; ostriches exhibit pink feminine thighs; Thomson's gazelles graze and twitch their metronome stumps of tail. The Serengeti people are proud of this road; of the four roads leading from the wilderness outside into the wilderness of the park, this one alone is all-weather and can be used in the rains. Joy turns into slight panic; the ruts are so deep that a small car, like mine, has to ride on the rims of the road, which are loosely piled with knife-sharp rocks. Calculations start: is there enough gas, could I actually change a tire — undo those rusty screws tightened by brawny men — how *can* everything take so long to get to?

This was my first solitary travel in Africa; before, I had taken an African driver, as linguist, not daring to launch forth with no knowledge of Swahili. The foreigners who live here say Swahili is a pushover language, but it is unrelated to any of the Western tongues and must be memorized by brute force. After two months with a rudimentary do-it-yourself Swahili grammar book, I believed I knew enough to ask for directions, or whatever else seemed necessary, and set out from the Indian Ocean coast for the Serengeti.

It is a journey of only 450 miles and took me the better part of three days; hereabouts journeys are not measured in distance but in time. Perhaps two dozen cars, buses, trucks passed in these days, and a few lone Africans on bicycles and a few lone Africans walking under the straight sun, but whenever I stopped by the road for lunch an African would appear from the ground and say pleasantly, "Jambo, Mama," and ask the basic questions: where have you come from, where are you going, how many children have you? In Tanzania, Africans are cosier than in Kenya: in Kenya "Mema-saab," in Tanzania "Mama." The scenery got more and more beautiful; the coast is like a video wide-screen dream of South Sea islands, but upcountry is superb mountains and great gold and green plains pimpled with dry volcanoes, and the biggest sky there is goes up forever.

THE Serengeti, though the most famous of the East African game parks, suffers economically and gains in delight because it is so hard to reach. One can come on the twice-weekly plane from Nairobi, a milk train of the air, a tedious journey that takes as long as from London to New York; or briefly on the Nairobi Sunday air excursions; or, if rich, by chartered small plane. One can come in a minibus on a conducted tour, or in a convoy of Land Rovers on private safari; but tourists are usually pressed for hours and likely to visit the more accessible parks. The result is that the Serengeti is a pleasure dome the size of Connecticut, with practically no one in it. This enormous territory is administered by 17 Europeans with the help of 120 Africans; since almost 3 million people live in Connecticut without stepping on each other's toes, you get some idea of how alone you can be in the Serengeti. Except for the innumerable birds and the animals. In the whole world, there are not so many animals living together the way they did when animals began, at home on magnificent land that has never been cultivated or inhabited since the beginning of time.

The humans live at Seronera, as do a lot of lions; the lions made it their favorite base in historical limbo, and relinquish the area unwillingly. At first sight, Seronera appeals only because it is safety and a chance to wash, eat, sleep. The scattered buildings are rough and ready: round huts with thatched roofs, an anachronistic architect-designed stone bar, tents, unpainted gray cement-block houses with green corrugated tin roofs, prefabricated yellow houses with bamboo roofs, narrow white barracks, water tanks on top of noble boulders, bathhouses, a new tiny museum like the church of some recent Christian sect, a gasoline

pump, a workshop, offices, African staff quarters. There is no plan, no harmony. It looks the way most human habitation looks in Africa, where gracious living has scarcely penetrated.

There are handsome lodges in some of the East African parks, and one is better served in them, but they seem fishy; Africa is not stylish and Africa is no hotelier's ideal. Seronera, for all its faults (every prospect pleases, and only man is vile), is genuine. This impression of a settlement in the wilderness, whose object is not elegance but survival, is enhanced by beat-up dusty Land Rovers and trucks and people dressed in whatever faded careless clothing suits them. Nothing and no one even faintly relate to glamorous movie versions of life in the African bush.

The Serengeti keeps in touch with the outside world twice a day for half an hour, by shortwave radio to the Parks Headquarters in Arusha. A truck rumbles in twice a week, bearing food, supplies, and mail from Arusha 206 miles away, a hard day's drive in dry weather, the nearest shopping center. The regular plane brings perishable goods such as butter. During the long rains the Serengeti is closed, as visitors either cannot get there or, if they somehow manage, they cannot move on the quagmire of park tracks. At all times, the residents are a tiny world, marooned in space.

They might be riven by feuds or around the bend with eccentricities, and they are not. They're an international community — British, German, Dutch, South African — courteous, considerate, and keeping a tolerant emotional distance from each other. Status-seeking, the acquisitive itch, jealousy would be comic neuroses in this setting; and they don't go in for social life. Driving after dark is forbidden to visitors and not much fancied by residents: the roads are even worse if you can't see them properly, and animals are mesmerized by headlights and tempted to leap into the path of the car. Besides, there is no point in sharing the ever-present brussels sprouts and topi steak. Their paths have crossed enough during the day's work. Occasionally they visit around for a drink, but mostly they stay at home after sundown. They are all readers; you have to be to live anywhere in Africa outside the cities. The generators for electricity stop humming early; a day in a Land Rover just about equals a day in the saddle.

They loaned me the Taj, short for Taj Mahal, the tatty one-room house used by the director of the parks when he visits the Serengeti. It is a modest eyesore, with cretonne curtains strung on wire, bleak cement floor, lumpy beds, furniture from a defunct government office. This dwelling soon felt like my very own dear little nest, with a tinge of supermarket due to my supply of canned food lined on bookshelves. Simba, meaning lion, and a

joke name for the ancient scrawny grumpy African who is the Taj cook-houseboy, lukewarmed corned beef, soup, and other delicacies for meals. A thermos of ice, sent every afternoon from the chief Park Warden's fridge, made *l'heure bleue* a daily ration of bliss. With a cold whiskey and soda, and wearing sweaters, I sat on the porch and watched the sky change and listened to silence broken by hyena snarls and their siren wailing, jackal barking, offstage lion roars, the tramp of unseen hooves, and my transistor gramophone playing Brahms and Chopin.

THERE is no routine in the Serengeti; nature sees to that. Rain is the worst upsetter, but unpredictable animal life, including the human animal, also gums the works. Daily problems have a splendid range. For instance: five Peace Corps kids, covered in mud and cheerful, showed up at the Warden's office to report that a truckload of African schoolgirls and various tourists had been stuck all night in the black cotton soil on the Ndabaka Gate road, owing to the early rains. The Roads Warden, who was supposed to go north to check on a half-finished bridge, instead went west with a rescue squad. The Peace Corps kids were having a glorious time. Formerly students of Spanish literature, history and political science, business, they were now an itinerant surveying team and had been camped on that 90-mile Ndabaka road taking levels for culverts. Before dawn, they managed to pull their own truck out of the mud and drove back to Seronera alongside a troop of sixteen lions going the same way.

Then a delegation of fuming African chiefs arrived to be indignant with the chief Park Warden, a born and delightful diplomat. The chiefs claimed that one of their number had been falsely accused of obstructing Park Rangers in their work of marking park boundaries, and arrested: was that justice? They were placated, but Rangers, scattered and out of radio touch, had to be rounded up in a hurry and sent 250 miles to Maswa to testify in court, because the Maswa police were in a jurisdictional fury over poachers caught in their territory and taken elsewhere for trial.

Word came in that the building of a Ranger post on the northern side of the park and the construction of a water tank at the southern gate had been halted because the workers were constantly driven off by swarms of enraged bees. The medical orderly was outdone because most of the African staff thought anti-malaria pills were a nuisance and chucked them into the bush around their houses. The incidence of malaria was rising. He wanted a weekly military lineup, with people obliged to

swallow medicine in ranks. The assistant Park Warden flies the Serengeti's Super-Cub on aerial reconnaissance of poachers, Masai trespassers, squatters, grass fires, and game dispersal, though his principal task is to command the Ranger force in its unending war against poachers. He was absent on leave, and the wildebeest migration had now passed the protection of the park limits to the northwest, poachers were preying on them, and it was essential for someone to organize an anti-poaching patrol at once.

ALL residents of the Serengeti treat the chanciness of their physical environment as we treat the chanciness of traffic, yet take no silly risks from ignorance. As for the chanciness of the man-made environment outside, news of that filters in on radio broadcasts if you have a radio and can hear through the static, or in stale newspapers and magazines. People elsewhere in East Africa follow reports of political changes south of the Sahara with alternations of hopefulness and alarm, depending on rumors and how they feel that day. In the Serengeti, disasters — from the Congo to Rhodesia, with a dash of cold-war panic about Chinese Communists thrown in — do not affect daily life; the residents are too far away from the man-made world and too busy coping with the natural world. The Serengeti expatriates are even spared the expatriate anxieties about dispossession of property or deportation or sporadic local flare-ups. Their jobs will be taken over by Africans when Africans are ready for the work, and that's that. It's a big help to peace of mind to feel that you are not only earning your living in a way you enjoy, but performing a valuable service for the future. The Serengeti becomes a Cause to all who know it.

The administration of the Serengeti is employed to defend the land and the animals and cherish the tourists, but there is a separate new establishment, the scientists. This is the Serengeti Research Project, which has its eye on eternity. The science of wildlife ecology is so recent that it is nearer to art than to science; techniques have to be invented, imagination and intuition are more useful than microscopes; for after all, the subject is alive but cannot talk. Since right now it is essential to know what this fabulous horde of animals needs to survive, and someday it may become necessary to interfere with them — manage them — in order to preserve species, to preserve the habitat, five young scientists roam the 5000 square miles of the Serengeti, studying various wild creatures. The Africans call the scientists by the name of the animal they pursue: thus, Mr. Lion, Mr. Hyena,

Mr. Wildebeest, Mr. Zebra, all, naturally, in Swahili. The very pretty English wife of the young Dutch scientist is Mrs. Hyena. The German veterinary who studies diseases of game is probably known as Mr. Sickness, Bwana Ugonjwa.

The scientists spend most of their time in the bush with their subjects. Mr. Zebra, a German, was camped somewhere on the 9-mile-wide floor of the Ngorongoro Crater, where the walls of the crater rising for 2000 feet imprison the game in a vast pen. He was tracing 120 zebra he had already marked, to observe the social structure of the herds, their population growth, their feeding habits and family life. Mr. Wildebeest, an Englishman, was mainly flying 75 feet above whistling thorn trees at 50 miles an hour in the Super-Cub, mapping the position of the wildebeest migration. By aerial count, he has 330,000 of these bearded, top-heavy creatures to study. Twice yearly they migrate from one side of the park to the other, in a stream 35 miles long, raising a great dust cloud and looking like a weird army in retreat. Mr. Wildebeest has to discover the reasons and needs of this mysterious mass movement, and the relation of population to habitat.

Mr. Lion, also German, goes off alone for three or four nights of full moon and lives silently inside his Land Rover, having instructed his houseboy to notify all hands if he doesn't reappear by a certain date. He broadcasts a recorded lion's roar over a loudspeaker, and the lions gather around his car "biting the tires"; he says they are playing. When asked if he was not frightened, he said "less frightened." By day, he had been watching a pack of wild dogs, fierce democratic predators who have no specific leader but operate like a relay race, and return from the hunt to disgorge food for those who stayed behind, guarding the young.

Mr. Hyena, a towheaded Dutch Ph.D. from Oxford, took me along while he collected hyena droppings, which are chalk-white, dry, and odorless, the only bearable feature of a hyena in my opinion. He will then examine the hairs in these droppings, under a microscope, to find out which animals hyenas eat most. We chased a jackal in the Land Rover until it released its victim, a mangled hyrax; he needs samples of the hair of all prey. We picnicked on a kopje, one of the beautiful Dali-esque boulder formations that rise from the Serengeti plain. Before we settled down with our sandwiches, he walked briskly around clapping hands, to warn off lions and snakes in the surrounding rocks. Red mongooses fled in all directions. He owns a stuffed hyena, a thoroughly repellent object, which he will station near herds of plains game in order to watch the reactions of the harmless gazelles to the enemy who runs them to death and eats them to the last bone.

Mr. Sickness has a laboratory like a large doll-house, stuffed with small jars holding intestinal worms. When we were driving to his other laboratory camp, on the northwest edge of the park, he spotted a mass of vultures, and leaped from the Land Rover to find the body of a giraffe, dead of old age. He immediately got to work, muttering happily about his luck, and how unusual it was to find a dead giraffe, and cut off bits of lesioned skin from the legs. A colleague in Beirut had diagnosed these lesions as made by worms, not wounds; but he needed more samples to decide which worm and why. One of Mr. Sickness' chores is the meat massacre; every so often he and a Warden go out beyond the park limits and shoot a number of topi and wildebeest as essential food for the community. Everyone loathes this job, but Mr. Sickness takes a different scientific attitude: this is how he collects all those instructive parasites. He is studying the transmission of disease from game to domestic stock, and the suitability of game meat for human consumption, and the difficult problem of how to crop game — kill it, when overpopulation sets in — as protein for protein-hungry Africans.

The Serengeti Research Project is financed entirely by contributions from outside, by UNESCO and FAO and West German foundations and government funds, by English and Dutch scientific groups. The work is of major importance and hopefully will be made so permanent that no political changes will ever destroy its continuity. The Serengeti offers a unique kind of natural laboratory; what can be learned here is applicable throughout Africa, and scientists would never again find such an untouched area, and such a lavish variety of fauna.

NO ONE imagines that poaching can be entirely stopped. Africans crave the taste of wild meat, and, as an old Africa hand observed, "a poacher is the former owner," so poachers do not feel like thieves but like men done out of their ancestral rights. The Serengeti anti-poaching force, the Rangers and their boss, the assistant Park Warden, bear animosity only toward those poachers who have introduced a Big Business note. When hundreds of wire snares are used, and the animals are eaten alive by hyenas and vultures while they choke in the snares, a certain amount of hatred galvanizes the anti-poaching force. Also there are motorized poachers, who cruise around in trucks, with guns; and they too are regarded as swine. But the average local African, who kills with a poisoned arrow, for food and fun and a bit of extra cash, does not inflame anyone. On the other hand, law and order must be maintained, and if the poachers were

not hounded, they would poach everything in sight, and do incalculable damage. Poachers were controlled by an exhilarating game of cops and robbers; controlling them, limiting their activity, is the most that can be hoped for.

For three days, I tagged along on an anti-poaching patrol with the chief Park Warden, pinch-hitting in this job, eight Park Rangers, and three game department Rangers (attached troops). We set out in one Land Rover and one truck, soon left the park boundaries and jolted on a dust track, being stung by tsetse flies. Tsetse flourishes all over East Africa; it thrives on game but does not harm wild animals; it is lethal to domesticated cattle; we assume here that it has had no chance to become a carrier of sleeping sickness. It administers a jab like a hot needle. Presently we were off any sort of track, weaving through trees, fording streams, crashing over bush and stones, and the heart lifted and sang. This country is broken by hills, and muddy streams fringed with fever trees, and islands of thicket, palm, wild fig, wild almond, sausage trees matted together by vines and orchids; there are wide glades bright with white and pink wild flowers. Since the animals are hunted here, they are frightened, and ran from our noise in streaming friezes against the sky. Herds of giraffes cantered very fast, at once graceful and absurd with their uncoordinated gait and waving necks, and topi and eland and leaping impala and wildebeest and buffalo and even tribes of mongoose ran like mad with them. Not being a poet or a scientist, I have no suitable language for these animals. I can only say that to see them racing over their own land is to see freedom in tangible form; and the sight is intoxicating.

OUR party was under the operational command of the head Ranger, Sergeant Major Kimani, who had retired from the British Army with a pension and the Military Medal after service in Somaliland and Burma during the war, in Malaya and India, and finally in Kenya fighting the Mau Mau. He looks more like a Frenchman than an African, with a sharp, witty, amused face, an intellectual's stoop, and grizzled curls; and he has the irresistible charm of a man who is brilliant at his job and loves it. The Rangers were younger, tall, stalwart, gay; one wore a safety pin jauntily in his pierced ear, one had wound his long hanging hollowed earlobes around the tops of his ears for comfort, some had tribal tattoos on their cheeks, private touches added to the Ranger's uniform of green shorts and bush jackets.

This was the first time I had been with Africans on their own terrain, doing what came naturally to them, and they were impressive. They knew this

roadless landscape as one could know the rigidly numbered streets of New York; they could spot animals as if they had telescopes for eyes. When the sky looked blank, they sighted vultures at great distances, proof of a dead beast, possibly killed by poachers; and the strong noisy vehicles lurched across country, guided by circling birds of prey.

The truck, with Sergeant Major Kimani hanging from the side, led the way. We tore through whistling thorn bushes, and the thorns burst past the open slots of the windshield and in the windows; and with them the silver galls of this tree which are homes for ants. So now we had thorns in the flesh and biting ants down shirt fronts; it was very jolly. Suddenly, Sergeant Major Kimani waved his arm, and we stopped in silence and leaped from our transport. We deployed and plunged into a thicket, shouting — what for? to frighten off animals, to tell the putative poachers that they might as well give up the ghost? Using our hands to open a path, we thrust through scratching bushes and tripping vines, past a curled python, and caught poachers.

They were two skinny old men, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, wearing rags, bead necklaces, charm amulets, and aggrieved expressions. They had a snug camp of thatch huts hidden in a clearing, and zebra meat. The oldest said they had not killed the zebra; a lion did. Everyone roared with laughter, including the elderly poachers. The poachers' possessions — gourds, skins, herb medicines, bows and arrows — were collected, as evidence to be used against them in court. Strips of zebra meat, drying on racks, were confiscated. That night the Rangers and the poachers would gorge together on a luscious zebra barbecue.

The Rangers showed me a cylindrical leather quiver full of poisoned arrows, but no one would touch these even with the tips of fingers. The poison looks like dried black glue, and is made from the native *acocanthera* tree, available to anyone who has the patience to boil the bark and roots. The Rangers say that an animal, hit with such an arrow, takes ten to fifteen minutes to die; a man gets dizzy, stumbles around, and collapses; but a man wounded in the chest gives one cough and falls down dead. Occasionally a poacher aims poisoned arrows at the Rangers, and is immediately shot at, with their Greener rifles or anti-riot guns, in legitimate self-defense.

We burned the empty huts of the old gentlemen poachers; poachers' camps are razed whenever found. They flame like haystacks, and everyone, even the poachers, took instinctive hilarious pleasure from the roaring towering fire. The poachers were handcuffed with light chain contraptions, bundled into the truck, and the chase was on again.

Kimani had us clambering over hills; he and the Warden and the Rangers moved like mountain

goats. The grass was chest-high, and buried underneath it were large loose granite rocks, very rough going and model snake country. The *Guide to African Snakes* promises you from twelve to twenty minutes of agony before dying of a mamba bite. ("It would be a crowded hour," said the chief Park Warden.) Terrified by the snake guide, I had bought an anti-snake-bite kit, and this was now back at our camp. Obsessed by snakes, I failed to fret over a buffalo crashing out of the brush and away down the hill. However, the solitary buffalo, too old and sullen to live in the herd, and rhino are the hazards of this work which the Rangers take most seriously.

The rhino has earned his savage temper, being hunted nearly to extinction for his horns. The citizens of China and India cling to the immemorial illusion that rhino horn is an aphrodisiac. As a result, the dangerous two-thousand-pound beast is dangerously hunted and killed with a poisoned arrow by an intrepid African, who gets as little as \$2.80 on the rhino-horn black market. Rhino are becoming so scarce that during the floods a few years ago they were airlifted (no idea how) to safety.

After the sweating climb, and all the terrors of the imagination, one pants to the top of the hills: and there is Africa. It is easy to understand about Cortes' men silent upon a peak in Darien. One is swept by exultation, seeing land, like the sea, plains and hills and more hills and more plains, stretching out to the circle of the horizon; land which must have looked the same to the first of our species, well over a million years ago.

The next day, by a river, the Rangers and the Warden went running into the attack, laughing aloud; police operations are not usually so light-hearted. They had spotted the quarry before jumping from the cars. They caught three hefty young Africans who were winded by the chase and announced in loud voices that the Rangers were *washenzi* ("uncivilized"). Their complaints were heard in sympathetic silence, after which the young men settled down in the truck, one of them took cigarettes and a nickel-plated lighter from his ragged shorts, and they chatted amicably with the Rangers, all addressing each other as "bwana" in the polite African manner. The poachers will get six months in clink, which does not worry them. Time is not a tragic matter in Africa, and clink is all right, free food and shelter and agreeable pals, other poachers. Their wives will wait for them, for financial reasons if no other. Their wives have been wooed and their fathers-in-law won with many cows, bride money, and if husbands are deserted, fathers-in-law have to refund those cows.

Poaching fulfills all sorts of African purposes. In the neighboring Sukuma tribe, a bride wraps

the tails of wildebeest around her legs, thus bringing good fortune to her new husband, who will, if she is so adorned, possess many cows in future years. The selling price, per tail, is \$2.80 — 20 shillings; and explains why dead wildebeest are found along the boundaries of the park with nothing removed except their tails. Lions are poached for their skins; a lion skin makes a handsome coat for ceremonial occasions and nets the poacher \$30.00, a lot of cash. Melted lion fat is considered sovereign medicine for getting strength, and sells for \$7.00 a beer-bottleful, which is also good money. Witch doctors will pay well for two bones behind the lion's ears, and for the fluid that gushes from the stomach through the mouth before the lion dies. (Witch doctors are also partial to leopard skins and give from \$42.00 to \$56.00 per hide.) And pride is a reward; an African, who hunts on bare feet, armed with a spear or bow and arrow, is justly hailed as quite a man when he comes home carrying a lion skin over his shoulder.

Above all, poaching is a butcher's career. The African tribes around the Serengeti are not poor and own large herds of cattle, but do not eat their cattle any more than we squander our savings. What they like to feast on is zebra and wildebeest, and they can pay for their luxuries. The motorized poachers take orders in the villages, collect money in advance, and massacre from trucks: \$12.60 for a zebra carcass, \$11.20 for a wildebeest, \$8.40 for a topi. The poachers we caught were little retail fellows; they sell a piece of sun-cured meat, as long as their forearms, for about 42 cents. Their tribes have hunted in the dry season since tribes existed, and they love this life. They have a whale of a time in their thatched camps, stuffing themselves with meat, smoking bhang (marijuana) in the evenings around the fire, and earning illegal money with which to buy more of the coveted cows.

On the highest hill, in this place which is without place names, stands a monument to Western civilization in the form of a German fort. The building is straight Beau Geste and dates from the time when the Germans were overlords of Tanganyika, before and during the First World War. We climbed the hill and found on one square corner tower the scars of shrapnel and lower down the nicking of small arms fire. An old African had told the Warden that long ago he saw the strong young *Wazungu* ("Englishmen") running up this hill and being killed, as easily as birds. He could not believe it; he had never imagined that white foreigners were vulnerable like other people. The only visible occupant of the fort now is a deadly five-foot-long puff adder, thicker than my arm, slithering around the dry cistern which once stored rainwater for the German soldiers.

At the end of the afternoon, after the hot exhausting exciting day, it was lovely to come back to camp, two small tents pitched under trees by the Grumeti River, and the evening bath. The English must have invented this goofy tub, a little square of green canvas, propped off the ground by four sticks, in which one crouches in a fetal position. Muddy bath water from the Grumeti was laced with Dettol, an odorous disinfectant, to protect one's scratched body against bilharzia. Clean and in the alternate set of fresh clothing, we read before dinner by the light of a lamp, hung on a forked pole, and drank welcome whiskey with water that had been kept cool in damp canvas-covered canteens. A red half-moon floated above the acacia trees. It was the height of luxury. The nights were not entirely restful because two prides of lions set up a close antiphonal roaring, near the river; jackals made a yelping racket; and rain hit against the tent roof like buckshot.

The chief Park Warden had to return to his administrative duties; Kimani and the Rangers would carry on until they had collected a truckful of prisoners. The manacled poachers, our haul, were smoking and chatting in the shade at the Rangers' camp, with one man to guard them. The heftiest young poacher said pleasantly to the Warden, "We have no anger against you; it is just our bad luck." I wanted to know whether he would be out hunting next season. He laughed and said, "No. Not after we have seen the rough edge of it. If there is room, I want to be a Ranger."

THE Tanzania government has shown real wisdom in setting aside great tracts of virgin land for future game parks; and they allot, in percentages, more government revenue than we do to the upkeep of their existing parks. It is not enough for the parks but plenty to anger the citizenry if they believe that game parks are a white man's foible, while they clamor for hospitals, schools, roads, and other twentieth-century blessings.

The director of the Tanzania National Parks, a large quiet-spoken Englishman, is a tireless man with a mission: to preserve the parks, notably the Serengeti now. *Now* is the vital word. In a calmer future (we trust a calmer future), foreign tourism will increase; and an African middle class will evolve, financially and emotionally able to enjoy

and pay for its heritage. Most Africans have never seen wild animals; those who have fear them as dangers to life or detest them as dangers to crops. The Parks' education officers are busy convincing Africans that they own something of surpassing value which no other people can ever buy or build. The director is busy forming a structure of parks and administration and research that will last, the while seeking maintenance contributions from outside Africa.

African schoolchildren are invited to visit the parks; they are given free shelter in hostels, a guide, and gasoline for the journey; they bring their own food and bedding and their chaperone-teachers. They leave after two days, devoted conservationists, crazy about park life and wild animals. A Parks Land Rover tours the villages and shows films of African wildlife, while the people gather around a tree where the movie screen hangs and revel in this outdoor entertainment and are charmed by a new aspect of animals, as photogenic and interesting and their communal property, a source of pride. There are posters and radio talks and school competitions for essays in which patriotism and conservation merge. It is a wide, wise, and well-done scheme, and it will work in time.

In the long run, the Serengeti will have to pay its way by a combination of tourism and the sale of meat from game-cropping. But for the moment, tourism does not shine as a specially bright light of hope, because African politics are turbulent and tentative, which daunts tourists, and African travel is far too costly. Game-cropping is easy to talk about, but no one really knows as yet how to work it efficiently. And it takes a lot of civilization, or overcivilization, before people come to realize the value in itself of unspoiled nature; Africans cannot be expected to share our feelings; they'd rather have skyscrapers. The great usefulness of the Serengeti as a research station is beyond average African comprehension and beyond nearly everybody's; this is a new field of exploration, whose meanings in understanding wildlife and our own relation to it are guessed at by imaginative scientists.

So here is the Serengeti, an irreplaceable art museum of creation, and a few hundred people throughout the world care deeply about its preservation, and prove their concern in money and work. If they succeed, Tanzania and all the rest of us benefit; if they fail, we all lose. And, of course, there is no second chance.

BOOKS and MEN *As the courts free more and more books from the contraband shelf, there is not much left in literature that can consistently be banned, says Harvard professor and critic Harry Levin. Here he assesses what the new candor in literature could mean to the critic and to the reader.*

THE UNBANNING OF THE BOOKS

by HARRY LEVIN

WHEN I was a freshman at Harvard, a Cambridge bookseller was jailed for selling a copy of Joyce's *Ulysses* to a customer who turned out to be an agent from the Watch and Ward Society of Massachusetts. Such measures, drastic as they may seem, were not enough to preserve the innocence of literate Americans. During a previous summer, like hundreds of others, I had bought my copy from the publisher Sylvia Beach at her little Paris bookshop on the Rue de l'Odéon. To pack it wrapped in laundry and smuggle it past the U.S. customs inspectors, thereby involving ourselves in what was called "booklegging," gave us an easy thrill of complicity with the embattled author and his courageous champions. Four years afterward in 1933, the time of Repeal, the ban on *Ulysses* was lifted. The critical decision, which opened the way for an American edition the following year, was handed down by Judge John M. Woolsey of the U.S. District Court for Southern New York.

That incisive opinion acted as a great watershed, since it reversed the trend of earlier opinions and would be frequently cited in later ones. Specifically, books had been condemned on the basis of passages which sounded offensive when taken out of context and without concern for the author's design. Moreover, the determining question had been, in the reverberating phraseology of the so-called Hicklin Rule, whether the reading of such books would tend to "deprave and corrupt" those into whose hands they were likely to fall, regardless of — or rather, with special regard for — their immaturity. Some of the world's acknowledged classics could be adjudged obscene, and had been, by such procedures. The freedom to read had been abridged for educated adults because a mooted book might fall into the hands of children. Mr. Podsnap's cautionary

Photograph of Harry Levin by Pach.



principle of Victorian morality had become a legal criterion: "Would it bring a blush into the cheek of a young person?"

Instead of the *jeune fille* as final arbiter of the book's effect, Judge Woolsey proposed "what the French would call *l'homme moyen sensuel*." The law now seems to recognize this concept of the normal adult reader, "a person with average sex instincts," as the counterpart to its "reasonable man" in matters of practical judgment. As for the dishing up of salacious tidbits carefully chosen to nauseate the courtroom, it is now general practice to consider a work of literature as a whole. Taking the trouble to master Joyce's demanding technique, Judge Woolsey found that *Ulysses* presented modern life in elaborate cross section. Its round of daily activities included the library and the concert hall as well as the bedroom and bathroom. Sexual and other bodily functions occupied no larger place than they might in ordinary lives.

The same extenuation could scarcely be urged for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which is overwhelmingly preoccupied with sex. That may help to explain why

it remained unpublishable in the United States until 1959 and in Great Britain until 1961, a generation after Lawrence's death. Nor could it be argued by his admirers that this intense last novel was his masterpiece, as *Ulysses* was Joyce's. Obviously, D. H. Lawrence was less the dispassionate artist than James Joyce. But Lawrence was a passionate moralist, who preached his unorthodox message with evangelical fervor, and therein lay the strength that could be rallied to his support when *Lady Chatterley's Lover* went on trial at the Old Bailey. The intervening years had seen drastic changes, if not in sexual habits or morals, then in the frankness and sincerity with which they could be publicly discussed. The voice in the wilderness, while losing none of its militant solemnity, had been amplified into a posthumous cause.

The very name of the case, *Regina v. Penguin*, suggesting as it does a chapter from *Alice in Wonderland*, aptly announced the procession of church dignitaries, lady dons, schoolmasters, librarians, editors, critics, and publicists who took the witness stand. Penguin soon was circulating 200,000 paperbacks at three shillings and sixpence apiece. In retrospect it seems particularly significant that, unlike other trials which have led to the unbanning of suppressed books, this one had been decided by a jury. The prosecution, trying to extend the obsolete Hicklin Rule, had asked the jurymen: "Is it a book that you would even wish your wife or your servants to read?" And the defense had taken that point by reminding them that they lived in a democratic society, characterized by equal rights for women, the decline of the servant class, and the production of Penguin Books. The vindication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* spoke, like the novel itself, for the social as well as the sexual revolution.

REGINA V. PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED was the test case under the new Obscene Publications Act of 1959. Thus it rounded off a cycle, the century of the Hicklin Rule, which in turn had been based on Lord Campbell's Obscene Publications Act of 1857. By a coincidence which may be worth noting, that year likewise marked the interdiction of *Madame Bovary*, and it is certainly worth noting that Flaubert was acquitted. The idea of suppressing literature on suspicion of its demoralizing potentialities is at least as old as Plato. Through the course of history, however, censorship has mainly been exerted against religious heresy or political subversion. The censor as guardian of private morality is essentially a mid-Victorian figure. His period of dominance in Anglo-American culture was unconscionably prolonged, with such untoward results as can be read in the lives and works of Hardy, George Moore, and

Shaw, or of Whitman, Mark Twain, and Dreiser.

The brilliant writers of the early twentieth century grew up in an atmosphere of libertarian protest against what Lawrence called "the censor-morons" — whom we might recognize, under a courtlier phrase, as H. L. Mencken's "*virtuosi* of virtue." Joyce and Lawrence, each in his unique way, could realize their talents only through expatriation. Both *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* could have been first published only in France, where tradition has been especially tolerant to books printed in English and destined for illegal export. The judicial decisions that naturalized these two novels into the body of English literature, all too belatedly, had to square them with prevailing moral standards. Judge Woolsey concluded his decision, with an epigrammatic flourish, by stating that the effect of *Ulysses*, while somewhat emetic, was not aphrodisiac. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* could not be so easily exonerated from the charge of undue eroticism; but, given its preoccupation, it is clearly a tract for reform.

The volume that comes next on our shelf of literary contraband, though it has also been legitimized by the courts, takes us into more problematic areas of discussion. *Tropic of Cancer* has not the high dedication of the two books we smuggled in before it. Indeed, its utter laxity is a source of its appeal to a later generation which, perhaps, may feel more kinship with underground man than with the intransigent intellectual. Nor does the stature of Henry Miller begin to compare with that of Joyce or Lawrence; yet his critical reputation has profited from the confusions that have surrounded theirs. When compared with Joyce, as George Orwell pointed out in his farsighted essay "Inside the Whale," Miller hardly seems an artist at all. As a would-be moralist he stands at the opposite pole from Lawrence, who would have been more outraged than anyone else by the loveless fornications of *Tropic of Cancer*.

Insofar as there are degrees of vulnerability to attacks from more conventional moralists, this is a harder book to defend than its predecessors. Yet Miller has an undeniable talent, a kind of raffish gusto, as a braggart storyteller in the picaresque mode. While his monologue drifts along the gutters of Paris, it turns up some memorable flotsam. Unfortunately, and increasingly in his other work, this authentic vein of pungent humor is adulterated by messianic rhapsodies — *Leaves of Grass* gone to seed — which prove more embarrassing. Nevertheless, the seriousness of their intentions cannot be denied. Consequently, in 1961, when the attorney general of Massachusetts sought to ban the recent American edition of *Tropic of Cancer*, several critics were on hand to testify on its behalf. The case was heard in the superior court, where the judge decreed the book to be "obscene, indecent, and impure."

That decree was subsequently reversed by the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth.

When I reread this decision and see my testimony quoted, I must confess that my feelings are somewhat mixed. I had ventured to say, in effect, that the book's predominant mood was "one of sexual revulsion," and that its self-conscious morbidity reflected a sense of cultural decadence. Of course I stand by this view, and feel honored that some of the justices evidently concurred with it. But I cannot help wondering whether the book or I would have had their approval if the suggested line of interpretation had emphasized the joys of the flesh. The puritanical implication is that a writer may concern himself with sex if he treats it as a bad thing, or so long as his treatment of it is emetic rather than aphrodisiac. As a matter of fact, my fellow witnesses found Miller's outlook healthier than I did. One of them even introduced a fascinating comparison between *Tropic of Cancer* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

My colleagues, whom I respect, may conceivably be right. In any case, as professors of literature, we are used to critical disagreements. I trust that the judges allow for this variance, and do not take our personal opinions for absolute verities simply because we are consulted as "experts" offering "evidence as to the literary, cultural, or educational character" of the writings in question. What surprised me in the *Tropic of Cancer* affair was that no evidence could be admitted from psychiatrists and social workers. Similarly, in *Regina v. Penguin*, where the court listened so patiently to schoolmistresses and theologians, the defense could get no hearing for doctors and "people who deal with those who are sexually depraved or corrupted" — granted that such expertise is hard to come by, and that the behavioral sciences are far from exact in their application. We are all left in the dark on the crucial point: the actual impact of the alleged means of corruption.

WITH regard to obscenity, the law has modified itself so extensively in recent years that the interested layman is bewildered, and not less so when he finds himself suddenly called upon as an expert by the courts. Bewilderments are bound to arise from questions which lie open at both ends; and though a book is an objective artifact, the intent of its author is subjective, and so is its effect upon the reader. As the Director of Public Prosecutions said in discussing the Obscene Publications Act, "'Intent' is a difficult word." There is even a school of formalistic critics which would rule out "the intentional fallacy." Judge Woolsey supplied his colleagues on the bench with another epigram, which they have used to test the purity of a writer's motives, when he spoke of "dirt for dirt's sake." The

late Justice Frankfurter, characteristically asking for more precision, suggested that the phrase be changed to "dirt for money's sake."

But to speak of dirt is to beg a subtle question. And if the practice of writing for money is generally approved, why should it be specially enjoined against when the subject matter happens to be the important matter of sex? Is it because of the possible effect? Then we shift our ground, and the lawyers begin to talk about provoking lustful thoughts or appealing to prurient interest. Ordinarily we praise a writer when, in dealing with any other subject, he manages to convey sensations and stimulate reactions. Advertisers vie with one another, using a directly visual stimulus, to inject an erotic flavor into the most irrelevant situations. We cannot walk through our day without encountering dozens of random excitations which, if we are healthy, ought to arouse our susceptibilities. "A state of mind is not enough," Mr. Justice Douglas has written; "it is the relationship of that state of mind to overt action that would seem to be critical."

It is humbling to realize how little is known about the nature of that relationship, and how widely the trains of speculation diverge. Literature is full of stories that demonstrate — and possibly exaggerate — the influence of literature on behavior, such as Dante's poignant example of Paolo and Francesca, who became lovers after reading a romance together. Specialists in children's problems earnestly and endlessly debate over comic books: whether they are a major cause of juvenile delinquency or a valid inoculation against it. Classicists and psychoanalysts alike believe in catharsis, the notion that the mind can be purged of its antisocial tendencies by participating in vicarious passions. Tragedy has been exhibiting crimes on the stage for centuries, and its aftereffects are usually regarded as elevating rather than conducive to further crime. Books that dwell on sexual episodes might be just as likely to relieve tensions as to incite lewd and lascivious conduct.

At all events, we must have broader experience, keener observation, and more systematic investigation before we can make confident assumptions regarding how a given piece of reading matter would affect an unforeseen variety of readers. It may be that the Kinsey Institute, which has assembled an impressive library of erotica, will carry its researches into this limbo and bring us back some antiseptic answers. In the meantime, the reading public has been enjoying an unprecedented latitude. The battles for Joyce (inclusion of sex as part of the all-round picture), Lawrence (emphasis on sex as a means of salvation), and Miller (obsession with sex as a nihilistic gesture) have opened the floodgates. After *Ulysses*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and *Tropic of Cancer*, what then? Irreversibly the progression

moves on, impelled by its own momentum, a sheer need for the next revelation to outstrip the last one. Having exploited the themes of normal sexuality, it seeks new disclosures by turning to perversion and inversion.

Censorship has backed down with less and less struggle, as Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* or William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* has bridged the rapid transition from the Parisian bookleggers to a New York imprimatur — and, what is more, to an open market in Boston. Nabokov would be an exception in any grouping, a displaced mandarin from a more elegant age, and his flirtation with vice is merely another whim of his idiosyncrasy. Burroughs continues Miller's sodden bohemianism well into its gangrenous stage. He finds his material by wallowing deeper and deeper, and relies on drugs to give it an imaginative lift. Yet even *Naked Lunch* pays tribute to moralism in a preface and in an appended article written for the *British Journal of Addiction*. Therein Burroughs observes the convention of gallows literature, where the condemned man edifies the crowd by warning them against his particular fate. So Nabokov, tongue in cheek as usual, palms off *Lolita* as a psychiatric case history.

The quest for sensation has been approaching the line between serious literature and pornography, if indeed that border line is still discernible. Joyce and Lawrence both drew it very sharply, since their artistic integrity depended upon it. "Genuine pornography is almost always underworld," Lawrence could write; "it doesn't come into the open." Manifestly, we live in another epoch. The notorious *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, which has won greater notoriety as *Fanny Hill*, earned John Cleland a reprimand from the Privy Council when he brought it out in the year of *Tom Jones*. Its transatlantic distribution led in 1821 to the first American suppression for obscenity. Notwithstanding, it has gained and held a place in Anglo-American culture, quite properly a surreptitious place among bookdealers' *curiosa*. Lately it has been brought out from under the counter and commended to a waiting world by Nabokov's publisher, the reputable old firm that published Washington Irving and Herman Melville.

IN THE light of these developments, we can appreciate the historic irony of the announcement by Maurice Girodias, head of the Olympia Press and original publisher of the once-prohibited books by Miller, Nabokov, and Burroughs. His remarkable list includes Samuel Beckett, Lawrence Durrell, and other English-writing luminaries of the current international twilight, along with certain titles which might still be classified somewhere

as "hard-core pornography." M. Girodias has declared his intention of moving his operations from Paris to the United States, as soon as he can disentangle them from his present difficulties with the French government. We have come a long way from the days of Sylvia Beach; and so has France, presumably, in the other direction. M. Girodias has reason to envy the Grove Press of New York, which has been so successful in domesticating many of the works that are giving him trouble, notably the English translation of Genet's *Notre Dame des Fleurs*.

Jean Genet is a writer of unquestioned power, whose style alone would set his books apart from the pornographic confessions they often resemble, and from those American novels and stories which have recently been putting us into close touch with the homosexual demimonde. Yet it would be uncritical to think that Genet was not obscene, though his verbose apologist, Jean-Paul Sartre, argues the contrary: obscenity is the stance for Genet's virulent critique of modern society. In this respect, as in others, he is an heir to the Marquis de Sade, that pariah of the eighteenth century who has become a culture hero today, and whose most provocative writings have recently been handsomely republished by the Grove Press. Since Mr. Justice Brennan has ruled in the Roth case of 1957 that "all ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance" are entitled to constitutional protection, the needle's eye would seem to be large enough for the passage of such camels.

Not much room has been left for any working definition of pornography; its hard core has been softened, at any rate. Its etymological meaning, "writing about prostitution," should have some bearing on *Fanny Hill* (banned by the Massachusetts court that unbanned *Tropic of Cancer*), where every page invites what Judge Woolsey long ago called "the leer of the sensualist." But a book like *Candy* works both sides of the street by offering itself as a parody of the pornographic genre (pornography being itself a parody of more serious fiction). Rarities formerly locked in the librarians' Inferno are available in paperback, sometimes in competing editions where the sanctions of copyright fail to apply. It could be suspected that, whereas the old-fashioned censor-morons confounded art with pornography, we are now being invited to accept pornography as art. However, the old distinctions no longer serve. Those who might once have been stigmatized as purveyors of smut, "dirt for money's sake," are hailed as benefactors of civil liberties, *virtuosi* of virtue at a profit.

Established novelists do their best — and worst — to keep up with the subterranean movement, and to keep on the best-seller lists, by providing their characters with more and more detailed bedroom histories. Norman Mailer asserted in 1959 that sex

was "perhaps the last remaining frontier of the novel which has not been exhausted by the nineteenth and early twentieth century novelists." One might have assumed that this territory was not altogether virgin before *An American Dream*, but Mailer is amply justified in his pioneering metaphor. From its first emergence, with the breakthrough of the middle class into literature, the novel has been explicitly committed to the enlargement of human experience. Its great practitioners have all been realists, in the sense that they had to cut through conventions and fight against hypocrisies while striving to capture some segment of reality which has hitherto gone unexpressed. Hence they scandalized the authorities of their day, who resorted with repressive tactics.

Flaubert, Dostoevsky, even the Brontës — no less than Lawrence, Joyce, and their successors — all arrived by *succès de scandale*. Invariably, contemporaries are shocked by innovation in the arts and commonly accuse the innovators of being sensation-mongers, which from time to time they must be. But the shock wears off with habituation, and what is no longer new can thereupon be judged by whether or not it seems true. It was shocking to see the forbidden monosyllables in print while *Ulysses* was proscribed, though they might not have offended in masculine conversation or in feminine stream of consciousness. Nowadays we have merely to ask ourselves whether or not they fit into the fictional contexts in which they so freely appear. The convention of using asterisks or dashes seems as quaint as Ernest Hemingway's substitution of the word "obscenity" for the Spanish oaths in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Profanity derives its peculiar force from the violation of a taboo; expletives become meaningless once the taboos lose their hold.

When the Berkeley students shouted dirty words from a public platform, they confirmed the proprieties against which they were protesting. If speech were completely free, no words would bring a blush to a young person's cheek or raise the eyebrows of an older one. As with the language, so with the contents of books. Descriptions of sexual intimacy, if we get used to reading them, ought to provoke no special titillation. We should be able to take them or leave them, depending on whether they carry honest conviction. When everything has been said, we can focus on how it is said. We may still need safeguards for the immature; but for adults so much is already permitted that not much can consistently be excluded. Our freedom to read, as guaranteed by the law, is virtually complete. Free speech and due process, the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution as reinterpreted by Justice Brennan, reaffirm the humanism of

Terence: "I am a human being, and therefore consider nothing human alien to me."

Accordingly, when writers are allowed to write anything they please and publishers to put it into circulation, then the great responsibility for discrimination rests with the reader. Art in itself may be neither moral nor immoral, as Oscar Wilde insisted; but since we are potentially both, the courts stand ready to correct our overt immorality. Meanwhile, it remains for us to determine the uses of art. If we abandon censorship, we depend all the more imperatively upon criticism. If we agree that books are neither dirty nor clean, we must be sure to remember that they are bad or good, and must not be distracted into ignoring that difference. After all, it has never been too difficult to tell a potboiler from a work of art, and it should be even simpler with potboilers that concentrate upon sex to the point of monotony. To criticize them is to discriminate between artistic imagination and autistic fantasy. One of the wholesome results of our hard-won candor is that it could end by driving the pornographers out of business.

5:00 P.M.

BY JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

As — for how else do poems go? — as some
Torero in his bravery, gold and red,
Ignites with a playing wrist that ton of plumb
Thunder, all testy rump, hot hovering head —

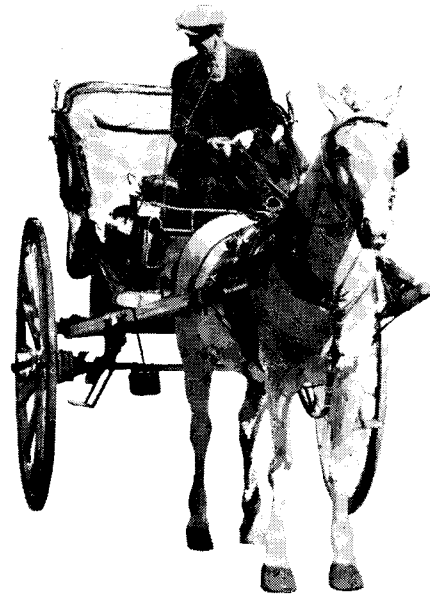
Toes so, set like a wager, risk a thigh
Bright in its cocky silk, with nerve and bone;
Lids lowered see the terrible horn go by,
And still he rolls like a flag in battle, blown
Criss-crossing —

Turns a languorous shoulder then
Full on that savage bafflement, in throes.
A rapture of handkerchiefs, standing girls and men
Dazzle the plaza. White, sun-reveling rose!
Blood on the dust, dark blood on wrist and knee.
"As, you began —?"

And gloat again: as *he*.

THE TOUR

A Story by May Dikeman



A short-story writer who made her initial appearance in these pages, May Dikeman won the Atlantic "First" prize in 1961. Her two subsequent stories, "The Sound of Young Laughter" and "The Woman Across the Street," were selected for the Martha Foley collection.

OVER dinner, they found out that they had both had Montcalm and Wolfe mixed up all their lives, and they seized on this point of contact.

"In fifth grade," Anne said, "there was this big picture of General Wolfe dying!" As she heard her voice get breathy and felt her eyes open in the way that always made people say "Your eyes are actually green," she wondered what her mannerisms did to her husband now. Did they still get him, at all, or did they make him wonder why they ever had? This was the first time in a year that she had thought anything like this, or had a chance to.

"And it was bloody Montcalm *blessé!*" said Prescott. "I always thought it was Wolfe who was French."

Just for that moment, while the candle between them seemed to get bigger than the people at the other tables, whom it paintbrushed out to the color of embers, like the murals of Montcalm and Wolfe on the walls, Anne forgot why it was that she had agreed to come to Quebec, and that Prescott still did not know. Then after they had laughed, it got quiet again. A sort of honeymoon hush filled this city. Anne had expected a bilingual city to be constantly jabbering. But it turned out that, as if from tentativeness and solicitude, everybody lowered their voices. This gave Anne a feeling that everyone must understand why she was here,

although when he found out, Prescott would not.

Prescott's idea that Anne was wild about lobster was one of those things kept up until it was too late for her to tell him that it seemed a lot of work. And tonight the Gaspé lobster was the whole idea. Prescott's eyes brightened attentively as the waiter set it in front of her and fixed the little china cup of butter on its tripod over a birthday-sized candle. Prescott was very anxious for everything to be nice. That touched her. At the same moment, she thought, so *he* can feel all right.

As he started on his own filet mignon, Prescott gave the slightly lateral blink, not quite a tic, which, like his monochromatic suntan coloring and everything else about him, worked as an asset, giving him a ready air of command only reinforced by its neutral affability. Since they had reached the point (in their case, six years) when Anne sometimes felt, I have no idea what kind of man he is, she was inclined to look at him when he didn't know. He had the helmet of thick hair and chiseled, slightly undersized features of an expertly drafted comic-strip hero. Anne had never at any time, swimming, doing a chore, or making love, seen Prescott look mussed up. She used to think she would someday tell her son that the most attractive thing about his father was that he could call a porter *sir* and the porter never took it as sarcasm. However, she had had a girl, to whom she would never be able to tell this, or talk to at all.

They had been married so young they had assumed they would "create." In Prescott's case it was painting, although the class at the League joshed him about his Madison Avenue look. Their older hostesses always called them "a darling couple." Everyone said, "Don't they *look* good

together.” Gradually they found out that they would never really “create,” but they dropped the admission to each other across crowded parties. By this time it seemed tacit between them that Prescott would never go any more out of his way to be unfaithful than to be faithful to her, and this gentle wryness of acceptance gave them a new social patina. Ellen’s birth, in their fifth year, changed the mood of all this, and the effect of the change of mood was embarrassment. Her development had seemed regular for the first few months (when she remembered those early months, Anne’s thinking always stopped for a minute), but the last doctor, whose decision they had agreed to accept, when Anne spoke of this, shook his head and looked out the window without saying anything. “Fairer to each other and to the other children you would have” was how it was always put. This reference the doctors brought out with resoluteness, as though realistically accepting the impropriety of a married couple having children. Anne felt a clinical smell around them, as if she and Prescott had been prepped for surgery.

It was now two weeks since they had taken Ellen up to the private home in Massachusetts. She was fifteen months. She was still like a small baby. Anne cupped her hand now as she thought of the feel of the foot in the small wool-stitched flannel moccasin, and she saw the face with their own even features repeated very small, but with strange smudges under the eyes. “Why are these places always in Massachusetts?” she had said to Prescott on the way. He hadn’t answered. Both their families were helping them meet the expense, which was high. The place had big trees. As they came back out by themselves afterward, Anne had said, “What big trees.” Prescott had taken hold of her, but she hadn’t turned around.

Prescott was going to take a couple of weeks off from the auction-gallery job, where after he had given up on painting, he had become an expert on “cupping” and pentimenti. The doctor had said they should go somewhere by themselves. Prescott started bringing brochures home right away. One night Anne picked up one of them, looked at it, and said, “Canada looks like rather fun.” She hid the brochure she had looked at. It was still hidden, in the pocket of her suitcase at their hotel. Tonight, though, she would have to tell him if they were going to catch the tour, which left the château at three o’clock. She would try not to tell him that this was the only reason she had come.

AFTER dinner they wandered down the rue Ste. Anne. “‘The Walking Family’ is still walking,” said Anne. Tourists whom they had met repeatedly,

they had christened to each other. Clutching their little blue *Walking Tour of Old Quebec* guidebooks, a pair of wild-eyed young parents shepherded their children. Anne noticed one, a leggy little girl around nine, with fine straight hair haloed by a headband. “The lower portion of this house is of mid-seventeenth-century workmanship,” the father read from the booklet. “I want to see Montcalm’s skull,” wailed the little boy. “The nuns have gone to bed,” said the mother.

“Poor nuns,” murmured Prescott. He pressed against her as they followed the narrow sidewalk, and she felt his breath move her hair. It wasn’t very often that he seemed concentrated on her completely like this. But Anne’s ruefulness at the irony only reinforced her necessity to evade him. Tonight she had to get him to agree to the tour she had come to Quebec for. She hadn’t brought it up before because she was embarrassed over it, and because she didn’t want it talked about; also she felt that discussion would cut the chances of its working. But mainly, tonight she had to prepare herself. Instead of letting herself feel consoled, tonight she had to feel desperate.

When Prescott asked her if a calèche with the lanterns lit back to their hotel would be romantic, she said why didn’t they go into the Musée Historique. As all wax museums seemed to, it stayed open till nine. The tableaux shining in the dark would daze them like vivid dreams and stay between them afterward.

They looked at the veined, manicured, wax hands of Columbus rotating the globe for Isabella, at a massacre scene with each Indian and colonist apparently petrified at his instant of last agony, and, of course, at Montcalm, with his head on the arm of his aide, and a big splotch of brilliant wax blood on his breeches, while the surgeon apparently removed a splinter from his thumb. Anne stood for several minutes before the tableau of the Pope. She gazed at him as if she might receive a directive. But he was too near her, only four feet away. She was taller than he was. The curvature of the glass formed a lens through which details were so explicit that they seemed a disguise rather than a manifestation; nothing struck her as so real as the wiry threads of gilt embroidery and the plumes of the Swiss guards behind him. She felt as if this were due to her, and she imagined it happening again tomorrow at the crucial moment.

As they walked back to their hotel, she asked Prescott how they made waxworks. He immediately started to tell her about cinnabar, benne oil, and alkanet. Prescott’s encyclopedic memory, Anne thought, built into their marriage, as much as their looks did, an aristocratic barrier. Whenever he answered a technical question, he seemed as rapt and impersonal as a paid guide, and without

listening, she could ask him an occasional question to keep him going. She pronounced French signs to herself — “*Air Climatise*,” “*Pas d’Arrêt*” — as they walked down the steep narrow sidewalk, ablaze on one side with souvenir windows, Mountie dolls and Madonnas, with a calèche with its bobbing lanterns almost keeping pace in the street, while Prescott spoke of three parts Venice turpentine and seven parts Burgundy pitch.

ANNE had taken out the brochure and put it on the bed stand with their little travel alarm clock. She sat down on the side of the bed, sliding her feet out of her slippers. She had all new things for this trip out of necessity since she hadn’t gotten herself anything in so long, and she sat huddled as if she could hide her breasts, which seemed to point more through the loose gathering of her nightgown. She had to ask him now so they could plan the next day. Prescott came and sat next to her. It was an old, big bed, on casters set in little glass ashtrays, with a soft mattress that pitched her against him so that his thigh clamped hers. She balanced herself rigid with her outside arm. Reaching for the brochure, she remarked, “The Shrine of Sainte Monique might be interesting.” After she brought it out, she felt chilled, and chafed her arms. The walls of pale-blue painted fleur-de-lis of hammered metal and the glass-doored wardrobe with cretonne curtains made her feel as if she were in a world where she did not know anyone. Down in the street, the calèche horses were trotting home to stable. The clapping of hooves seemed to go through the room.

“You want to do that,” said Prescott, expressionlessly. He took the brochure and looked at it. “Honey, this is a *pilgrimage*,” he said.

“A lot of plain tourists go!” said Anne. She took back the brochure, doubled herself cross-legged on the bed, and read to him, “A shrine most noted, glorious, and edifying!” Prescott got up and walked over to the dresser and picked up his watch.

“I know you feel these things are an abuse,” said Anne.

“I think they stimulate an unhealthy mentality,” said Prescott in his voice which could have been called almost inaudible except for its actual perfect distinctness. He wound his watch, laid it down, and made a slight cosmetic grimace at himself in the mirror, touching his visor of steel-brown hair. *You’re Apollonian!* Anne thought impatiently. “I thought you wanted to catch the Changing of the Guard,” he added.

“We can make it; that’s at ten. We’ll have to get up — what time?” She grabbed the clock in relief. “Seven, to be safe?”

Prescott came over to his own side of the bed and got in with his back to her. As he lay down he looked over at the lamp and said, as they did when they had forgotten to turn it off, “Oh, de light, de light, de light.” This had started from one of the cults his mother had belonged to, in which the followers had to affirm, “*I am filled and thrilled with infinite joy and delight, delight, delight.*”

“I’ll get it!” said Anne, before he could reach across her, which would have brought his arm over her breasts. She snapped the switch. In the dark she continued to see a big helix glowing red and blue. She gazed up at this afterimage the way she had stared at all the exhibits they had been looking at, wax tableaux and nuns’ embroidery. Then the darkness formed a big blackboard. She thought of going to the Episcopal Sunday school as a little girl. Sunday school had seemed festal to her because of the pall at home over her father’s illness. “There have to be three conditions,” the curate had told them. “What three conditions do we have to have?”

Prescott coughed. His lying awake beside her made her feel that he was watching. It gave her a feeling of dread. I should have let him, she thought. Then he would be asleep. I always want him to be asleep, she thought, the way people do their children. When she thought *children*, she concentrated again. There must be three conditions. She dropped one hand out in imitation of the curate’s gesture, and her knuckles knocked the night table. Prescott whispered to her alertly, and his breath feathered her throat. She gave a drowsy little moan, as if she had dropped off. His wakeful, jerky breathing became the only thing she could hear, like the ticking of a mechanism, and it seemed to her that it was measured toward an explosion. She realized that she dreaded his rolling against her and hammering her with kisses because she knew that what he would mean would be “What about *us*? Do you realize how long we’ve been living as if we were half alive? Are we ever going to think about ourselves again? We did everything we could, we consulted the specialists, I restored a thousand crummy paintings to pay them, there was nothing to be done, nothing! We agreed to accept medical advice, and we accepted it. What was the idea of this trip; wasn’t it to forget?”

Anne breathed fast as she lay imagining this. If you can forget, you can go, she thought. Probably if he did leave, I would find out I loved him intolerably, she thought, but it can’t be helped. Right now I have to find the three conditions.

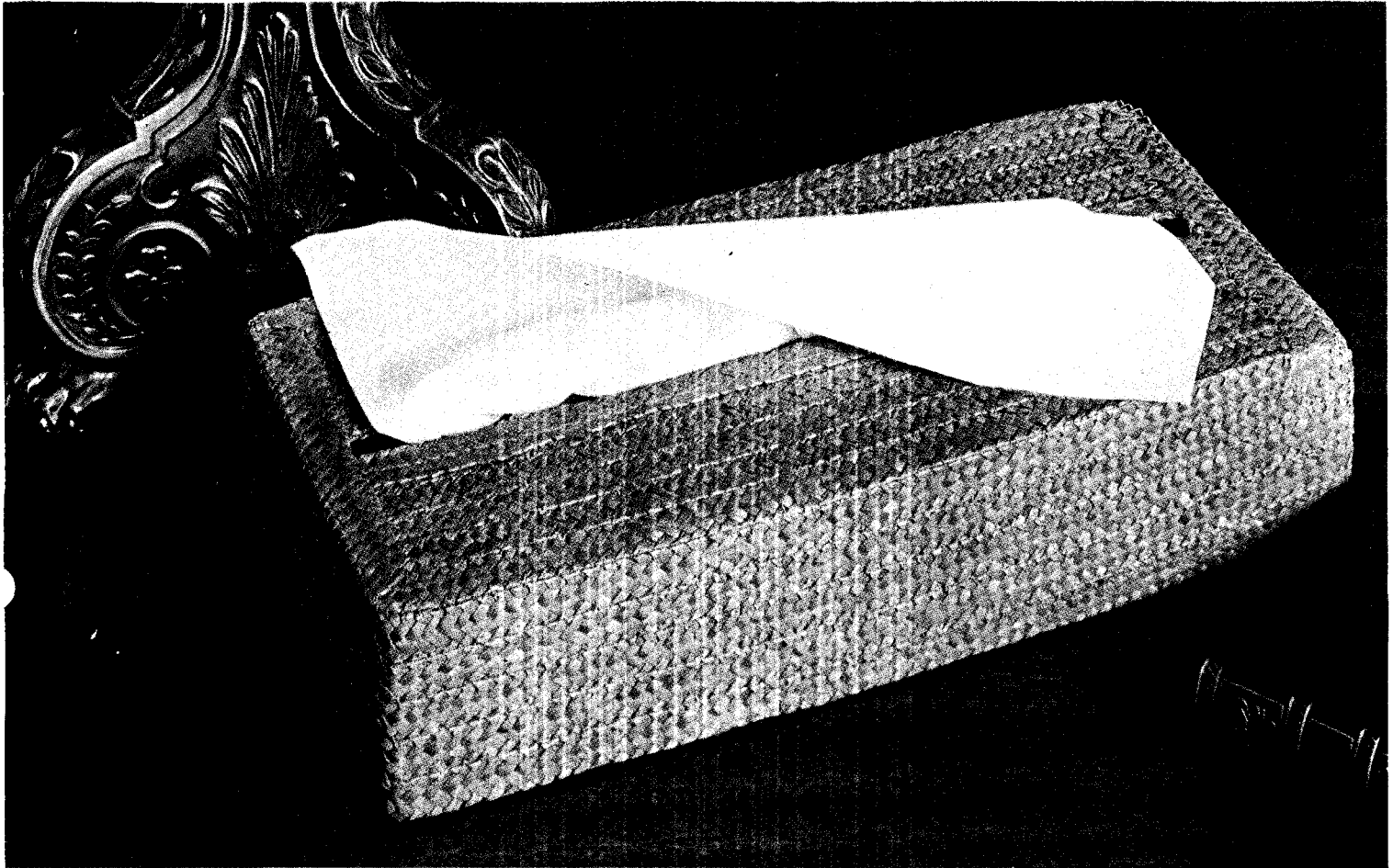
The curate had drawn a number 1 on the blackboard. She saw his handwriting, with very big loops. “*1. Need.*” We must *need* this! Everything else has failed, we have gone to everybody else, and it was no good.

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Yes! thought Anne. We went to all the doctors. She thought of all the waiting rooms of Park Avenue, with rubber plants and *Life* magazines.

"2. *Contrition* (Because of Love)." The curate turned around from the blackboard. "'Thy sins be forgiven thee, arise and walk'; 'Of this woman much is forgiven because she loved much.'" Yes, thought Anne. I am very sorry. I am very sorry that I have offended Thee, I am sorry for everything in my life so that Ellen is this way, I am sorry I had her, I am sorry I married Prescott, I am sorry I was born, I am sorry.

The curate drew the number 3. Writing very big, he wrote "*Faith*." "I believe *in*. *Not* I believe *that*. But I believe *in*."

Then, pressing hard, he drew an arrow pointing down. Anne could hear the chalk squeak. Then he did not write, but printed in big white capitals "MIRACLE" and sketched rays around it. Miracle, miracle, thought Anne. It was a word shaped like a candle flame with rings of spectra around it, a word that could not be pronounced quickly, that no matter how often you said it remained a word and never became a noise. Exploding from the afterimage of the bed-stand lamp, it hung over her. She had no idea anymore whether Prescott was awake or asleep. He made no more difference than a passenger sharing her train seat.

"And children," the curate had concluded, "you will notice this to be the pattern as you read St. Mark's Gospel."

One child asked, "Could it happen today?"

The curate had said, "I believe that what I would call wonders occur."

THEY had breakfast at City Hall Square to be near the Citadel. They had plenty of time. Prescott wanted Anne to have croissants. It was a thing with him, like the lobster. They had eggs and croissants. But a hitch developed. The waitress never brought their coffee. Every time she came near them, Prescott said, "Could we have our coffee, please?" and she said yes but never brought it. Other tourists came in, ordered, ate, and left. Anne and Prescott kept up their vacation manners and laughed helplessly to each other. "Although she *speaks* good English, perhaps she can't carry 'coffee' in her mind," said Anne.

"I just want her to carry it in a cup," said Prescott. He stood up and called, "*Deux cafés, s'il vous plaît!*" and sat down again laughing and flushed, which made him look very boyish. "Right away," said the waitress. Sometime after they had finished breakfast, she brought it. "Americans like coffee later," said Prescott. "Have some coffee-later." It was too hot to drink, and they were late

for the Citadel. They ran under the St. Louis Gate and sprinted up the hill. Motor coaches and cars were parked. They ran for the entrance gate, found out they needed tickets first, and ran to line up in the crowd at the booth under the arch opposite. "Oh, Press, we won't make it!" said Anne. His watch showed three minutes to ten. She was astonished that she felt desperate.

They got in just as the bells down in the City were striking ten. The tourists surged up the terrace. The guides shouted to get back, back.

Over the bagpipes, Anne heard the whir of all the cameras around her. The bearskin busbies of the Royal Twenty-second appeared first on the top of the hill. Then the scarlet tunics flashed. Anne had never seen anything so red. There were cries of "There he is!" and she saw the gilded horns of the white angora billy, the regimental mascot, which was what everybody had really come to see.

The tourists pushed down over the curb, and the guides herded them back. The band pounded into the "*Sambre et Meuse*."

Above the walls of the Citadel surrounding them only the tops of the small white clouds showed, and it seemed to Anne that the world was a mile below them, and the height of the sunshine gave it the snowy blueness of an earlier astral epoch even while it warmed her bare arms and fired the grass and the guards' scarlet tunics as if it were striking clear chemicals through glass. The goat advanced. Prescott wound his camera. "Can you get him?" cried Anne. The goat took the salute with a bow. His white fringe touched the grass. He was on a straight line with them, only a few yards away. Anne could see his eyes. The pupils were shaped like slots. "Isn't he a *princely* goat," she said to Prescott. He was intent on his focus. The black slots in the golden eyes of the white goat gave him a gaze which struck her as human, pronouncing, more than human. The people applauded again. "He's like some enchanted creature," she said to Prescott. Beautiful, she thought, everything is so beautiful. She still knew she was carrying a great weight, but she didn't remember what it was, and she felt so high up that it seemed if she were to drop the burden like a bundle, it would fall so far she would never hear it land. But she couldn't let go of it; she couldn't unclench her hold. It was she; everything outside her was all right, everything was shining. Because of the slot shapes of the goat's eyes, he seemed to her to be seeing differently, through opened windows on an equilateral view, a sufficient world of which he himself was not the focus.

They had a sandwich and a bottle of Gini, which they agreed was just like 7-Up, before they went to the Place d'Armes for the motor coach. They discussed the phenomenon of mascots. Prescott told

her the word derived from *mascoto*, meaning sorcery. "He *did* seem like a sorcerous goat, didn't he," she said.

"Traditionally, the goat is a symbol of evil," said Prescott.

"Oh, people just didn't understand goats!" said Anne. "The white goat was a benign goat!"

She tried to tell him her feeling about the goat's eyes. "What if people are self-centered because they've got round pupils? What if people had oblong eyes like windows that made everything come out even?"

Prescott started to explain the evolution of the eye in vertebrates. He spoke of the *tapetum lucidum*, which had something to do with animals' eyes shining in the dark. He said, "In the cat, the pupil is a vertical slit, and in the frog, transversely oval."

"How do you *know* these mad things!" she said, politely, not hearing.

"Hey," Prescott murmured. "Pet my beard and I turn into a princely goat."

But when they bought their tour tickets, he turned glum. She talked to him to keep his mind and her own mind off what they were doing. "Do you suppose the Walking Family ever got to see Montcalm's skull?" she said. She spoke of Negro tourists they had seen and how nice it was there didn't seem to be the prejudice here. Painted in black capitals in an arc on the ticket booth were the words *Une Visite Que Vous N'Oublierez Jamais*. It seemed to her to be a threat. She said wasn't Canadian money pretty, and it was too bad they didn't have such pretty money.

"Oh, honey, this is a *guided* tour!" said Prescott. "We don't want to be yakked at all the way!"

"Darling, all the tours are guided!" she explained. "Then they make their cute little spiel about how they're poor students entirely dependent on our generosity! We can take the French guide. Then it will sound pretty, and most of it we won't understand." She read to him from the back of her ticket, "*Nous ne sommes pas responsables pour des objets perdus*. Goodness, does that include husbands?" She felt apprehensive when he stayed somber.

The window seats were already taken, and Anne sat behind Prescott, across the aisle from two women they had privately christened the Cincinnati Librarians. The "librarian" nearest her offered them Canada's Most Popular Candy, wafer layers of coffee cream, and they spoke detachedly of cases of miraculous healing.

"Haven't they been mostly cases that could have been psychosomatic, or hysterical, like paralysis?" Anne said. It seemed to her now essential to act skeptical. "I mean, have there ever been any cures of anything congenital, like birth defects?" She gave a yawn, which made her teeth hit to-

gether in a slight chatter. "Like — brain injury?"

"Well, I never definitely knew of anybody," said the librarian. "The only case I knew was a woman who was told she was losing her sight, and she said, 'Oh, if I'm blind I don't want to live,' and she took what savings she had, and she went. Then afterward she felt the trouble was she hadn't had enough faith, and she felt so bad she had so little faith that in a way she was worse off than she'd been."

From the bus windows the apartment-house projects with their spiral balustrades of turquoise-painted sheet metal were now behind them; they passed shacks with water tanks and meters on the front porches, then open farms, long fields with small herds of Holsteins. To say something to him, Anne brushed Prescott's back hairline with her fingertips and said, "Why do cows come in fives?" but he didn't catch it. She knew they were getting near. She had to work herself up now; she had to tear her wound till it ran. She said to herself, she might have been like everybody else's child, she might have grown up — Her breath began to work in her chest. The bus turned a curve and crossed a bridge. There was a logjam in the river below. No water showed at all. On the horizon above shone mullioned Gothic windows of blue sky in the lanterns of the Church of Ste. Monique. I might have bought her new shoes, a smocked dress, she thought, dolls, a rag one with red braids. She said coolly, "And the woman's vision? Her eyesight wasn't improved at all, then?" Before she could do anything, a tear rolled out of her eye as she spoke to the librarian.

SHE had left Prescott somewhere behind in the crowd. She couldn't imagine any possibility of ever finding him again, but she kept going forward. Over the dark heads of the other pilgrims, the shrine was dazzling like a street festival at night. The saint was mounting in clouds and draperies apparently sculpted out of thin metal, surrounded by candles and molded light bulbs and flowers. Some of the flowers looked fresh and some seemed to be cut from waxed cloth, and some were in burnished vases and some in what looked like big juice cans with the labels peeled off and wicker scrap baskets. It seemed as if everything that could be picked or manufactured had been carted in, and that was due not to want of taste but to a deliberate intent of indiscriminateness. The light of blue candles and of small star-shaped bulbs lit up the marble and the papier-mâché, the polished brass and the tin, the live flowers and the sweating wax roses, as if in celebration of all offerings, whether treasures or sweepings.

As she got closer up, Anne noticed odd objects, like piles of litter, against the wall, but strangely sorted into a display with little placards. There were old crutches corded together to form crosses, a folded wheelchair, and small things like museum scarabs or pieces of butterfly mounted under glass. She came up against one and read on the placard *Une Cataracte* without recognizing what she was seeing.

She knelt at the rail between the elbows of two other women. Whispering voices went on around her. The French sounded to her like something she was always just on the verge of understanding. Occasionally one phrase, *priez pour nous*, hit her so that it seemed to come from her, *priez pour nous*. She looked up at the modeled features of the white saint. She tried to work herself to desperation with the things she had thought of on the bus, a dress, a doll. But she saw the white goat, and as the slot-shaped pupils of his golden eyes opened their narrow windows, their gaze engrossed denial and confinement.

She heard the French around her, and one phrase hit her, *Que votre volonté soit faite*, and she thought, a voluntary fete?, and then it opened for her, *Thy will be done, Que votre volonté soit faite*, and it seemed to her amazing that they said this in French. The thing, the weight she carried, seemed torn away, and she couldn't hear it land. She could not remember that she needed anything.

As she got up, she felt a pang that almost staggered her, as if part of her were torn off; and she realized it was the terrible regret at doing right, at passing up a supreme temptation. She wanted to ask for one more turn; she said to herself, For a moment I could have had anything, and I didn't ask!

She saw Prescott standing in the side aisle. The sight of his face shocked her as if she had not even known he had been with her. It was contorted by a feeling that was too big and violent for his features, the defiance of suppliance. *Why? Why a child? What did she ever do to anyone? Why to us? What had we ever done?* "He prayed," she thought. "He prayed."

His face composed groggily, as if she were waking him up, when she took his arm. She guided him as if he were blind past the enshrined cataracts from human eyes. There were no words in which she could tell him that at the moment she reached it, the third condition, faith, *que votre volonté soit faite*, had struck her dumb.

TREGARDOCK

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

A mist that from the moor arose
In sea-fog wraps Port Isaac bay,
The moan of warning from Trevoise
Makes grimmer this October day.

Only the shore and cliffs are clear,
Gigantic slithering shelves of slate
In waiting awfulness appear
Like Sunday papers full of hate.

On the steep path the bramble leaf
Stands motionless and wet with dew,
The grass bends down, the bracken's brown,
The gray-green gorse alone is new.

Cautious my sliding footsteps go
To quarried rock and dripping cave.
The ocean satin-smooth below
Has hardly strength to lift a wave.

I watch it crisp into its height
And flap exhausted on the beach,
The long surf menacing and white
Hissing as far as it can reach.

The dunlins do not move, each bird
Is stationary on the sand
As if a spirit in it heard
The final end of sea and land.

And I on my volcano edge
Exposed to ridicule and hate
Still do not dare to leap the ledge
And smash to pieces on the slate.



The Achievements of the Negro Colleges

BY BENJAMIN E. MAYS

It is not my purpose to attempt a wholesale refutation of the excellent article "Higher Education for the Negro," which Professor Bernard W. Harleston wrote for the November *Atlantic*. I do wish, however, to approach the subject from a slightly different point of view. I was born and reared in the South and had my early schooling there before going north for my degrees. I have elected to live in the South and have served as president of Morehouse College for twenty-five years, despite many opportunities to leave the college. From this background, it could be that I have a keener appreciation of the predominantly Negro colleges, what they have meant to the nation, and what they may yet become than the distinguished scholar at Tufts. These colleges are essential today, segregated as many of them are, and they will be needed in the nonsegregated tomorrow.

Several criteria should be taken into consideration before we approach a final verdict on Professor Harleston's assertion that certain predominantly Negro colleges should be "either closed or radically changed." We should examine the present need for the college, the quality of work it is doing, and to what extent the college can get

support to improve its program. Such questions could be raised about many colleges, not only the 123 which are predominantly Negro.

Educators who are supposed to know keep saying that in less than ten years college enrollment will double and the end of the increase is not in sight. One editor predicted that within a few years an average of one college a week must be built in order to meet the demands for a college education, and that all existing institutions will have to expand their facilities. Why then tear down only to rebuild? The various federal aid programs now available, and others that will be forthcoming, may go a long way to assist all developing institutions, Negro and white, to make significant contributions to American education. As the federal government moves in, it does not necessarily follow that foundations and corporations will withdraw their support from colleges and universities. By means of their combined forces, federal aid and philanthropy may do what was impossible a few years ago. No one is wise enough to speak dogmatically for the future, not even ten years hence.

It cannot be denied that almost the whole of the first century of Negro higher education, from 1865

to the present, was tightly segregated. All predominantly Negro institutions existed, developed, and had their being in the unhealthy climate of segregation, a condition they did not create. As wonderful as the Christian motivation was that gave birth to many of these colleges, they were mission schools and for the most part received meager support.

The Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, broke the back of segregation. Idealists taking the will for the deed wondered if there was any longer a need for the Negro colleges: colleges that had been good enough for Negroes in the segregated first century were deemed not good enough to survive in a desegregated society. I hope that this fallacy has now been exploded thanks to Earl J. McGrath and the Carnegie Foundation for his book *The Predominantly Negro Colleges and Universities in Transition*. McGrath argues that not only are these colleges needed but they have a greater contribution to make to American life in the years ahead. McGrath points out that Negro colleges have their counterparts among the white colleges in that they range all the way from being very marginal in academic performance to very good. But the Negro colleges are not the only institutions struggling against mediocrity. There are today 400 predominantly white colleges which are not good enough to be accredited by the six regional rating agencies. But the report I hear is that "they should be strengthened," not plowed under.

IF THE predominantly Negro colleges were so weak in many respects, how could they have done so much with so little in a segregated century? My guess is that more than 85 percent of all living Negro college graduates in the United States took their undergraduate training in predominantly Negro colleges. We know that many leading Americans of the past, such as Booker T. Washington, Robert Russa Moton, W. E. B. DuBois, James Weldon Johnson, Mary McLeod Bethune, and a host of others, attended predominantly Negro colleges.

To appeal to the past is one thing, but these colleges should be judged by their living graduates. I requested the colleges of the United Negro College Fund to tell me how many of their graduates are teaching in predominantly white institutions. (Naturally our graduates are teaching in *all* of the predominantly Negro colleges.) Twenty-two UNCF colleges responded to my inquiry, naming eighty predominantly white institutions where their graduates are employed in all ranks, from instructors to full professors and chairmen of departments. Among the eighty are Washington University, Pennsylvania State University, Univer-

sity of Illinois College of Medicine, Harvard Medical School, New York University, Columbia University, the University of Chicago, Indiana University, Syracuse University, Brooklyn College, Haverford College, Ohio Wesleyan, University of Minnesota, University of Wisconsin, University of Michigan, Rutgers University, Northwestern, and Cornell. Had all UNCF colleges responded, I am sure the number would have been larger, but the point I am making is that to reach these posts, the graduates of the Negro colleges went on and did their M.A. and Ph.D. work in the best universities of America.

Graduates of predominantly Negro colleges are today serving as municipal, state, and federal judges. They are in the United States Congress and in state legislatures. The bishop of the Methodist Church for the New Jersey area is Prince A. Taylor, Jr., who is also the president of the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church. A top historian at the University of Chicago is John Hope Franklin. The chairman of the department of sociology at Haverford, Ira Reid, is a graduate of a predominantly Negro college. So are Patricia Harris, our ambassador to Luxembourg, and Franklin Williams, ambassador to Ghana; Hugh Smythe, U.S. ambassador to Syria, is a graduate of a Negro college; the third Negro to win the Nobel Peace Prize, Martin Luther King, Jr., is an alumnus of a Negro institution. The honor role of our colleges includes among others the Solicitor General of the United States, Thurgood Marshall; George Weaver, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Mattiwillda Dobbs and Anabella Bernard, opera singers; authors Frank Yerby and Ralph Ellison; the two Negro senators in Georgia, LeRoy Johnson and Horace Ward, first since Reconstruction; Justices Dudley and Stephens, New York State Supreme Court; James M. Nabrit, president of Howard University, on leave, appointed by President Johnson to serve as U.S. representative to the United Nations Security Council with the rank of ambassador; Samuel Proctor, appointed by the President as Eastern Regional Director of the Anti-Poverty Program; and Howard Thurman, generally regarded as one of the twelve greatest preachers in the nation.

Every major university in the United States has enrolled graduates of predominantly Negro colleges, and many of them are doing exceptionally well. Many of them earned a Ph.D. degree or an M.D. in the normal time allotted for the completion of the degree; others have had to take some undergraduate course. I know one institution located in the Deep South which has its graduates pursuing graduate and professional degrees in forty-five different universities, mainly in the East and West and in a few Southern universities. I know another pre-

dominantly Negro college located in the Deep South that has produced one Ph.D. out of every eighteen Negroes who have earned that degree; and one out of every twenty-eight of its graduates has earned a doctorate.

Let us never forget that the leadership from the predominantly Negro colleges gave rise to the modern civil rights movement. It is fair to say that without Negro lawyers schooled in predominantly Negro colleges there would have been no May 17, 1954, decision of the U.S. Supreme Court and no civil rights legislation. The legal base for the 1954 decision was laid at Howard University, and the demonstration movements started in Montgomery, Alabama, and in Negro colleges of the Deep South.

IN THE seat where I sit, I have seen scores of boys enter Morehouse as freshmen who would under no condition have been accepted at certain prestige colleges or universities. I have seen these same boys develop, graduate from Morehouse, be accepted at the best graduate or professional schools, and graduate. I shall never forget a rather unpromising student who entered Morehouse apparently destined to fail; yet he graduated, entered a distinguished Eastern university, and earned his Ph.D. degree. I recall another young man who would never have been admitted to an Ivy League college. Yet he graduated from Morehouse and earned in three years (including summers) a Ph.D. degree at the University of California at Berkeley.

For a quarter of a century Morehouse and Spelman colleges have been conducting special programs in mathematics and reading for certain entering freshmen. Hampton Institute began a summer program for freshmen in 1952. As far as I know, the first subsidized pre-college program for freshmen began in 1959 after the four Atlanta colleges (Morehouse, Spelman, Clark, and Morris Brown) and Dillard University received grants from the Taconic Foundation in 1958 to conduct summer programs to upgrade marginal freshmen who had been accepted to enter these colleges in September, 1959. In short, if Negroes do this well in a segregated society, in meagerly supported institutions, what will their performance be in the second century when segregation by law has virtually gone and discrimination is being gradually erased?

Although a staunch foe of segregation from birth, I am not willing to consider the enrollment of white students the major criterion of the quality of work in a predominantly Negro college. Speaking of Negro institutions, Professor Harleston says:

Many should be vigorously assisted in their efforts to attract able students of *all races*. Howard University in Washington, D.C., a distinguished university which is rapidly becoming truly integrated, is perhaps the most outstanding example of this kind of development. Other former Negro institutions, such as Bluefield State College and West Virginia State, have already been transformed into interracial colleges. Schools like Hampton Institute and Lincoln University are actively seeking out non-Negro students. Certain other institutions should be either closed or radically changed. In supporting them, state and local officials effectively cut the Negro student off from access to the more mature and sophisticated white institutions.

This theory would seem to say that mediocre Negro colleges would improve if they suddenly became highly desegregated with white students. Let us agree that integration is our objective and that it will take time. In reality, it is to be expected that Negro colleges in border states, such as Missouri, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and in the District of Columbia will desegregate heavily before Negro colleges in the Deep South — Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and other Southern states.

Even in the Deep South, Negro colleges are now enrolling white students, and they will come in ever increasing numbers. When Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes matriculated in the University of Georgia, the press said the university was integrated, even though they were but 2 among 7000 students. In 1954 when the United States Supreme Court outlawed segregation in the public schools, there were only 2 white students in 26 United Negro College Fund institutions. Today, there are 205 in 17 Negro colleges. This figure does not include the considerable number of exchange students on Negro campuses every year.

I am convinced that Negro colleges will continue to take freshmen who would not qualify for Ivy League colleges but who at the end of four years will enter the best universities and professional schools and do well. They have done this for many decades. These colleges have now and will continue to have the most integrated faculties in the nation. I believe that on the campuses of these colleges scholars of all faiths, cultures, and races will work together without a quota system. I believe that when the local climate is ready, students of other races will not hesitate to enroll wherever they can get a good education. This is just the beginning in the Deep South. The desegregation of the public schools will speed up desegregation in colleges, and in the future I believe that no social stigma will be attached to anyone because he has a degree from a historically Negro college.

E. H. GOMBRICH

ART and ANTI-ART

A Viennese who found sanctuary in England before the Second World War, E. H. Gombrich established his international reputation as director of the Warburg Institute of the University of London. His article is based on a slightly longer chapter which he has just prepared for the eleventh revised edition of his book THE STORY OF ART, published by the Phaidon Press.

CAN one write or teach the history of art “up to the present day” as one can write or teach the history of aviation? Many critics and teachers hope and believe that one can, but I am less sure. True, one can record and discuss the latest fashions, the figures who happen to have caught the limelight at the time of writing. But only a prophet could tell whether these artists will really make history, and on the whole, critics have proved poor prophets. Imagine an open-minded and eager critic in 1890 trying to bring the history of art up to date. With the best will in the world he could not have known that the three figures who were making history at that time were Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Gauguin; the first a crazy middle-aged Dutchman working away in southern France, the second a retiring gentleman of independent means, who had long ceased to send his paintings to exhibitions, and the third a stockbroker who had become a painter late in life and was soon off to the South Seas. The

question is not so much whether our critic could have appreciated the works of these men as whether he could have known of them at all.

Similarly, I confess that when I wrote about surrealism in my book *The Story of Art* (1948), I was not aware of the fact that an elderly German refugee, whose work would prove of greater influence in the subsequent years, was then still living in England in the Lake District. I am referring to Kurt Schwitters (1887–1948), whom I regarded as one of the amiable eccentrics of the early 1920s. Schwitters used discarded bus tickets, newspaper cuttings, rags, and other odds and ends, and glued them together to form quite tasteful and amusing bouquets. In his refusal to use conventional paint and conventional canvas his attitude was connected with an extremist movement that had started in Zurich during the First World War — Dadaism. It was an offspring of that primitivism that had earlier led Gauguin to reject the tainted civilization of Paris for the dream of savage innocence. He once wrote a letter in which he said that he had to go back beyond the horses of the Parthenon to the rocking horse of his childhood; and the childish syllables da-da can stand for such a toy. It was certainly the wish of these artists to become as little children and to cock a snook at the solemnity and pomposity of Art with a capital A.

It is not difficult to understand these sentiments, but it has always seemed to me a little incongruous to record, analyze, and teach such gestures of “anti-art” with the very solemnity, not to say

pomposity, they had set out to ridicule and abolish. Be that as it may, the appeal of "anti-art" was irresistible to many young art students, and critics now gravely talk about "neo-Dada." Clearly, however, it is not the label that matters but the wit and talent that may go into these assemblages of discarded objects.

We speak of art always when anything is done so superlatively well that we all but forget to ask what the work is supposed to be, for sheer admiration of the way it is done. If by painting we mean simply the application of paint to canvas, you can have connoisseurs who admire the way this is done to the exclusion of everything else. Even in the past an artist's handling of paint, the energy of his brushstrokes, or the subtlety of his touch has been prized, but generally in the larger context of the effect thus achieved.

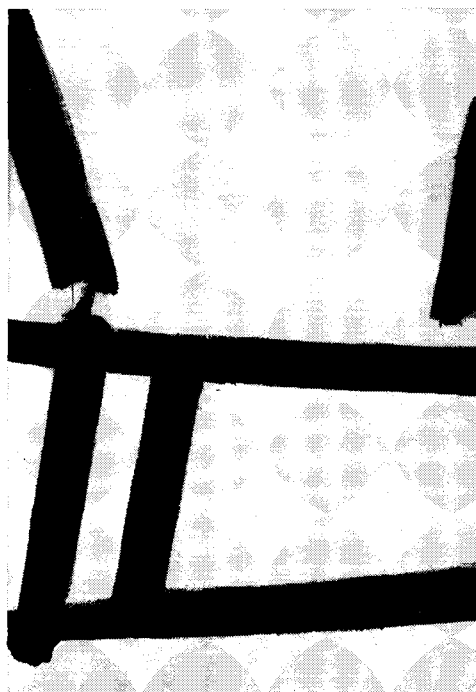
In China in particular the sheer mastery of brushwork was much discussed and appreciated. It was the ambition of Chinese masters to acquire such a facility in the handling of brush and ink that they could write down their vision while their inspiration was still fresh, much as the poet jots down his verse. Indeed, for the Chinese writing and painting have much in common. We speak of the Chinese art of calligraphy, but really it is not the formal beauty of the characters that the Chinese admire so much as that feeling of mastery and inspiration that must inform every stroke.

In France this concentration on the mark or blot left by the brush was called *tachisme*, from *tache* ("blot"). In the United States Jackson Pollock (1912–1956) began experimenting with novel ways of applying paint in the 1940s. Pollock had been interested in surrealism, but he gradually discarded the weird images that had haunted his paintings for exercises in abstract art. Becoming impatient of conventional methods, he put his canvas on the floor and dripped, poured, or threw his paint to form surprising configurations. He probably remembered stories of Chinese painters who had used such unorthodox methods and also the practice of American Indians who made pictures in the sand for magic purposes. The resulting tangle of lines satisfies two opposing standards of twentieth-century art: the longing for childlike simplicity and spontaneity that evokes the memory of childish scrawls at the time of life before children even start to form images, and, at the opposite end, the sophisticated interest in the problems of "pure painting." Pollock has thus been hailed as one of the initiators of a new style known as action painting or abstract expressionism.

Not all these painters use Pollock's extreme methods, but all of them believe in the need to surrender to spontaneous impulse. Like Chinese calligraphy these paintings must be done rapidly. They should

not be premeditated but rather resemble a spontaneous outburst. There is little doubt that in advocating this approach, artists and critics were in fact influenced not only by Chinese art but altogether by Far Eastern mysticism, particularly in the form that has become fashionable in the West under the name of Zen Buddhism. In this respect, too, the new movement continued an earlier tradition of twentieth-century art. Both Kandinsky and Mondrian were mystics who wanted to break through the veil of appearances to the realm of mystical essence; and in a similar quest the surrealists courted "divine madness." It is part of the doctrine of Zen (though not its most important part) that no one who has not been shocked out of his rational expectations and assumptions can become enlightened.

One need not necessarily accept an artist's theories to appreciate his work. If one has the patience and the interest to look at many paintings of this kind, one will certainly come to like some better than others and gradually appreciate the problems these artists are after. It is hard to demonstrate this within the confines of a short article, but it would seem that even to compare a painting by the American artist Franz Kline (1910–1962) with one by the French *tachiste* Pierre Soulages (born 1919) is not uninformative. It is characteristic that Kline called his painting *White Shapes*. He obviously wants us to pay attention not only to his lines but also to the canvas which they somehow



FRANZ KLINE: *White Shapes*, 1955
Collection of Philip Johnson
Photograph by Geoffrey Clements

transform. For simple as are his strokes, they do result in some impression of a spatial arrangement, as if the lower half were receding toward the center. To me, though, the painting by Soulages looks more interesting. The gradation of his energetic brushstrokes also results in the impression of three dimensions, but at the same time, the quality of the paint looks more pleasant to me — though these differences hardly come through in illustration. It may even be that this resistance to photographic reproduction is precisely what attracts some of these artists. They may want to feel that their work really remains unique, the products of their hands, in a world in which so much is machine-made and standardized. They like to go in for canvases of enormous size where it is the scale alone that makes an impact, and this scale, too, loses its point in an illustration. Most of all, however, they are fascinated by what they call texture, the feel of a substance, its smoothness or roughness, its transparency or density. Some have therefore discarded ordinary paint for other media, such as mud, sawdust, or sand.

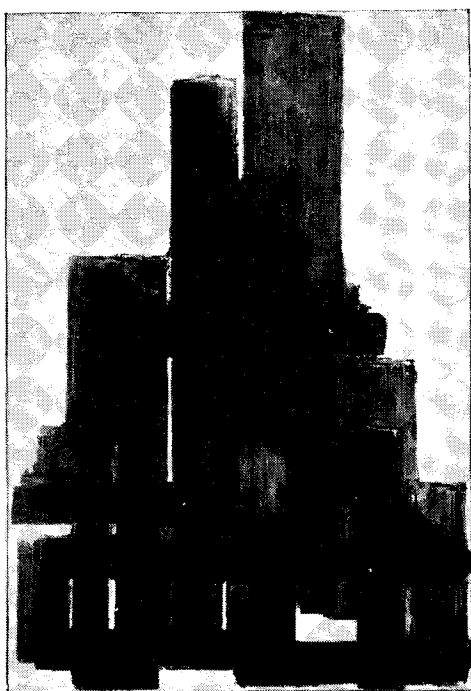
Here is one of the reasons for the revival of interest in paste-ups of Schwitters and the other Dadaists. The coarseness of sacking, the polish of plastics, the grain of rusty iron can all be exploited in novel ways. These products stand somewhere between painting and sculpture. Thus the Hungarian Zoltán Kemeny (1907–1965), who lived in Switzerland, composed his abstracts with metal. In

making us aware of the variety and surprise that our urban surroundings offer to our sense of sight and touch, works of this kind may claim to do for us what landscape painting did for the connoisseurs of the eighteenth century by preparing them for the discovery of the “picturesque” beauties of nature in the raw.

I trust no reader will think, however, that these few examples exhaust the possibilities and the range of variations likely to be encountered in any exhibition of contemporary art. There are artists, for instance, who have become particularly interested in the optical effects of shapes and colors, the way they can be made to interact on the canvas to produce an unexpected dazzle or flicker. Most of all, however, it would be misleading to present the contemporary scene as if it were entirely dominated by experiments with paint, texture, or shapes alone. It is true that to command respect among the younger generation an artist has to master these media in an interesting and personal way. But some of the painters who have attracted most attention in the post-war period have from time to time returned from their exploration of abstract art to the making of images. I am thinking in particular of the Russian émigré Nicolas de Staël (1914–1955), whose simple yet subtle brushstrokes often compose themselves into convincing evocations of landscapes which miraculously give us a sense of light and of distance without making us forget the quality of the paint.

Other artists of this post-war period have been engrossed by one image which haunted and obsessed their mind. The Italian sculptor Marino Marini has become famous for his many variations on a motif that impressed itself on his mind during the war — the sight of stocky Italian peasants fleeing from their villages on farm horses during air raids. It is the contrast between these anxious creatures and the traditional image of the heroic horseman that lends a special pathos to these works.

Even these few examples may help to explain why it is harder than ever today to write a history of art up to the present. If there is anything that marks the twentieth century it is the freedom to experiment with all kinds of ideas and media. The seminal movements of expressionism, cubism, and primitivism did not neatly follow each other in time but rather presented three possibilities, which often interacted and crossed in the artist's mind. Maybe it is partly an optical illusion, caused by the greater distance, that makes us believe that earlier centuries knew a more orderly succession of styles. However, even Gothic and Renaissance did not follow each other as soldiers on parade, and there must have been moments when nobody knew which of the two was in the lead. Yet it is precisely



PIERRE SOULAGES: 3 avril 1954
Albright-Knox Art Gallery
Buffalo, New York

this which the impatient reader wants to be told by the contemporary historian or critic. He wants to learn about the latest ism.

Only yesterday the latest ism was supposed to be pop art. The ideas behind this movement are not hard to understand. The unhappy cleavage between what is called applied, or commercial, art, which surrounds us in daily life, and the pure art of exhibitions and galleries, which many of us find so hard to understand, has presented a challenge to art students, for whom it has become a matter of course that one must always side with whatever is despised by people of "taste." Other forms of anti-art by now had become a matter for highbrows. They shared with the hated idea of Art its exclusiveness and its mystical pretensions.

Why was that not so in music? There was a kind of new music that had conquered the masses and engaged their interest to the extent of hysterical devotion. This is pop music. Could we not have pop art as well, and could it not be achieved by simply using the images familiar to everyone

from comic strips or advertising? Perhaps a prophet could predict whether a master will arise who will turn such unpromising material into art. I do not pretend to know. Anyway, today "op art," so called for its exploration of those optical effects I have mentioned above, is claimed to be in the lead.

UP to the Second World War, most writers about art still took it for granted that it was the duty of the critic and the historian to justify all experiments in the face of hostile criticism. Though this attitude has survived to the present day, the situation has in fact completely and radically changed in the last twenty years or so. No revolution in art has been more successful than that which started before the First World War. Those of us who knew some of the first champions of these movements and recall their courage, and also their bitterness, can hardly trust our eyes when we see exhibitions of onetime rebels arranged with official



MARINO MARINI: *Horseman*
Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

backing and beleaguered by eager and earnest crowds of people anxious to learn and absorb the new idioms.

If anybody needs a champion today it is the artist who shuns rebellious gestures. I am convinced that it is this dramatic transformation rather than any particular new movement that represents the most important event in the history of art during the last twenty years.

Observers from very different quarters have recently begun to comment on this unexpected turn of events. Here is Professor Quentin Bell writing on "The Fine Arts" in a book entitled *The Crisis in the Humanities* (edited by J. H. Plumb) in 1964:

In 1914, when he was referred to indiscriminately as "cubist," "futurist," or "modernist," the post-Impressionist artist was regarded as a crank or a charlatan. The painters and sculptors whom the public knew and admired were bitterly opposed to radical innovations. The money, the influence, and the patronage were all on their side.

Today, it is almost true to say that the situation is reversed. Public Bodies such as the Arts Council and the British Council and Broadcasting House, Big Business, the Press, the Churches, the Cinema, and the advertisers are all on the side of what, to use a misnomer, is called nonconformist art . . . the public can take anything, or at least there is a very large and influential section of it that can do so . . . there is no form of pictorial eccentricity which can provoke or even astonish the critics.

And here is the influential champion of contemporary American painting, Harold Rosenberg, who coined the term "action painting," commenting on the scene on the other side of the Atlantic. In an article in the *New Yorker* in April, 1963 (reprinted in his book *The Anxious Object*), he reflected on the difference between the reaction of the public to the first exhibition of avant-garde art in New York in 1913 — the Armory Show — and that of a new kind of public which he describes as the "Vanguard Audience":

The Vanguard Audience is open to anything. Its eager representatives — curators, museum directors, art educators, dealers — rush to organize exhibitions and provide explanatory labels before the paint has dried on the canvas or the plastic has hardened. Co-operating critics comb the studios like big-league scouts, prepared to spot the art of the future and to take lead in establishing reputations. Art historians stand ready with cameras and notebooks to make sure every novel detail is safe for the record. The tradition of the new has reduced all other traditions to triviality.

Mr. Rosenberg may surely be right when he implies that we art historians contributed to this change in the situation. Indeed, I think any author who now writes a history of art, and particularly of contemporary art, has the duty to draw attention to this unintended effect of his activities, the mis-

leading impression which such a panorama may give that all that matters in art is change and novelty. It is the interest in change that has accelerated change to its giddy pace. Of course it would not be fair to lay all the undesirable consequences — as well as the desirable ones — at the door of art history. In a certain sense the new interest in the history of art is in itself a consequence of a great many factors which have changed the position of art and artists in our society. I should like to discuss some of them.

The first is no doubt connected with everybody's experience of technical progress. It has made us see human history in terms of successive periods leading upward to our own age and beyond into the future. We know of the Stone Age and the Iron Age, we know of the Feudal Age and the Industrial Revolution. Our view of this process may have ceased to be optimistic. We may be aware of losses as well as of gains in these successive transformations, which now promise (or threaten) to take us into the Space Age. But ever since the nineteenth century the conviction has taken root that this march of the ages is irresistible. It is felt that art no less than economics or literature is swept along by this irreversible process. Indeed, art is regarded as the main "expression of the age."

Here in particular the development of art history has its share in spreading this belief. A Greek temple, a Roman theater, a Gothic cathedral, and a modern skyscraper are said to express a different mentality and symbolize a different type of society. There is some truth in this claim if it is simply taken to mean that the Greeks could not have built Rockefeller Center and might not have wanted to build Notre Dame. But too often it is implied that the condition of their age, or what is called its spirit, was bound to blossom forth in the Parthenon, that the Feudal Age could not help creating cathedrals, and that we are destined to build skyscrapers. On this view, which, by the way, I doubt, it is of course both futile and foolish not to accept the art of our age. It thus becomes sufficient for any style or experiment to be proclaimed "contemporary" for the critic to feel the obligation to understand and promote it.

It is through this philosophy of change that critics have lost the courage to criticize and have become chroniclers of events instead. They have justified this change of attitude by pointing to the notorious failures of earlier critics to recognize and accept the rise of new styles. It was in particular the hostile reception first accorded to the Impressionists, who later rose to such fame and commanded such high prices, that led to this loss of nerve. The myth has sprung up that all great artists were always rejected and derided in their time, and so the public has made the laudable effort no longer to reject or

deride anything. The idea that artists represent the vanguard of the future, and that it is we and not they who will look funny if we fail to appreciate them, has taken hold at least of a large minority.

A second element that contributed to this situation is also connected with the development of science and technology. Everybody knows that the ideas of modern science often look extremely abstruse and unintelligible but that they still prove their worth. The most striking example, of which most people are by now aware, is of course Einstein's theory of relativity, which appeared to contradict all commonsense notions about time and space, but led to the equation of mass and energy that resulted in the atom bomb. Both artists and critics were and are immensely impressed by the power and prestige of science and derive from it not only a healthy belief in experiments but also a less healthy faith in anything that looks abstruse. But alas, science differs from art because the scientist can sort out the abstruse from the absurd by rational methods. The artist or critic has no such clear-cut tests. And yet he feels that it is no longer possible to ask for time to consider whether a new experiment makes sense or not. If he does, he may fall behind. This might not have mattered all that much to critics of the past, but today the conviction is almost universal in industry and in politics that those who stick to obsolete beliefs and who refuse to change will go to the wall. To appear progressive you must also advertise your sympathy with the latest artistic fashions — the more revolutionary the better.

The third element in the present situation may seem at first blush to contradict what has gone before. For art not only wants to keep step with science and technology, it also wants to provide an escape from these monsters. It is for this reason that artists have come to shun what is rational and mechanical and that so many of them embrace some mystical faith that stresses the value of spontaneity and individuality. It is indeed easy to understand how people may feel threatened by mechanization and automation, by the overorganization and standardization of life, and by the dull conformism that ensues. Art seems the only haven where capriciousness and personal quirks are still permitted and even treasured.

Since the nineteenth century many an artist has claimed that he fought the good fight against stuffy conventionalism by baiting the bourgeois. Alas, the bourgeois has meanwhile found out that it is quite fun to be baited. Do we not all feel some kind of pleasure in the spectacle of people who refuse to grow up and still find a niche in the contemporary world? And is it not an added asset if we can advertise our lack of prejudice by refusing to be shocked or bemused? And so the world of techni-

cal efficiency and that of art have reached a *modus vivendi*. The artist can withdraw into his private world and concern himself with the mysteries of his craft and with the dreams of his childhood, provided, at least, he lives up to the public's notion of what art is about.

These notions are very much colored by certain psychological assumptions about art and artists. There is the idea of self-expression that goes back to the Romantic era; also the profound impression made by the discoveries of Freud, which were taken to imply a more immediate connection between art and mental distress than Freud himself would have accepted. Combined with the increasing belief that art is the expression of the age, these convictions could lead to the conclusion that the artist has not only the right but the duty to abandon all self-control. If the resulting outbursts are not pretty to contemplate, this is because our age is not pretty either. What matters is to face these stark realities that help us to diagnose our predicament. The opposite idea, that art alone might give us a glimpse of perfection in this very imperfect world, is generally dismissed as "escapism." The interests aroused by psychology have certainly driven both the artists and their public to explore regions of the human mind which were formerly considered repellent or taboo. The desire to escape the stigma of escapism has prevented many from averting their eyes from spectacles which former generations would have avoided.

ART differs from other forms of creation in being less dependent on intermediaries. Books must be printed and published, plays and compositions must be performed; and this need of an apparatus applies a certain brake to extreme experiment. Painting has therefore proved of all the arts the most responsive to radical innovations. You don't have to use a brush if you prefer to pour your paint, and if you are a neo-Dadaist, you can also send some piece of rubbish to an exhibition and dare the organizers to reject it. Whatever they do, you may have your fun. It is true that ultimately the artist also needs an intermediary, the dealer who shows and promotes his works. Needless to say, this remains a problem; but all the influences discussed so far are likely to work on the dealer even more than they work on the critic or the artist. If anyone, it is he who must keep his eye on the barometer of change, watch trends, and look out for rising talents. If he backs the right horse, not only can he make a fortune, but his clients will remain grateful to him. Conservative critics of the last generation used to grumble that "this modern art" was all a dealers' racket. But dealers have always wanted to

make profit. They are not the masters but the servants of the market. There may have been moments when a correct guess gave an individual dealer the power and prestige for a time to make or break reputations, but dealers do not cause the winds of change any more than windmills cause the wind.

We must not forget that there are large parts of the world where artists are forbidden to explore alternatives. The theories of Marxism as they are interpreted in Russia regard all the experimentation of twentieth-century art as a mere symptom of the decay of capitalist society. The symptom of a healthy Communist society is an art that celebrates the joys of productive work by painting cheerful tractor drivers or sturdy miners. Naturally this attempt to control the arts from above has made us all aware of the real blessings we owe to our freedom. It has also, unfortunately, drawn the arts into the political arena and turned them into a weapon in the cold war. Official sponsorship of extremist rebels in the Western camp might not have been so eager had it not been for the opportunity to drive home this very real contrast between a free society and a dictatorship.

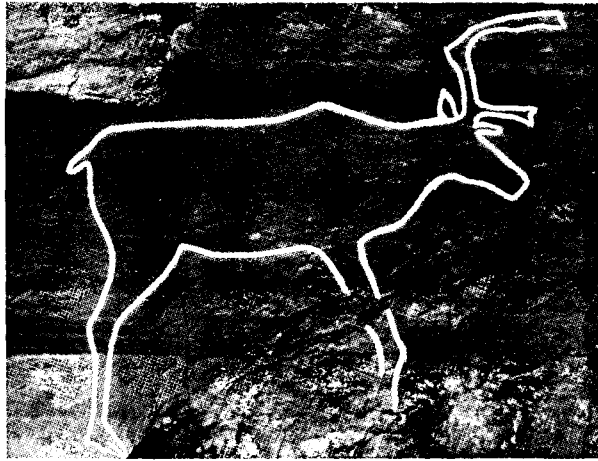
There is indeed a lesson to be drawn from the contrast between the drab uniformity of totalitarian countries and the gay variety of a free society. Everybody who watches the contemporary scene with sympathy and understanding must acknowledge that even the eagerness of the public for novelty and its responsiveness to the whims of fashion add zest to our lives. It has stimulated inventiveness and an adventurous gaiety in art and design for which the older generation may well envy the young. We may sometimes be tempted to dismiss the latest success in abstract painting as "pleasant curtain material," but we should not forget how exhilarating the rich and varied curtain materials have become in the last fifteen years through the stimulus of these abstract experiments. The new tolerance, the readiness of critics and manufacturers to give new ideas and new color combinations a chance, has certainly enriched our surroundings, and even the rapid turnover of fashions contributes to the fun. It is in this spirit, I believe, that many young people look at what they feel to be the art of their own time without worrying overmuch about the mystical obscurities contained in the preface to the exhibition catalogue. This is as it

should be. Provided the enjoyment is genuine, we can be glad if some ballast is being discarded.

The danger in these surrenders to fashion, on the other hand, need hardly be emphasized. It lies in the threat to that very freedom we enjoy. Not from the police, to be sure, and that is something to be grateful for; but from the pressures of conformism, the fear of falling behind, the fear of being considered square or whatever the next equivalent label may be. Only recently a newspaper told its readers to take note of a current one-man show if they wanted to "stay in the art race." There is no such race, but if there were, one would do well to remember the fable of the tortoise and the hare.

It is more than ever necessary to remember to what an extent art differs from science and technology. It is true that the history of art can sometimes trace the steps in the solution of certain artistic problems, but in art we cannot speak of "progress" as such, because every gain in one respect is likely to be offset by a loss in another. This is as true of the present as it was of the past. It stands to reason, for instance, that the welcome gain in tolerance will also result in a loss of standards and that the search for new thrills must also endanger that patience that made art lovers of the past woo the acknowledged masterpieces till they yielded something of their secret. Granted that this respect for the past had its drawbacks where it led to a neglect of living artists; we have no guarantee that our new responsiveness will not lead us to neglect a real genius among us who forges ahead regardless of fashion and publicity. Moreover, the absorption in the present could easily cut us off from our heritage if we came to regard the art of the past as the mere foil against which the new conquests acquire meaning.

Paradoxically, both museums and books on art history may increase this danger, for by grouping totem poles, Greek statues, cathedral windows, Rembrandts, and Jackson Pollocks together we too easily give the impression that all this is Art with a capital A, though dating from different periods. The history of art only begins to make sense when we see why it is not; and why painters and sculptors responded to different situations, institutions, and beliefs in very different ways. It is for this reason that I have concentrated here on the situation, institutions, and beliefs to which artists today are likely to respond. As for the future — who can tell?



TRONDHEIM

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

When this appears, Phoebe-Lou Adams, the literary editor of the ATLANTIC, will be experiencing at firsthand what the winter in Finland feels like. This is the sixth of her articles on Scandinavia, and we hope there will be more.

BERGEN is the birthplace of Grieg and the town where Ibsen began his professional career in the theater. It maintains an annual music festival and a waterfront which, casually dug into some time back, proved to be made land — a fact long since forgotten by the locals. Since medieval Norwegians did not insist on clean fill, this ground is full of enlightening trash, and archaeologists rooting in the streets have become an established tourist attraction. A visit to Bergen is recommended by all proper citizens of Oslo. I took a ticket to Trondheim.

This move was only partly due to contrariness. My mind was corrupted by juvenile reading of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, in case nobody else alive recalls it, once wrote a sequence of ballads based on Snorri Sturluson's history of the early Norse kings. Mr. Longfellow's hero was Olaf Trygvason, but the tale began with the troubles of his predecessor.

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
 Danger and shame and death betide me!
 For Olaf the King is hunting me down
 Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"
 Thus cried Jarl Hakon
 To Thora, the fairest of women.

Since Olaf was plainly a bloody-handed ruffian and Hakon's previous conduct was never mentioned (it was not of the sort that Mr. Longfellow's contemporary readers would have tolerated, and indeed, still distresses the writers of Norwegian guidebooks), my infant sympathies settled with the unlucky earl. They are still with him. It strikes me as unfair that a man should lose his head after going to the trouble of hiding under a pigsty.

Hakon of Lade was handsome, "a deadly man at arms," a clever politician, and notably generous in an age that expected its great men to scatter gold like a tree shedding leaves. He was also ferocious, as quick to betray a friend as to ambush an enemy, and so incorrigibly woman-crazy that even Viking eyebrows were raised. It is, however, just possible that as a worshiper of Odin the Great, the deceiver, the shape-changer, Hakon himself considered his behavior reasonably virtuous.

It was at least consistent. Many of the kings in Sturluson's history are shadowy figures engaged in ambiguous scuffles, but the doings of Hakon Sigurdson, who never was a king at all, are understandable. He had inherited Lade, which meant the district around Trondheimsfjord and the loyalty of its notoriously hard-fighting inhabitants, and

Photograph of rock carving from SCANDINAVIA PAST AND PRESENT. Courtesy of Edvard Henriksen, Denmark.

he meant to hold it. He had also inherited a simmering religious quarrel. Both these legacies came from his father, Sigurdjarl of Lade, who had an itch for kingmaking.

The king Sigurd made was a good one but also a Christian, and when, in the brusque fashion of the times, he was killed by ambitious cousins, a certain number of converts remained in the country. Young Hakon Sigurdson, inheriting Lade (the new Erikson regime had quickly murdered Sigurdjarl), stood by the old religion. It took him time to avenge his father's death, but eventually, by an ingenious piece of treachery involving the king of Denmark, he swept the whole Erikson tribe out of the country and ruled the place himself, as viceroy to the Danish crown. He had sold Norway into vassalage, but he still had Trondheim and his head.

Despite protests from his Danish high king, who had inconveniently become a Christian, Hakon ruled Norway in the gaudy antique way, with gilded temples and blood sacrifices, concubines, Lapland warlocks, and Icelandic skalds. It was the last stand of paganism, and he maintained it for nearly twenty years. Then came an adventurer out of Russia, calling himself Olaf Tryggvason and claiming to be a true heir to the Norse crown. He arrived, rather too neatly, just as Hakon was on the run before a rising in Trondheim. There had been one woman scandal too many, and not only the badgered Christians but even the solidly heathen north rallied to Olaf, who was promising all sorts of glories, including freedom from Denmark. He promised a large reward for Hakon's head as well, and the last great heathen chieftain died under Thora's pigsty, murdered by his own body servant. When this fellow went to collect his reward, Olaf had him beheaded. Tryggvason was to prove quite as ready a liar as Hakon, without the excuse of being a worshiper of Odin, who, god of poetry as well as battles, had an understandable penchant for fiction.

THERE is nothing left of Hakon's Lade, but Trondheimfjord is still solidly in place. I went there via Stamsund.

It was an overcast day, and Trondheim appeared with no warning. When the plane dove below the clouds, I saw, not the high, narrow, rocky pirate's nest that I had imagined as appropriate to the history of the place, but wide slopes of green sprawling down to quiet water. There was a scatter of white farm buildings and a thicker scatter of animals, and despite considerable woodland, the nature of the country was instantly clear. There is lush cattle pasture above Trondheim, and some of the best farmland in Norway.

Granted that tenth-century Norsemen were as quarrelsome a lot as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat, they had practical reason for all the bashing and burning around Trondheim. Whoever held that fjord could count on living well.

Even in the chill of a spring rain, Trondheim was a likable town — an easygoing provincial capital fitted comfortably between the wide water of the fjord and a loop of the river Nidelv, so that nearly every street ends, eventually, at a dock or a bridge.

Baskets of real flowers (south Norway has discovered plastic) hung from the lampposts, and restaurants served, as a matter of course, beef that would warrant a brass band anywhere else. Questioned about the origin of this marvelous meat, the waiter answered, "Some farmer up the fjord."

Like every Norwegian city I saw, including Oslo, Trondheim has something of the frontier about it — an indefinable air of makeshift impermanence, as though the whole place had been put up inadvertently and might be abandoned tomorrow for a gold strike over the mountain. I do not mean that it was dirty, or neglected, or poorly laid out, or built of oil cans and tar paper. Quite the opposite — everything was neat and slick, the streets ran straight, and the buildings tended either to board, batten, and discretion, or to stone and monumentality. I suspect that it is the proportion between buildings (generally low) and streets (generally wide) that, by letting in a lot of sky, produces the effect of a town not quite nailed down.

It is in fact thoroughly nailed down. Some of the buildings have been sitting there like boulders since the seventeenth century (the medieval town, founded by Tryggvason, was burned flat in 1681), and the place is a major railroad junction and the home of a number of thriving industries besides the predictable fish. As for the Trondheimers, they neither rush nor loiter, they dress with more regard for ease than for fashion, they keep ten or a dozen dance bands busy every evening, and they confront all problems, including tourists, with an amiable, offhand competence.

The one thing in which they are not competent (in my experience, no Norwegian is) is the giving of directions. The two golden-haired girls in the information office assured me that there are indeed numerous Stone Age rock carvings up in the hills, marked with yellow arrows by the archaeological service and easily reached by car. They themselves had never seen the things, having no interest in fourteen-foot elk sketchily incised on a rock in somebody's pasture, but they turned up a map with the approximate location of various carvings ticked off. They called a garage and established the availability of cars and drivers. It remained only

to close the deal, which had to be done in person. The girls explained, twice, in excellent English, where the garage was to be found and drew a nice clear map in case I should forget my instructions.

Undiscouraged by similar episodes in Oslo, I followed the map and fetched up in the lee of Olaf Tryggvason's statue, staring gloomily at an establishment that most certainly did not rent cars. It had begun to rain with more energy than usual. I reminded myself that nobody is perfect and that the Norse are a noble race provided one doesn't ask them for anything more specific than the difference between east and south. A policeman hustled out of the elegant eighteenth-century house behind me, which truly was the police station, and dove into a car parked at the curb. Then he peered back through the rain, climbed out again, and asked, "Are you lost?"

I explained the case. Where was that garage, really? The policeman replied that it was all too complicated and very much too wet. "I will drive you." He did, gossiped with the garage staff while I chartered the car, and drove me back to the market square. He brushed off my thanks as unnecessary; it was, he said, a pleasure to exercise his English. This is the standard Norwegian excuse for prolonged exertion on behalf of strangers with no reasonable claim to assistance. It gets everybody off with dignity.

THE rain had now stopped. I will not discuss rain again. Let it be assumed that spits, drizzles, and squalls of water continued to occur. In between them the sun shone, the sky was blue, and everything about Trondheim glittered with hazy, moonstone highlights. Up Munkegaten, a broad street lined with shops designed to look as uncommercial as possible, I came on Mr. Müller the silversmith.

Trondheim is thick with silver stores, their windows baited with coffee services and tableware, reproductions of fluttery paper-thin antique peasant ornaments or heavy Viking brooches, and the light, brilliant enamel trinkets which are modern Norway's characteristic jewelry. All these things are charming, and the same items appear all over the country. Mr. Müller's white-painted, gingerbread-fronted shop was different. One window contained pitchers and bowls unlike anything else on display anywhere, rather small pieces with surfaces hammered into shapes as pettable as a kitten.

I went in and admired everything in sight, loudly, and eventually lured Mr. Müller out of the back room. Yes, the hammered pieces were done on the premises, by hand. Good, honest, heavy metal; he was eloquent on the folly of buffing out the hammer marks, which give distinction to the surface of silver. He also made a languid attempt

to sell me a pitcher, but it was obvious that he expected no success. A dim memory flickered in my mind. Surely Trondheim was once a great silver-working town?

The museum of applied art proved to be full of the stuff. Tankards, posset cups, bowls, vases, trays, tumblers, ladles, sugar casters — everything that could ever possibly or conceivably be made of silver. The long shelves glowed with hundreds of little polished moons, and the glass cases, catching a whirl of reflections between tankard and platter, sparkled like prisms. The earliest pieces were baroque and the latest edged into art nouveau. If there was any unifying Trondheim style, it was too subtle for my eye. The pieces looked simply like fine silver in the best fashion of their time.

A couple of days later, having driven around the end of the fjord with a pleasant young Norwegian who found the Stone Age carvings in spite of being misdirected by his countrymen at no less than three crossroads, I went back to Müller's. Mr. Müller said, "You're still in Trondheim," in the tone of one pointing out a surprising phenomenon. Well, I was. "You've been here a very long time."

Mr. Müller looked to be around seventy, but was plainly as bright as any youth of forty. He knew perfectly well how long I had been in Trondheim. Wondering what this game was about, I asked why three days should be a long time. Mr. Müller smiled ruefully. "That's a long time now. We're used to people who get off the North Cape boats and see Trondheim in half a day."

A partial list of things to see and do around Trondheim runs from Stone Age carvings, to the field of Stiklestad, where Olaf the Holy was killed, to the cathedral where Norse kings are still crowned, to trotting races and the museum of musical instruments out at Ringve. The staff at Ringve plays appropriate music on the old instruments, and visitors who want to have a go at the virginals or the jazzy brass harpsichord are encouraged to thump. There is also a site not mentioned by the tourist office — a complex of tunnels, sunken roads, and gun emplacements all strewn with rusty bits of metal and heavily masked by trees, brush, and moss that grows thick as a mattress. This fortification lies up a lonely, mean, gravel road on a hilltop that seems to be the end of nowhere, but its guns overlooked the fjord, and a handful of Norwegians held it ferociously against the Nazis. There is no official fuss about the place beyond a plain bronze plaque, but remote as it is, there was a bunch of flowers wilting in the moss beside the gate.

Half a day for Trondheim. Mr. Müller could remember when visitors were leisurely. "Spent two weeks at the Hotel Britannia, lived comfortably, and saw everything. Yachts, too."

This explained the Britannia, where I had made



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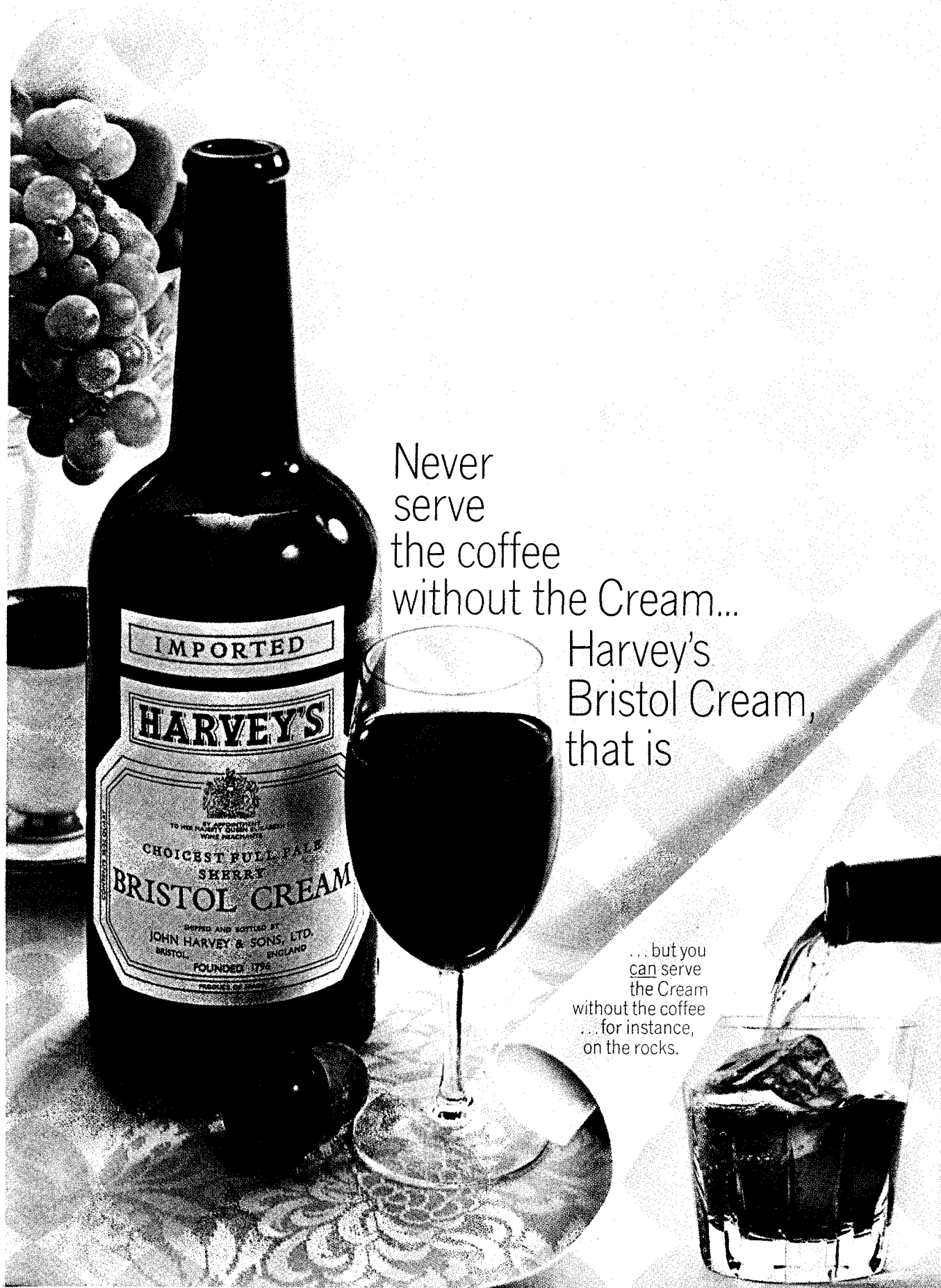
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reservations with no suspicion that I would be infesting the oldest and most elegant hotel outside Oslo. It was full of gilt and crystal and thick carpets and industriously helpful people in shiny buttons. The headwaiter in the Palm Court, an extravaganza designed, it seemed, as set for some *jeu d'esprit* that Oscar Wilde never got around to writing, could not quite conceal his vexation at my arrival in shoes still oozing Lofoten peat bog. It was a splendid hotel, and I was sorry to disgrace it, but not sorry enough to move out of it.

Mr. Müller was still dreaming of yachts. There used to be a line of them in the fjord every summer, he said, sighing for those handsome, long-gone boats. It was not purely aesthetic nostalgia. In those days, twenty craftsmen worked silver in the Müller shop, and the pieces they made were carried off to Amsterdam and London and Philadelphia and San Francisco. Now, Mr. Müller complained, he can't find one man to work for him, adding, with a grunt, "I couldn't pay him if I did." Everybody is rich today, he went on wryly, but nobody can afford handwork in silver because they can't get servants to polish it. Young men haven't the patience to learn the whole art of silverworking. Too slow, too little money. They all want to buy a car right away.

While Mr. Müller recalled his joy at owning his first bicycle, the young man working in the shadowy room behind the shop stiffened attentively. His head turned slightly. One ironic sea-blue eye caught my glance. I thought that eye winked, but a second later the fellow was bent over his tools.

Mr. Müller had got back to silver. The walls of the shop were altogether covered with framed photographs, each representing a silver piece and recording its date, subject, and the name of the buyer. At a distance, the objects seemed to be Victorian dust-catchers of the most Laocöon type, but this turned out to be an illusion. A number of them were impractical — there can't have been much call for drinking horns in Philadelphia — but their ornamentation represented a serious and by no means unsuccessful attempt to re-create the decorative style of pagan times. Since this style was hardly known before the excavation of the Oseberg ship burial in 1904, the earlier pieces had to be guesswork — a bit of Celtic cross and a dash of William Morris worked out in highly rounded repoussé. The results were all wrong and yet unquestionably on the right track. It was a shrewd guess.

Later pieces were much closer to the real thing,

with stiff little fighting men and demonic beasts entangled in flowing ribbon labyrinths, and the repoussé flattened and squared at the edges to resemble the sharp wood carving of the Viking age. One platter, on which the strange, angular creatures turned out to be simply all the animals of Norway, must have been a beauty and would be still, regardless of fifty years and changing tastes. That platter was unusual in its subject. Most of the pieces were based on some definite episode in Norse history or legend, and since one sword-fight in silver looks much like another, it must have taken great ingenuity to find differentiating details that could be used pictorially in metal. Had they ever done Hakonjarl?

"We did," said Mr. Müller. "Now where is it?" After a prowl through all the pictures, he conceded, sadly, that it was not to be found. "We didn't keep pictures of everything." I had been reading the buyers' names during the hunt, and had found them a very thorough list of North Atlantic wealth of the period from 1890 to 1925. The shop had purveyed to, and outlasted, more than one royal house.

Mr. Müller observed that the great days are gone. What with problems of time, training, and money, "everything comes from factories now. Made by spinning."

Like glass?

"Exactly like glass except that you start with a flat piece instead of a lump." The silver is whirled into a mold and comes out all neatly shaped. A very efficient method which Mr. Müller learned as a young man, along with other novelties, in the United States. He lifted a stubby, tumblerlike vessel from a shelf. Spun. Factory-made. Good, solid silver — not like this tinfoil here. He grabbed a bud vase (also factory-made) and pinched it cruelly to show what silver should not be, growling "I despise thin silver" as the bud vase visibly gave at the sides. But the spun cup, a useful pot to put things in or even to cosh burglars with, was acceptable. "Of course, they have to be all the same," said Mr. Müller, "and you see, it's still expensive."

When he turned the thing over, the price was alarmingly close to the price of a similar pot hand-made in the shop. I could see why I had not been able to find any other shop in Trondheim that showed anything original in silver. It seems probable that Mr. Müller loses money on every piece he makes and continues to hammer out silver only for love of the metal and the honor of five generations of Müller smiths.



O MY KOREA!

BY RICHARD E. KIM

A native of North Korea, Mr. Kim was at Seoul University in 1950, when the Korean War broke out. As a volunteer in the army of South Korea, he served first with the Koreans and then with the American forces. Later he came to the United States and attended Middlebury College and the University of Iowa, where he wrote most of THE MARTYRED. He holds master's degrees from Johns Hopkins, Iowa, and Harvard, and is now teaching at the University of Massachusetts. Last spring he received a Guggenheim award for work on a new novel.



IT WAS strange to go back to Korea. Preparing for the journey to the country I was born in and had not seen for ten years, I had thought that it was going to be a simple and happy occasion that was long overdue. I was returning to the land which had taken me, a refugee from the Communist-dominated North, into its bosom, and the land, for which I had fought in the bloody war, where I would be reunited with my parents and kin. Cheerfully I was willing to ignore the inexorable flow of time and to laugh at the Korean saying that in ten years even the courses of rivers and the shapes of mountains change. My parents and my friends in Korea had warned me that I would not be able to recognize the country and must be prepared for an emotional shock at seeing how different and changed everything was. They were quite wrong, for I found everything essentially unchanged. Koreans would say to me, "*Gomonyang Gokol*" ("not a bit of change or difference") — and "*Gomonyang Gokol*" in Korea can be a source of exasperating experience, so that, in the end, my nostalgia turned into frustration.

When I arrived in early June, Korea was suffering from what everyone said was the worst drought in decades. Under the sizzling sun, rice paddies were turning into parched, brittle wasteland; and

glaring at the delightfully clear blue sky where placid white clouds floated by, people mourned the absence of rain, for which heaven was to be blamed. Rice paddies needed water desperately, and the precious water was not falling down from heaven. Too little rain, and the rice crop would be ruined; too much rain, and it would be ruined too; and heaven was capricious just as it has always been.

The President and his ministers toured the country exhorting the people not to worry too much about the drought, and the government rushed a number of water pumps from Japan, but not enough of them and a little too late. The U.S. troops helped the government's effort — and so did Korean actors and actresses, who strolled the streets of Seoul, in comic costumes and with money boxes, soliciting contributions from the people "To Buy Water Pumps." I put money into their boxes gladly, but I wondered why the government had not done something about the water supply for the most important crop of the land before all these frantic measures became necessary. I was suddenly reminded of the last days of the Japanese Empire, when the Japanese teachers in our grade school made us drop a coin or two (on some trumped-up charges of misconduct) into tin cans that were in every classroom to contribute

Photograph of Richard Kim, courtesy of News Service, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass.

toward buying kamikaze planes to sink American ships in the Pacific.

Listening to the singsong voices of those pretty Korean actresses teasing the passersby, I could not help feeling that the whole affair was comic, even absurd. What could one do about the drought? Well, one could talk about it — and wait — but wait for what? For heaven to change its mind? The unreliable heaven was the chief villain in this melodrama, and no one else, nothing else, was responsible for the misfortune. Here was a perfect scapegoat — and there are too many scapegoats in Korea today.

IN THE suffocating heat and dust of the drought-stricken summer, the scenes in Seoul were slightly maddening. To begin with, the whole country was going through an extensive and hysterical anti-Communist campaign. Slogans, posters, handbills saturated all of Seoul with their exhortation to the citizens to watch out for Red Spies. Of course, anti-Communism is not new in Korea. The country has always been fiercely anti-Communist, and this has become a supreme national policy, so much so that it has been solemnly elevated into a rather dubious kind of *raison d'être* of the nation itself. As the national goal, this often melodramatic policy of anti-Communism is unnerving because it is essentially a negative approach. It places emphasis on being against something and someone outside the country rather than on being for something and someone within the country. The war has been over for more than a decade, and a new generation has grown up that has not experienced the bitter reality of the struggle against the northern Communists. But the country has been on a constant wartime basis, and its irrevocable anti-Communist position, with a witch-hunt campaign and always the specter of renewed fighting, seems to have created a state of tension, which has been manipulated by Korean regimes in their effort to sustain a semblance of national unity and to consolidate their political power.

The threat from the North is real enough. Although any violent shift in the uneasy status quo between South Korea and North Korea will be the result of an international power play, no one can forget that Seoul lies a horrifyingly short distance from the menacing Communist guns and fortifications along the line of the demilitarized zone, and the nightmarish memories of the stunning initial defeat and chaos South Koreans experienced in the war are still vivid. But to base the existence of an entire nation on being against something causes a regime to forget or, even worse, ignore what it is basically for. Coupled with the grim

wartime experience, this fundamentally negative attitude in defining and pursuing the national destiny produces a narrow-minded, nearsighted vision of life at best, and at worst, breeds a sickly atmosphere of subtle inferiority, suspicion, and mistrust, and a disturbing sense of uncertainty.

That is, I am afraid, what is happening in Korea today; and without this realization, there are simply too many things in Korean life too baffling to understand. How else could I understand the peculiar conversation I had with two friends of mine in a tearoom? One was a young composer, and the other a "starving painter," as he put it. It all started with the music of Prokofiev, of all things. We had just ordered coffee, and a petite hostess, having waited for the waitress to withdraw, came to our table. "And now, gentlemen," she said, "what music would you care to listen to? You write down what you would like to hear, and I'll play it for you when your turn comes up."

My composer friend turned to me, and said, "You'd better not ask for Prokofiev." My painter friend added, "Nor Shostakovich."

"Why not?" I asked, a little confused.

"Be careful of what you say," the hostess whispered to the composer.

He said, "It's all right. I don't see any spies around. Besides, they wouldn't understand."

The painter said, "Better speak in English."

The hostess laughed softly, and turned to me. "Tchaikovsky is all right," she said. "I'll play him for you."

When she left us, the young composer said, "Last year, there was a rather comical furor when the national anthem of the Soviet Union was found to be included on some records of national anthems of all countries brought in from Japan. The Intelligence Bureau entered the case, and many people were questioned as if some crime had been committed."

The painter said to me, "Mind you, you are in a free country." They were speaking in English. The composer continued: "There are many other examples of the belief, which, incidentally, originated in the Soviet Union itself, that music can have an intrinsically political significance. As you must know, all music by recent or living composers of Iron Curtain countries is banned in Korea. A scheduled performance of Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto had to be canceled after it had been announced for the last International Music Festival here in Seoul. And that's not all. Do you remember Han Tong-il?"

I nodded; Han Tong-il is a young Korean pianist of great talent now living in America. "Yes, I remember him; I heard him play in a program conducted by Leonard Bernstein in New York."

The composer said, "Han Tong-il was in Korea,

and he gave a sort of homecoming recital, you know, but the recital was delayed when police demanded that a group of Prokofiev piano pieces be stricken from the program." "That's not all, either," said the painter. "But here is an ironic thing," said the composer. "If Shostakovich and Prokofiev are to be banned here, then Zoltán Kodály ought to be banned, too, wouldn't you say? But the police or the Korean CIA, whoever is in charge of supervising music, apparently doesn't know about Kodály. The Peabody College Chorus sang a Kodály folk-song arrangement, and the London Symphony Orchestra performed his Galanta Dances. Horrors!"

The painter said, "Ah, but there's the twist. The Peabody College Chorus was sponsored by the U.S. State Department, and anything from America is all right. The London Symphony Orchestra? Well, England is a free country, isn't it? Anything from England is all right, too." Chopin's Polonaise ended, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6, *Pathétique*, came on. The painter said, "Yeah, Tchaikovsky is all right. I tell you this is a crazy country."

Sipping the cold, stale coffee, I thought that all this was not new in Korea, and that it has been in the making for a long time.

The perverse atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust was, indeed, a major disease of Syngman Rhee's regime. The present regime has inherited the disease and so far has not done much to prevent its cancerous growth. Each of the major regimes in recent Korean history has helped create and often encourage the sort of political and social atmosphere which now seems to have become a permanent part of the Korean mentality. The royal regimes of the Li dynasty are best known and remembered for their five hundred years of factional strife, intrigues, regicides, and political murders. The Japanese colonial rule with its brutal, iron-fisted policies for nearly forty years helped Koreans turn suspicion and mistrust of Japanese and fellow Koreans into a nationalistic virtue and patriotic duty. Syngman Rhee's autocracy helped produce many a petty, impotent Korean who, in turn, helped revive the shameful political heritage of the Li dynasty; and now, the present regime, born of a military coup d'état and having inherited all the political and social evils of the past, continues to haunt the people and be haunted by the people, all breathing in a foul air of irresponsibility, destructive mutual suspicion, and ultimately, a mutual hatred.

DURING my stay in Korea, I talked with many politicians of both the government party and the opposition party; and the only thing they convinced me of was that not many of them even bothered to try to understand each other's position. A politician

of the government party, a former military commander of a combat team, said to me, "Now, you take the case of the so-called return to normalcy. I am all for the principle of civilian control. Who isn't? We are a democratic people, and we must have democracy in this country. Everybody knows that! So, when the military government finished its job, we thought it was time for a national election, time to get back to a normal situation. We took off our uniforms and ran for office as civilians. Well, we won the election, didn't we? Now the opposition politicians accuse us of not keeping our promise to get out of politics and go back to our barracks. I tell you, we couldn't do that, because these politicians are all rotten and power-hungry. Why, if we really had gone back to our barracks and handed everything over to those old-time politicians we would have had to launch another coup all over again. The country wouldn't have lasted a week."

I ventured to say, "You could have at least tried to see how things would work out. You had cleaned house, and you could afford to go back to the barracks and see how the civilians would carry on the job you had started. If they had messed things up again, as you say, then the country would have clamored for you to come back and clean house again."

"Ah, but that's not good. You can't take a chance with those rotten politicians. That wouldn't have worked. Why, that wouldn't have done any good for our democracy." Here we go again, I thought; democracy, democracy! The Korean politicians are always talking about democracy.

A few days before, a politician from one of the southern provinces had told me that the way things were going in the country, it would never have democracy. "The soldiers should have kept their promise and gone back to their barracks and stayed there. What do they know about politics and administration anyway!" I reminded him that those who had staged the coup seemed to have thought that the civilian politicians had only managed to plunge the country into chaos and that the country as a whole seemed to have shared the same thought, at least in the beginning. He snorted. "Why, *Jookill Nomdul*! They are just stupid military bosses! What pretension! It's outrageous! They should have stayed put with what they are trained for — to fight the Communists."

"*Manghal Nomdul*" ("bastards who deserve to perish"), "*Jookill Nomdul*" ("bastards who deserve to be killed") — these words are flying about in the inflammatory atmosphere of Korean political life. Today in Korea there are simply too many *Manghal Nomdul* and *Jookill Nomdul* — and there are too few who will forgive.

At the root of all this is the ancient tradition

that any government in Seoul is a crooked government, an evil one at worst, and at best, one that is totally indifferent to the welfare of the people. This once historically explainable and justifiable Korean political mentality is still casting a powerful spell over Koreans' political and social consciousness. The people have never felt that they had anything to do really with the business of running a government or with the fortunes of the nation; the government was the plaything of those who were in power.

"Since the overthrow of Syngman Rhee's regime," a professor of government remarked to me in Seoul, "the country has seen too many professional politicians, old and new, on the political stage, each blindly performing his role of tearing down the other politician-actors, without a central direction, without a sensible, coherent plot, and without an ending, happy or unhappy, in anyone's sight."

What Korea needs, for the sake of achieving some kind of political stability and getting something done for the people, is a responsible opposition, which knows when to oppose the government constructively. No government on earth can be completely right; no government can escape charges of corruption and inefficiency; and the present Korean government is no exception. Yet it can't be as bad as the opposition would like to have the people believe. The opposition seems to oppose merely for the sake of opposing and regardless of the cost. It stoops to primitive brawling in the halls of the National Assembly, smashing the tables and chairs of the members of the government party, and it continually issues grandiloquent statements in inflammatory language.

I have met very few politicians of the opposition party who could rationally and logically explain to me why they were opposing, for example, the treaty with Japan. "Those who have negotiated the treaty with the Japanese have been bribed by the Japanese officials," one insisted. Another politician said categorically, "You can't expect an honest policy from a corrupt government."

"Korea hasn't got a chance to protect itself against the economic invasion of Japan once this treaty goes into effect," said another. "Surely we haven't forgotten how cunning and cruel the Japanese were in their dealings with us. Or has President Park never known *that*, since he was an officer in the Japanese Army?"

The opposition party, badly split and eternally squabbling among its factions, considers the government a bunch of evil, ignorant military men and subservient, opportunistic politicians who are bent on setting up a corrupt dictatorship, engage in personal profiteering, and, of course, "are selling out the country to the Japanese." Opposition

politicians stubbornly refer to the present government as a military government in spite of the last, relatively free national election, which the opposition lost mainly because of its inability to unite.

It is a frantic, feverish world, whether one is a professional politician or merely an isolated, single individual intent on making the most out of his miserable lot. They all move in a world of suspicion, mistrust, and disbelief, and utter selfishness. One of the most popular sayings, pronounced with a ponderous air of profundity, these days is, "You can't trust anybody." Well, that is not new in Korea either, but Koreans today have forged that dictum into a philosophy of life, and until and unless that dubious philosophy is discarded in favor of something a little more decent and humane, there will be no political stability and no sense of responsive and responsible relationship between the governing and the governed, and above all, there will never be a coherent sense of nationhood in Korea.

KOREAN politicians seem to be convinced that democracy is a big joke but nice to have around as a respectable front, that it does not pay politically to try to be faithful to the principles and practices of democracy in opposing the party in power or in checking the party out of power, and that when in office a politician must hang on to power by any means, democratic or undemocratic. In short, Korean politics is thoroughly Machiavellian. No wonder, then, that a tradition of responsible opposition has not yet emerged in Korea.

Yet a responsible opposition cannot be manufactured overnight; it must be nurtured and cultivated; and it needs help from the party in power in the form of a responsive government. But a responsive government is something that Koreans do not understand either in concept or in practice, simply because they have never had one.

The Rhee regime of the First Republic certainly was not a responsive government. The Chang regime of the brief Second Republic was so ineffectual that it could not even be called a government. The military government of the interim period, born of the military coup d'état of 1961, could hardly be expected to be either responsive or responsible. And whether or not the present regime will eventually emerge as a genuinely responsive government remains to be seen, although there are signs that it, too, like the Rhee regime, will withdraw into a shell of illusions and delusions that all is well outside, that its power is mighty and secure, and that it can go on forever.

When I interviewed President Park, he brought up, without my prompting, the subject of the stu-

dent demonstrations. He did not seem worried about the students, or about anything else. In fact, the strongest impression I had of him was that he was a man of supreme self-confidence and that nothing could shake him. He had toughness and, I must say, a certain aura of mystery. He looked perfectly fit, physically and emotionally, and everything about him suggested that he was quite serene in his conviction that what he was doing as head of the state was right. "The students do not really know what they want," the President said. "They are instigated and excited by the opposition party politicians, who are manipulating the youngsters for their own political purposes. Of course, we know that the so-called leaders of the student demonstrations either are not really students themselves or are so-called professional students. The students will calm down soon."

He changed the subject here and talked about his visit to West Germany. "I was enormously impressed with the Germans. Their recovery from the war. Their industriousness. A hardworking people with so many virtues; one could learn from them," he said. "I often wonder, you know, if the history and the fortunes of our country would have been different had we had neighbors like Germany instead of China and Japan."

I tried to bring him out of his historical speculations. "Your Excellency," I said, "it is said that in a democracy it is more important for a nation's political health to have a responsible opposition, and I wonder if —"

He interrupted me, and said, "Of course. And I have been trying very hard to have a dialogue of a sort with the opposition politicians, but they are always fighting among themselves. They don't even have a leader. With whom should I, could I, discuss matters of national importance? I can't talk with every one of them." His confidence and serenity were rather infectious as he continued to discourse on the "bright future" of the country.

GRANTED that the true motivation of the opposition politicians is to grab the political power themselves; granted also that the students do not really know what they are doing; yet the government cannot afford to dismiss either lightly. Ramming its legislation through the government-dominated National Assembly or ratifying the controversial Korea-Japan Treaty in the total absence of the opposition members — such actions do not improve the already bloodthirsty relationship between the two parties. Closing down colleges and universities, firing antigovernmental professors, and dismissing student leaders to prevent demonstrations by hysterical mobs will not eliminate the dangerous

tension that exists between the students and the government.

In its confrontation with various elements of political opposition the government has been too uncompromising and heavy-handed. Coupled with this hard-line policy, there has been an increasing reliance on the steadily expanding powers and functions of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency.

"Our intelligence bureau is the true government of Korea," remarked a Korean cynic, and he may not be too far from the truth. The CIA may not be the true government in Korea, but it is certainly beginning to give the impression that it is almost a government within the government. Its influence is far-reaching and deadly, and it is dreaded and despised by the people. First created by the military government of the coup d'état of 1961, the Korean CIA is a unique institution in that apart from its alleged primary function of coordinating all Korean intelligence activities, it has dabbled in stock market manipulation, scandalous undercover deals with automobile manufacturers, and the construction of the multimillion-dollar tourist resort complex known as Walker Hill (named after a U.S. general killed in the war). University students accuse it of spying on every campus, and a rumor has it that it has established a secret underground progovernment student organization.

In the old days, it was the National Police people were afraid of; then, during the war, it was the CIC; later, it was the notorious Headquarters of the Unified Provost Marshal; and now, it is the ubiquitous CIA. An unfortunate fact is that there are far too many security and intelligence organizations and units the people seem to be afraid of; and that is not helping their morale, or promoting their confidence in the government. Besides, the existence of the CIA as it is now, with its peculiar conception and with its awesome power and inevitable abuse of its power, provides a ready-made target for the opposition party in its accusation that the government is running a police state.

One afternoon, a reporter friend of mine and I walked into the coffee shop of Chosun Hotel in downtown Seoul. My friend paused a moment at the entrance and casually remarked to me, "Aha, I see two CIA agents already. A little early today, I must say."

When we sat down at a table, I said jokingly, "How can you identify them just like that? Do you know them personally?"

"Everybody knows their agents. If you hang around here long enough, you'll get to know them, too. In every store, every restaurant, every tearoom — particularly tearooms — there they are. So behave yourself. Little brothers are watching."

"Would you say they are running a police state?" I said.

He gestured theatrically. "Oh, no, quite the contrary. My dear friend from America, they *are* running a free, democratic country!" Of course, our conversation was carried out in English; my friend had been an army captain attached to American units during the war.

"Pretty soon, the CIA will have to send their agents to an English-language school, ha, ha," said my friend.

"Perhaps they already have," I said.

Frightened, intimidated people do not make loyal, responsible citizens; they are merely resentful, coerced subjects. And Koreans have been coerced subjects of this country and that, of this regime and that, for far too long. A sense of insecurity and terror is inspired by the menacing presence of the CIA and the proliferation of intelligence agents; out of an insecure and cowed people comes an equally insecure but brutal government.

President Park said to me that he was getting impatient with the opposition. "Now they are screaming," he said, "that if we ratify the treaty with Japan and normalize our relationships with Japan, Korea will be swallowed up overnight by Japanese economic imperialism. They are afraid that Korea will end by becoming a market for Japanese consumer goods and that we will never regain economic independence. Why have they so little confidence in themselves and in the ability of our people? We're not talking about the Korea of fifty years ago. We've come through a bloody war; we're tough, capable, and confident! What nonsense to say that the government is just going to sit around and let Japanese merchants take over the country. These politicians are simply trying to capitalize on whatever uneasy feelings our people may still have about Japan. I wish they had a little more confidence in themselves and in the government." But the President and the government, however confident they may be of their own ability, seem to have failed somehow to carry the people along with them. There is a saying heard too often in Korea these days: "The way things are going, the country may go down the drain." (*Eeru da gan, nara mang han da.*)

OUTSIDE Seoul to the east, a dusty, gutted road winds past primitive mud huts which stink with poverty-stricken humanity in the broiling mid-summer sun. The road turns into a paved and landscaped driveway, which snakes its way amid bewitching scenery up to the Walker Hill resort complex, overlooking a beautiful view of the upper Han River valley. The buildings are modern and equipped with American-style facilities. Originally built by the military government, accompanied by

the shrill hue and cry of scandals and corruption, to lure American GIs and foreign tourists away from Japan, the resort was not open to Koreans, but now, for financial reasons primarily, Koreans are admitted. And in this never-never land of luxury and pleasure, uneasily mixing with foreigners, well-heeled Koreans sip expensive drinks, watch insipid nightclub shows, and feel important.

Back in the city along the riverbank south of the Han River bridge, miserable cardboard huts mushroom overnight, teeming with slum dwellers. And they are all gazing at the sun-scorched, stinking, drought-stricken riverbed, waiting for the Flood.

"Where are they from?" I asked my friend from my army days who accompanied me there.

"Ask them," he said.

I looked about us, at their sullen faces, and at their ragged clothes — old and young, women and children. The air smelled of the refuse piled in the dark, slimy water of a narrow, open drain near a hut. Half-naked children, and flies, swarmed about in the dry, dusty, foul air. I spoke to a middle-aged woman who was nursing a baby in the shadow of her hut, squatting against its cardboard wall.

"I don't know anything," she said, without raising her dirty face from the baby. "You got to ask the man of the house, and he is out. I don't know anything."

My friend said, "Listen, we are not from the police."

"Why did you say that?" I asked.

"These people are perpetual slum dwellers. Once in a while, the government tries to clean out the slums, but that simply means the government will tear down and burn up their shacks. And the people? Sometimes they are sent to relocation centers, which are too few, and sometimes they are just driven out of Seoul. The people disappear for a while, and when the government gets tired of chasing them around, they slip back into Seoul. These people are here for one good reason. They know it's going to rain someday. The drought will come to an end. And the rain will flood the river, the river will swell up and spill over that bank there, and then they will be washed out."

Suddenly, the woman looked up. "You — from the newspapers?" she said. She was looking at the camera in my hand.

I shook my head.

"He is a writer," my friend told her. "He writes books. You know what that means?"

She shrugged with a sheepish smile; a couple of her front teeth were missing. "I can't read," she said, quite unselfconsciously.

"When and if they get flooded out," said my friend, "the government will have to rescue them, so to speak. They will get free medical checkups, a few shots in their arms, some clothing and blan-

kets, maybe some rations, and then they will disappear before the government can get around to chasing them out of the city. So right now they are here for these free handouts."

"Where will they go after that?" I asked.

"They probably don't know themselves where they will go after that," my friend said, and then burst out in English, "Goddamn! Now you've seen the country!" It was he who had taken me to Walker Hill the day before.

Seoul now has a population of nearly three and a half million people, and one shudders at the thought that the millions of have-nots in the teeming back alleys and gutters may someday explode. Of course, Seoul is not the only place where the nation's displaced, uprooted, and unemployed converge. Other cities, too, are swollen with masses of unfortunate humanity. These masses of have-nots are the most serious challenge to the existence of the government and ultimately to the stability and future of the entire nation. The gulf between the haves and the have-nots is wide and widening. In this respect, too, Korea has not changed much since the war. The exploding population and the increasing numbers of the poor may eventually pose a far more dangerous threat to the destiny of the country than the Communists in the North.

One afternoon, I was on a train bound for Seoul from Taegu, with a retired professor of agriculture as my traveling companion. Just outside Yungdungpo, a mere fifteen or so miles from Seoul, there were small hills which were dotted with innumerable little caves. People lived in those caves, some of which were covered with straw mats.

"Look at them," said my companion. "Just look at them." Amid mounds of junk and refuse, on the reddish-brown earth barely covered with parched grass, ragged, barefooted children waved at our train. "The government spends millions on Walker Hill on swimming pools and all that," he said, "and our trains run on time; but just look at them in the caves — and this is the twentieth century, mind you."

Our train was perhaps a little ahead of the scheduled time of arrival, for it slowed down beyond Yungdungpo, stopped for a few minutes near the Han River, then pulled into Seoul exactly on the dot.

"It's a crazy country," sighed my old friend.

WHAT of the young generation on whom the future of Korea depends? And the children? I remember my young brother who was barely eight years old when the war came; I remember that small boy with a knapsack on his back containing what few precious belongings he had, braving the

trails over the mountains, following my parents to the safety of Pusan perimeter, fleeing from the advancing troops of the northern Communists. There were thousands like him then, homeless and starving, dragged and herded from here to there by the grown-ups.

The happiest sight in Korea after ten years of absence was to see the children. For the most part, they are better clothed and housed and fed and cared for than I have ever known them to be. And they are better educated, though there is still a chronic shortage of facilities and well-trained teachers. "The number of school-age children is increasing so fast that educational facilities for them simply cannot keep up," a teacher told me. Well, that is not new in Korea, nor in the United States, for that matter. What is heartening, however, is that six-year compulsory education is in effect and that over 95 percent of eligible children are receiving free education. At the moment, there are nearly five million children in some six thousand schools throughout the country. The government is planning to extend six-year compulsory education to nine years, but until the plan goes into effect, education beyond the sixth grade is still hard to come by for the majority of Korean children. There are roughly one million students from the seventh grade to the twelfth grade attending about nineteen hundred high schools.

Education beyond high school is still limited to a fortunate minority. Competition for admission to colleges and universities is fierce even among those who can afford the cost of a college education, which is prohibitive for the great majority. At present, there are about 140,000 students enrolled in some 150 institutions, roughly half of which are private. Many students and teachers complain that the overall quality of private colleges and universities (with a few exceptions) is very low, largely because second- and third-rate private institutions are forced to accept those who have failed the extremely competitive examinations (government-administered) for admission to public institutions. In any case, a college education is still reserved only for those with money, no matter how they get the money. To be a college student in Korea is a matter of enormous personal privilege and prestige, and that is why college students in Korea have traditionally occupied a position of importance in the society.

This respect, which had reached its peak when the students took the initiative in the demonstrations that overthrew the regime of Syngman Rhee in 1960, is now dwindling. As a Korean educator put it: "Deluded by popular adulation, the students suddenly found themselves in a position of real political influence, and grabbed at the chance to become arbiters of policy. Their idealism was quickly

exploited by dissident opposition politicians and, to some extent at least, by infiltrating Red agents from the North bent on encouraging anarchy."

A college senior majoring in political science comes to mind, a young brother of a friend of mine, an army colonel, commander of a combat team on the front. The colonel and I went to a high school together in Pyongyang, and escaped to South Korea at about the same time in 1948. When the war came we volunteered for the army; after the truce, I left the country and he stayed in the service. His parents were killed during the war, and he has been supporting his young brother ever since.

He was on leave from the front when I was in Seoul. We reminisced about Pyongyang and the war, and, inevitably, we talked about the student demonstrations, which at the time went on almost everyday in Seoul. "You ought to meet my brother," he said. "Of course, you can hardly remember him. He was about eight years old when you saw him last during the war."

"He must be about twenty-three now," I said.

"He is a senior in Seoul National University."

"Is he one of those demonstrating?" I asked.

"Yes. He doesn't tell me much about it. We can't communicate with each other these days, if you know what I mean. From his point of view, I am old-fashioned and a reactionary."

I laughed. "Because you are a colonel?"

"Well, that and also because I don't approve of what he is doing." Here we reminded each other how in high school we used to organize our fellow students to demonstrate against the Communist regime and how we spent time in jail and ended up being thrown out of school. We both laughed.

"Seriously, though," he said, "I am getting quite worried about him. I've sent him through high school, and I have been helping him out through college, and you know a Korean Army colonel doesn't make much money. Ah, well, he is my brother, and I have always tried to stand by him. But I am afraid I can't do that any longer."

"Politically, you mean?" I asked.

"No, that isn't exactly what I mean. The point is, I don't disapprove of his political interest and activities, but when he starts acting like an anarchist, that's something else. I can't and I won't tolerate anarchy."

"And you think the whole thing has come to that?" I said.

"Talk with my brother, if you can get him to talk with you about anything rationally and unemotionally, and you will see what I mean," he said grimly.

THAT evening, the colonel and his brother, who brought a college friend, picked me up at Bando

Hotel, opposite the U.S. Embassy, where I was staying for a few days. I had invited them to have dinner with me, and we went to a Chinese restaurant nearby. The young students looked very much alike; both had long hair slick with hair oil, as most Korean college students have; both were clad in well-cut blue suits, like a pair of rich boys doing the town. Our conversation, I recall, was pleasant enough, until we came to the subject of the role of the military in relation to the student demonstrations. The two students began to use such expressions as "military dictatorship," "corrupt soldier-politicians," and naturally, "traitors and betrayers selling the country out to Japanese monkeys."

I think my friend would have restrained himself and tolerated them if his brother had not said, in an unmistakably sarcastic tone of voice, "Aren't you ashamed of wearing that uniform!"

The colonel blew up: "And just who do you think you are to judge me! When you were a little boy and an orphan at that, I stuck my neck out and fought in the bloody war for this country, for you and you too!" He pointed his finger at his brother's friend.

I tried to intervene.

His brother lashed out: "Who asked you to fight for me?" The colonel looked at me helplessly.

I cut in: "I fought in the war, too, you know. And I did that of my own free will. No, you didn't ask me to fight for you; you were too young then anyway. But that's in the past, and what we are concerned —"

The friend of the brother cut me short. "You've been in America for ten years. How can you understand anything in Korea! Oh, no, I am not saying you deserted the country or betrayed the motherland. All I am saying is that you are hardly in a position to understand us, let alone to judge us!"

"I am not trying to judge you," I said.

"Then why the hell are you asking us all these questions, as if you were interrogating us?"

"Who is interrogating you guys?" said the colonel.

"You're a colonel in the army!"

"Goddamn it, I am also a citizen and a brother of your friend," said my friend.

I went out of the room to order more drinks.

When I came back in, they were still quarreling. "We are the new generation," the friend of the brother was saying, "and we have had enough of your distorted values and narrow-minded policies and corrupt society."

"Just because you are a new generation, which you are indeed, does not automatically make you a judge and an executer of the whole society," said the colonel.

I said, "I imagine you were both high school

juniors or seniors when the student revolution overthrew Syngman Rhee?" They nodded. I went on: "I wonder if you knew, at the time, what you were really doing and where you were heading for; I wonder if you had any understanding of the far-reaching, fantastic political consequences of the event. And also, I wonder how you evaluate and judge what you students did following the success, shall we say, of your revolt."

"Anarchy, nothing but anarchy," the colonel said. "So you guys occupied the National Assembly, accused everyone, disapproved everything, and wanted to run the government yourselves — that's anarchy!"

"Everything that was rotten had to be cleaned out," said the brother bitterly, "and just when we were successful —"

The colonel cut in: "You mean just when you were about to take over the country."

His brother continued: "—stupid soldiers jumped in, and you have been pushing us around ever since!"

"I want you to remember," I said, "that the military supported you in the beginning. If you students think the success of your revolt was brought about exclusively by your own effort, you are gravely mistaken. You couldn't have gotten anywhere unless people like your brother had stood quietly by, and with that very silence, or, if you want, quiet insurrection, helped you out."

"And why did we stand by?" asked the colonel. "If we had not understood you then, do you think we would have let the Old Man crumble?" The students looked sullen. "What we understood then," continued the colonel, "was that it was time for a new order in this miserable country. But, mind you, not anarchy!"

"Who says we want anarchy?" shouted his brother.

The colonel retorted: "Let me ask you this. You are against the treaty with Japan. Now, have you read the text of the proposed treaty? No, you haven't. You are too busy demonstrating to bother to read it. You don't read the government papers, you sneer and scoff at the government's explanations, you sneer at the opposition politicians, and you sneer at me! All right, so I am a colonel. But, don't you ever forget that I am not a professional soldier. There are no professional soldiers in this goddamn army, and, mind you, that's a very important truth about us."

I tried to restrain him.

"Now, let me finish," the colonel said. "Take your demonstrations. Have you any concrete program of action, any convincing principles? No, no, you have nothing but sensational slogans, the meaning of which you don't even understand fully. Selling out the country to the Japanese? Do you think I will close my eyes and let the Japanese swallow

up my country? Do you think you are the only ones who love and care about this god-forsaken country? You despise me and others like me. Do you think we are unaware, do you think we are so stupid that we will swallow and enjoy corruptions and abuses of political power? Do you think we are taken in by the politicians? Let me tell you something. We are sitting tight and watching. Watching, you understand? Watching the politicians and watching you, too. We see many things we don't like. We find many, many things which shouldn't take place in a decent society. So what do you want? Do you want us to go out and shoot everybody? Oh, no, we are sick and tired of your kind of anarchy. We want and we need order in the society. When an existing order is corrupt, change it, not tear it down. Goddamn it, one revolt is enough, one coup d'état is enough.

"You may think it strange" — he paused here and turned to me — "to hear this from me. But I am aware and so are many of my fellow officers that we can't afford to establish a habit, a political habit, of changing government by force, whether it is by a student revolt or by a military coup d'état. Otherwise, we will end up just like one of those Latin-American countries."

"Not all military people feel the way you do," said the brother, with a condescending smile. "We do have a strong support from generals and colonels."

"Nonsense!" said my friend. "They are out of power, and they are politicians, just like the opposition politicians you sneer at. If you still think you can count on the support of the military, you don't know what you are talking about."

A long moment of silence followed. Then the colonel turned to me. "You'd better write this down. If the students get out of hand and if the police can't check them and if the government calls us out to do something about the students" — he stopped and looked straight at the students — "we will crush them." He turned to me again. "We will crush them, you understand. Not because we support the government 100 percent politically, but because we are tired of young mobsters running around wild!"

The students looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"Let's get out of here," said the colonel to me. "I am going back to the front." And that suddenly reminded me of the grim fact that the country was still at war with the Communists in the North.

LATER ON, during my stay in Korea, I talked with many other students, some actively involved in demonstrations and some halfheartedly going

along with them. And I am afraid I was not able to exchange opinions rationally and logically and calmly. Emotion appears to be the key to the feverish world into which many Korean students seem to have locked themselves. They are cocky, rebellious, contemptuous, melodramatic in temper, and irrational in behavior. They seem to believe that they can always throw out any government not to their liking. They take to the streets, they battle police, and they shout against nearly everything. There is no constructive idea or program of action in all their frantic, ritualistic movements; there is only hate-charged emotion against "dictatorship" and "corruption" and, lately, against "selling out to Japan." By and large, they are stirred up by spine-tingling sensations of anarchy and chaos, whipped up by a thrill of ephemeral heroism and a fleeting moment of pleasure in seeing the world go topsy-turvy because of them. They are masochistic; and they are tired.

What I would call a typical Korean college student is a young man who is poor and confused and sees little hope for his future. One particular student whom I remember is a junior majoring in literature at a private university in Seoul. He is twenty-two years old and has a brother in high school and a little sister in grammar school. His father is a minor official in the government and makes about forty dollars a month. "It's really a miracle that my father can send my brother to K High School. You might say my father is one of those victims of *Illyoo Byung* (first-rate disease)," he said to me bitterly. "*Illyoo Byung*" is current slang in Korea, and it refers to the almost hysterical obsession of Korean parents (mostly of middle class) to send their children to first-rate schools and colleges in the belief that their children will have a better chance of getting a job if they have a degree from a first-rate institution. The Seoul National University is at the top of the list, and the university's College of Engineering enjoys the highest rating.

"My father isn't happy about me, I know," the young man said. "I couldn't pass the entrance exam to the Seoul National College of Engineering. So I am in a private university, and to make the thing worse from his point of view — and, I confess, from my point of view also — I am majoring in literature. There won't be too many jobs for me, he says, or any money."

I asked him how he was putting himself through the university.

"My father helps me out a little, as a good Korean father should," he said with a wry smile. "But that's what I meant when I said that it's a miracle that he can help me out and still send my brother to that '*Illyoo*' high school, which is very expensive to go to. So I know he takes bribery money once

in a while. Not much, but a little here and there, you know. Oh, I can't condemn him, though. He works hard. He's a tired little man."

"Is his help enough for you?" I asked.

"Of course not. I have been a tutor ever since I was a freshman. Most of my friends are tutoring, you know, those grammar school kids from wealthy families who want them to cram for entrance exams to '*Illyoo*' high schools. You might say I live off the rich. I get room and board free and some spending money. What I want to get into is tutoring the brats of the nouveaux riches. They even pay all your tuition."

He was not sure what he would do after his graduation. "I have to go into the service first after school. I'll be commissioned."

"And after that?" I asked.

"I don't know. I don't even want to think about it."

An editor of a large daily in Seoul had told me that he had had nearly five hundred applicants, all college graduates, for one position open for a cub reporter. I mentioned it to him. "Yes, I know that. It's frightening, you know. You go to school and you look around and there they are, several thousands of them milling around you, and they will all be looking for jobs, and you have to compete with them. I have friends who got out of college and couldn't get jobs, so they went back to the army. Can you imagine? They used to hate the service, but they went back. You see, you are an officer and you get three square meals a day and a little money as long as you are in the army."

"Are you one of those demonstrating?" I said. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Off and on. When I get stuck with the other guys, I have to."

"Do you mean there's a pressure on you from other students to join the demonstrations?" He nodded. (I recalled that during my talk with President Park, he had mentioned that his son — a high school student, I believe — had been beaten up by student leaders for not joining the demonstrators. The President had laughed it off.)

"I am too busy making my living," the college boy burst out suddenly. "I have to finish college, I have to teach those brats, and I have to worry about my future and all. I don't know what good would come out of the demonstrations. Sure, I've demonstrated, not just because I had to on account of other guys pressuring me but because I felt like it. But what do I want? I don't know. I wish I could get out of the country. Go to America, maybe. I know lots of students who went to America. Like you. And they don't come back. I am not mad at you. I am not mad at them either. I don't blame them. If I could get away, hell, I wouldn't come back either. But I know I can't.

I missed my chance. Now you can't go abroad for study unless you have finished your military service. I'll be too old then. If my father were rich or a cabinet minister, maybe I could get away. I know those rich boys and kids with influential connections who slip out. And they don't come back either. Just go to the American Consulate and take a good look at those bleary-eyed college kids milling around applying for a passport. Just stand outside the Bando Hotel at noon and watch the lucky ones boarding the buses to the airport to fly out of the country, and watch those who are sending them off, sick with envy. Every kid I know wants to get out."

Students are weary of the way things are and the way things are done in Korea; they are weary of those eternally squabbling politicians, of the country and the society, which never seem to get better; they are weary of their fellow students, too many of them, with whom they will have to compete in the face of severe unemployment; and they are weary of themselves, though they may not know it. And in that they are not alone. The sense of weariness and futility that finally emerges from always having to live with suspicion, mistrust, and cut-throat competition seems to be everywhere. It's a dog-eat-dog world.

THE "bastion of democracy in Asia" is in a sorry state. America has pumped billions of dollars into Korea, militarily and economically. America has sent armies to defend it and has thousands of her people working in and for the country in all vital areas of the nation's life. Yet a healthy political tradition of democracy has not yet emerged; and the physical and spiritual sufferings of the people have not been lessened. Is it America's fault? Is there anything inherently defective in the intentions and approaches of American policy in Korea?

Many Koreans are quick to claim that the materialistically oriented Americans do not understand Koreans and their unique spiritual characteristics and idiosyncracies. All this is nonsense. Self-deluding pretensions, which are too many in Korea, have prevented them from seeing themselves in naked truth and glaring reality. Like the whimsical heaven, Americans, too, have been made a scapegoat. Surely there have been many bungling Americans, inept ones, indifferent ones, and simply pompous asses working in Korea. But there also are many dedicated Americans who really care about the country and the people.

What do Koreans expect anyway? A ready-made everything? All their pretensions about their glorious historical past (which is ugly and shameful)

and brilliant cultural heritage (which is shabby and little) ought to be kept under wraps. When illusions, delusions, and smug contentions are swept away, what is left is a somber reality that the majority of Koreans are poor, miserable, suffering people, oppressed for centuries by governments and politicians, deceived by sweet-tongued political swindlers and jugglers, threatened by nature, terrorized by power-hungry fellow countrymen, battered by the Communists, exploited by the pseudo-democrats, and wavering on the brink of despair.

Korea's dependence on American military and economic aid will not change for a long time. The American presence in Korea has so far managed to protect the country from the threat of another military aggression from the North and has contributed toward the maintenance of the republic. Apart from the economic and military aid, the American presence has provided an emotional security of a sort to the people. But it may be that the nation and the people have become accustomed to the American presence and commitment, and have developed the dangerous illusion that America cannot afford to withdraw from Korea, that American aid will continue indefinitely, and that America will have to bail the country out should it ever go down the drain. "As long as America is around, everything will be all right," Koreans seem to be saying. It is a precarious logic indeed, for this kind of logic and the mentality behind it may have to conclude someday that "since America is not around, nothing is going to be all right."

The ultimate responsibility for Korea's inability to achieve social and political stability, above anything else, lies with its own professional politicians. They have never bothered to learn that a responsive government cannot cater to the whims and wishes of the man at the top, and that to belong to the party in power does not ensure that they will get rich and get rich quick. They have not learned that political power in a democratic society is not a toy to kick around in an endless game of power-grabbing. They have not yet learned that politics is not just a matter of cutting each other's throat. They have not yet discovered that they represent the people, whose welfare and destiny are very important indeed.

As the country stands now, it seems as if there were a powerful centrifuge in full operation. If not disintegration, a subtle and dangerous process of fragmentation of society seems to be under way. Each person, either as an individual or as a member of a group, seems to be withdrawing into a tight little shell of mental and spiritual isolation. There seems to be little meeting of minds in the society. Each one is doing his utmost in the struggle for survival just to stay alive, looking after his own

interest to the best of his ability, but it is not a healthy competition or the kind of struggle one may find in an open society under free enterprise. One senses in Korea today that life may keep on grinding away regardless of whether or not the people have a government, political parties, or even a nation. One becomes aware of a strange, shivery feeling of anarchy that is most disturbing — this silent sense of anarchy beneath the turbulent surface of raging, roaring political activities which seems to have been squeezed out of age-old experiences and the conviction that governments and politicians in Seoul make not a bit of difference to the people. Here again, Korea has not changed much since the war — or, for that matter, since time immemorial.

And yet, all is not lost in Korea, and there is hope, however slim it may be at the moment. For some twenty years, Korea has been living under a political system that is alleged to be democratic and free, and it has lived with the American presence and influence in the country. Something has come out of this experience, and that something may save the country in the long run.

What Korea has acquired from the “illusion” of living under democracy is a curious, negative kind of *laissez-faire* in its extreme form. There is in Korea a strange sort of freedom, with strings attached, of course. There are a few things you are not supposed to be or do. You must not be a Communist, or a Communist sympathizer, or a socialist; and you must not criticize or slander the government if you are not a politician of importance; and you must not slander Americans. If you stay away from these “sins” (there are a few more, but these are the main ones), then you are free to do whatever you wish.

This “freedom” is closely connected with another peculiar phenomenon in Korea: that, as a matter of principle at least, everyone ought to pretend that he is a democratically minded person. This pretense is a game Koreans are playing, but the game *is* being played, often ritualistically; and this may, just may, become a matter of habit in which Koreans may begin to take the game rather seriously. A strange miracle may be born out of illusions and self-deceptions.

A middle-aged Korean writer told me in all seriousness that he always carried two pens, which he solemnly produced from his pocket. “I need a pen in reserve,” he said, “because very often I go on writing and then suddenly realize that I shouldn’t be writing certain things, and I get mad and break the pen. Then I need the other pen to rewrite.” There are many Korean writers who

are, he said, “two-pen writers” — symbolically speaking. “And how can you expect original and creative literature to come out of two-pen writers?” he asked.

A genuine freedom will come only when those in power realize that their power is derived from those they govern, only when they develop a little more confidence in themselves, and only when they are willing to hear even what they do not like with a bit more sense of humor, wisdom, and magnanimity.

There is a hope for Korea. The shrill voices of the opposition, after all, are better than no protesting voices at all. The sensational and undisciplined presses in Korea are better than no presses at all. The unruly, frustrated, and demonstrating students are, in the long run and from a larger point of view, better than silent, intimidated students. Unchecked, selfish, and cutthroat individualism is better than no individualism. In Korean life, there is something raw and grimly natural, something that is, ultimately, gripping. And perhaps that is why some people can carry on a lovers’ quarrel, as it were, with this unfortunate country. The miracle for Korea will come only when the people realize that a constant squabbling among themselves is not doing anybody any good. The slim hope will not bear fruit unless Koreans see themselves as they really are now and not as they were in some fanciful golden age that did not exist.

Koreans in the South are thoroughly individualistic, with all the heartening virtues and the exasperating drawbacks of individualism; and their toughness and resilience of independence, though born out of a mutual distrust and self-centered outlook, may someday become the genuine and truly humane foundation of their way of life. There is a hope.

. . . And then came the rain — too much rain, and with it the Flood. The streets of downtown Seoul disappeared under the muddy water, the Yuido airfield sank under the roaring Han River, and the rice crop was threatened. The President, the Prime Minister, and the other ministers went out in the countryside to survey the damage caused by too much rain and to console the people and tell them not to worry about the pouring rain, while — one could be sure — the drenched have-nots in their cardboard huts along the Han River were thanking the merciful heaven laden with black rain clouds — Then the rain stopped, and once again the country was shimmering under the wondrously serene, clear blue sky.



ACCENT ON

GAMBLING

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The most exciting and enjoyable gambling is for stakes one cannot afford. The whole essence of poker is lost when a player can call a hand, stupidly or otherwise, for a large sum and feel no great sense of reward or penalty, simply because he has so much money. It is quite stimulating, by contrast, to know that the game will determine whether one pays a grocery bill or has to shuffle his accounts in general in order to buy his way out at the end of the game. My own peak at poker came at about age eighteen, in a game with stock hands and dudes at Valley Ranch in Wyoming: I was around \$1200 ahead at midnight; at 7:30 A.M. I was some \$200 under water, which I settled for \$75 in cash and by throwing in two packhorses, saddles and fine canvas panniers with leather bottoms and ends, two rifles and a beautiful .45 caliber single-action walnut-handled Colt, in a marbled finish, that I had bought as a boy — and no questions asked — at an Omaha pawnshop for \$7.50. The revolver would fetch a huge price nowadays, but it all went for about what it had cost me, the horses at

exactly what I had paid for them in Cody: \$15 for one and \$20 for the other.

When I lived in Omaha, the heart games at the Omaha Club were a noonday diversion, the players lunching as the game went on. The small game was for five cents a heart, the medium game for a quarter, and the big game for a dollar a heart. The rules were simple and, I still feel strongly, represent the only version of hearts worth playing: Queen of Spades counted thirteen, making a total of twenty-six points for each hand; three cards discarded to the player on the left before the opening lead; and no lead of hearts permitted until the third lead or later. If a player took all the hearts, twenty-six, instead of being rewarded, as some games have it, he simply put twenty-six chips in the center of the table, and these became part of the next pot — a double pot for which all four played on equal terms. All the heart games were played at a fast pace, and the player in trouble felt that there must be two or three times as many as twenty-six points to a hand when his opponents began showering down on him. Chips, incidentally, are by far the simplest and quickest way of keeping score at hearts.

Poker we played in a small private

cardroom upstairs, usually from 4 to 6 P.M., a three-handed game consisting of a young grain speculator, Dean Smith, the airmail pilot (whose book *By the Seat of My Pants*, about early cross-country flying, Atlantic-Little, Brown published some forty years later), and myself. It was dealer's choice, table stakes, the choice being straight draw poker, five-card stud, or seven-card stud, and none of the cuckoo variations which seem to dominate the game today. To put more representative hands into circulation, cards below the six were taken out of the deck and one joker was included. Two hours of this game, played with fierce concentration and scarcely a word spoken, were all that any of us could stand. I fared comfortably in the game for some years, but I was never able to set aside my winnings for further play, and three big days, all bad, left me without a gaming stake, and I gave it up.

For mere prudence, I have always been afraid of craps and roulette, and I set a low and firm limit on any investment in either game. One can easily get the illusion in each that he has somehow become in tune with the immediate play, a heady feeling as long as it works that way, and a great expense if it doesn't. I recall an interval of craps years ago at the

lovely *al fresco* nightclub outside Havana, Sans Souci, where I dribbled away \$20 in small bets without taking in a cent. At that point I decided that the tune of Sans Souci's game was being played by someone's foot under the table: it was simply a matter of getting as quickly as possible whatever the stranger would risk, and no need to string him along meanwhile. I bowed out, perhaps \$20 earlier than the house had expected me to. On the contrary, the prettiest, biggest, and most spectacular roulette game I have ever seen was in a lovely establishment near Monterey, California, a black-tie affair, where I innocently asked what the size of the game might be. "Twenty-five-cent minimum," was

the answer, "and no maximum." In this game each player had his own color for his chips, and fixed their value privately with the bank. I recall a man playing with red chips — denomination unknown to me, but he did not look like a trifle — who had worked up a long string of credits on the bank's tally sheet. The climax of the evening came when a prosperous-looking punter, who had been vainly wooing number 8, said to his companion that he was getting bored, pushed out two tall remaining stacks to be played straight on number 8, as he told the banker, and was rewarded by number 8 itself, a tremendous coup. He accepted a drink and left.

with a formica trunk. Oh, they were expensive — they cost twice as much as real plants — but I figured they were worth it because they would last a lifetime.

My, they looked nice. They were just the right size to begin with, and they *stayed* the right size, too. I remember that all the poor neighbors used to get those tiny little plants you could hardly see and work over them until they grew. It seemed they were only the right size about five minutes, and then, boom, they were growing like weeds, and the poor souls had to spend all their time clipping them back.

After I got all my plants and trees in, I thought the place needed a little color, so I added some plastic flowers — carnations, azaleas, tulips — and I kept bouquets of them in the house just as if they'd been freshly cut from the garden. Finally, the only gardening problem I had was the lawn. All that sprinkling and fertilizing and weeding and mowing. So I decided why not? I marched out to a place where they made artificial grass in little squares like asphalt tile — you know, the kind they use for covering the cement floors of roof gardens and such — and I bought enough to cover the whole front and back yards.

After that our yard was a beautiful garden spot all year long, the envy of the neighbors, and we could just sit and relax. But still I felt something was missing. I guess I'd noticed the cute little pets the neighbors had, and we'd never had any because they take so much care, and just when you get attached to them, they run out in the street and get

I Remember Mama Nature

BY MARGARET BENNETT

MARGARET BENNETT is the pseudonym for two young librarians from Sherman Oaks, California.

Isn't it nice, George, the way we have everything fixed up around the house now? So convenient and easy to take care of . . . and, yes, *really* beautiful, not at all the way it used to be back when we were trying to fight nature.

Remember our first big problem, that planter just inside the front door? I'll bet I put a hundred different plants in there. The nurseryman kept saying, "I know *this* will live." And he'd send me home with a rubber plant or an aspidistra. But every time, no matter how carefully I'd water them and feed them and spray them, they'd start getting yellow around the edges and kind of droopy, and then, bang, no more plant. Oh, I tell you, I was disgusted. I actually got to the point where I almost hated those plants.

Then one day somebody suggested — I think it was Noreen — that maybe I should just give up and put in some of those artificial plants. At first I didn't want to do it. It didn't seem right somehow. I mean, like why have a planter at all if you're not going to have real, living things growing in it?

But then at the florist's one day I saw some polyethylene philodendrons, and I had to admit they looked real. You couldn't tell they

weren't unless you went up and felt them, and how many people do that? The only difference between them and real plants was that actually they looked *more* perfect. But you can't complain about having too much perfection. That would be like complaining about too much good health.

Anyway, I just loved that philodendron. Everybody would practically squeal when they came in the door and saw it. "Martha," they'd say, "however did you get it to grow like that? Why, it's just perfect." Well, for a while I'd just not let on it wasn't real. Then finally I'd break down and tell them. My, they were surprised. Most of them wanted to know where I'd bought it. I know they could hardly wait to go out and get some just like mine for themselves.

Well, that took care of the inside nicely but I still had the whole great outdoors to worry about. Then it dawned on me. If artificial plants worked so well inside, why not try them outside? And so I did. Gradually I planted the whole yard with artificial bushes and trees. (I like to call it planting, but I actually just stuck them in little holes filled with cement.) There were ferns, junipers, bamboo, and a huge weeping willow



killed. Then I got this wonderful idea. Artificial plants are perfect; why wouldn't artificial animals be perfect too? So I marched out and bought Rex, our staunch little iron watchdog, and Darleen, our plaster

of Paris duck, and all her little ducklings out there poking around in the artificial grass. (That reminds me. I *must* get them some imitation insects.)

And inside the house there's Doze, our velour kitten, curled up on the hearth by the gas log, and Pepi, our toy talking parakeet with a tape recorder and tiny speaker in his chest. I guess we got ourselves about the biggest and best bunch of pets in the neighborhood.

Really, George, I think we've finally found perfection in our home, and, yes, in our lives too. Remember

when we were first married and used to have all those arguments? Why, come to think of it, I haven't heard a harsh word from you in over a year now. I guess you must be as happy as I am with our ideal life, aren't you, George?

You don't have to answer, dear. I can tell you are by the way you're calmly sitting there in your easy chair, just like always, holding your pipe and smiling quietly. But look at your glasses, they're all dusty! Why, shame on me. I haven't dusted you all week. I'll run and get a cloth right now.

employment that would enable me to do the same in *millions* of living rooms. Right out of college, I went to work as a writer at *Time*, and I felt as giddy as a junkie with a passkey to McKesson & Robbins. I felt even better than that, because there were some real mainliners around to teach me the fine points, of which there are a very few.

The inexperienced or incompetent word-man gives himself away immediately by his over eagerness, by his failure, as it were, to make the punishment fit the crime. I remember one editor who in his middle forties stumbled upon the plays of William Shakespeare. The discovery excited him so much that the following week, in connection with an article about the disappearance of the then Brazilian president, Jânio Quadros, he composed a picture caption that read, "Wherefore art thou, Jânio?" He insisted on running this caption despite the gentle pleas of his staff and the overwhelming evidence of the dictionaries that "wherefore" means "why" and not "where," and that his caption, while erudite, was meaningless. A more seasoned word-man (or Shakespearean) would never have rushed into such a disaster. He would simply have waited until Henry Miller, say, came out with an encyclical upholding the literary validity of pornography. His caption, suitably indignant, would have read, "Wherefore art, thou Romeo?"

Patience, then, is the key to successful wordplay, but patience on a superhuman scale. One writer, whom I will call Jesse, spent several years commenting openly on the people-toed pigeons he observed in New York. He went away to Chicago for two years and commented on the people-toed pigeons in the Windy City. You will agree that this was a pun with a minimal professional future, but Jesse never gave up on it. Finally, on his return to New York, he was assigned an article about the disbanding of the U.S. Army Corps of Carrier Pigeons! Look out below! This, by the way, is the very same Jesse who waited uncomplainingly for nine years before the Mafia got around to squabbling about how to split the proceeds from the prostitution racket. Too many crooks may spoil the brothel for some people, but not for Jesse.

Other masters of the art, not

Please Hire the Handicapped

BY RICHARD BOETH

RICHARD BOETH, a former reporter for *TIME* and *TV critic* and a book reviewer for *NEWSWEEK*, is now a free-lance writer living in New London, New Hampshire.

Children first become aware of verbal comedy when they discover the pun (usually in the form of the riddle), and some of the more mal-adjusted among them keep at it well into their presidency of Random House. Others find niches as small-time embezzlers and semipro blocking backs, but maybe it is unfair to blame their lack of achievement on their taste in wit. Maybe they wouldn't have done much better if they never spoke at all.

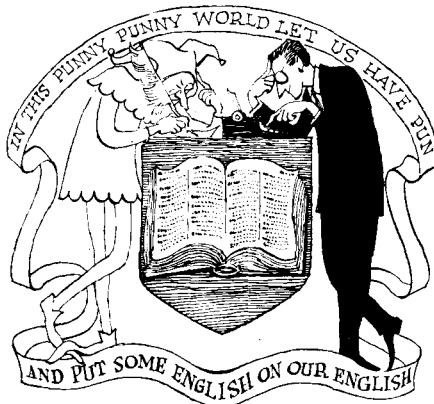
All the same, the wise parent will spot the danger signs early. It is true that spotting the danger signs early does him no earthly good, beyond proving to him that he is a wise parent, but his only alternative is to pretend he hasn't spotted them, and that's impossible. My mother, for one, didn't even try to pretend. I was about eight when I walked into the kitchen bearing a pun-filled magazine and an expression of imminent implosion. "Three brothers began a cattle ranch," I said, "and it was a big success, but they didn't have a name for it, and they sent a telegram to their daddy and asked him what they should name it, and their daddy sent back a telegram that said 'Name the ranch Focus.' You know why, Mummy?"

Mummy, an Ur-hipster, kept her cool.

"Because," I cried, "Focus is where the sons raise meat. You get

it mummy? — where the sun's rays . . ."

My mother missed the full explanation, and the explosion of merriment that followed, because she was already out the kitchen door and halfway to her writing table. There she fired off a memorable blast to the editors, excoriating the magazine for "putting this filth in the hands of innocent children,"



and canceling her subscription. By "this filth," my mother meant any pun, no matter how decorous, but the editors could hardly have guessed that.

From that time on I was hooked as pathetically as those people the picture magazines are always doing photo essays about. It wasn't bad enough that I lived to bring conversation to an agonized halt in hundreds of living rooms; I also found

equipped with a memory as relentless as Jesse's, rely on mnemonic devices, or crib sheets, to preserve their jests for the moment of need. The technique is perfectly honorable, since most of us receive our mightiest inspirations while waiting for a bus or listening to Bruckner (I get mine while shaving). At such times there is rarely a typewriter at hand, much less an appropriate article. Still, it came as a surprise one summer when I was sitting in for the movie critic, a word-man of international renown, to find in his desk drawer a pile of little paper slips, each bearing a disembodied pun. (I swear I wasn't trying to steal his material; I was looking for whiskey.) "There's a fjord in his future," said one slip, and "a hair of the Doge that bit him," said another. Over the next few years, the first turned up in his

review of a movie about Vikings, the second as a description of revenge among the Medicis.

I am beginning to suspect, indeed, that there may be such a thing as too much patience. For years I have had a little nifty prepared for the newborn child of a ruling monarch. When Queen Elizabeth gave birth to her latest, I offered my gift to a colleague at *Newsweek*; he turned it down, and I went so far as to phone my old instructors at *Time*. Too late, they said. Now I have no colleagues, and time is running out. I can't count on Elizabeth for many more opportunities, after all, and the only other royal birth possibilities seem to be in Holland and Greece. I'm just not convinced that those thrones are important enough. Ah, well, into every reign a little life must fall.

The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

When a man falls in love, he wants to go to bed. When a woman falls in love, she wants to talk about it.

Lovers' quarrels end in kisses, each a little less innocent than the one before.

If you hate your lot but would not trade it, it is not your lot you hate.

If you charge it, all children and most women will think it doesn't cost anything.

For the neurotic — anywhere he hangs himself is home.

If your husband expects you to laugh, do so; if he expects you to cry, don't; if you don't know what he expects, what are you doing married?

Minor vices lead to major ones, but minor virtues stay put.

If there's one celebrity at the party, he'll spend the whole time with his clique; if there are two, they'll spend the whole time with each other.

Those without money often say they would do anything for it, when they only mean they would do anything pleasant and convenient. That's why the rich flourish.

A first-rate marriage is like a first-rate hotel: expensive, but worth it.

"If I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times." That is every woman's autobiography.

I dare to drink the water where there is reason to doubt, yet cannot make the same concession to God.

Never let your children be greater snobs than you are.

When two neurotics marry, there is no one to listen.

Youth is not enough. And love is not enough. And success is not enough. And, if we could achieve it, enough would not be enough.

Ballade des Professeurs du Temps Jadis:

(or, as long as you're up, get me a grant!)

BY AMY LOWENSTEIN

Ubi sunt the great professors
For whom I scrimped my nickels and dimes?
Those literary effervescers
Like Snopes on "Chaucer's Life and Times"?
Where's March on "English Mummers and Mimes"?
Or Schwartz on "Thomas: Wolfe and Mann"?
They're gone on Fulbrights and Guggenheims —
Où sont les professeurs d'antan?

Ubi sunt those smooth caressers
Of Wyatt's rhythms, Spenser's rhymes?
Where are the raging intercessors
For Genius and her minor crimes?
Who'll shed new light on Dickens's *Chimes*?
Or Yeats's debt to the *Voyage of Bran*?
None! they're gone on Fulbrights and Guggenheims —
Où sont les professeurs d'antan?

And *ubi sunt* those donnish dressers,
The young instructors, green as limes,
Who spoke as if gagged with tongue depressors,
Yet trilled the word that foreign climes
Would nourish their work on "Peter Grimes,"
Or "Peter Bell," or "Peter Pan"?
Eheu! Gone on Fulbrights and Guggenheims —
Où sont les professeurs d'antan?

Envoi

Et tu? Who me? I confess that I'm set to scuttle Soul for the Bodleian,
To be gone with the Fulbrights and Guggenheims
Où sont les professeurs d'antan!

pleasures and places



THE VALE OF KASHMIR WON'T BE UNDERSOLD

BY ROCHELLE GIRSON

To hear some impressionable types go on, you'd think all that Kashmir had to offer was paradise: beneath the misty Himalayas lagoons carpeted with fluted aquatic shrubs and voluptuous lotus blossoms, a vale where, reclining like an odalisque on "full-spring" harem cushions, a lady can relax on shikaras paddled by grizzled gondoliers with pale-blue eyes who chant, in wry echo of by-gone GI's, "Whiskey! Soda! Cigarettes! Pop!" You'd think the big deal in Kashmir was the fish and wild game, the golf course at Gulmarg, the hikes from Pahalgam to the glaciers, the six-to-ten-dollar-a-day deluxe houseboats at Srinagar.

"Serene-a-gar," they pronounce it, and serenity I expected as I crossed Dal Lake to the private marsh where the H.B. *Cutty Sark* was moored. A houseboat "special class" with black-bordered white awnings, it has an upper-deck terrace, a dining room, parlor, and two bedrooms, each with a bathroom featuring "modern sanitary fittings" (and when you get the hang of just how to yank the chain, they work fine). The beefy arms of its settee and chairs recall the late thirties — ultra-modern Kashmiri Grand Rapids.

It has turquoise lace curtains, red Oriental carpets, and plenty of brass bric-a-brac and Air France ashtrays to make it real homey.

As I stepped gingerly from the unsteady water taxi onto the *Cutty Sark's* veranda, for I am no athlete, Gulam Rasool, "Barber, Ladies and Gents Hair Dresser and Massager," parked his shikara parallel with mine. "Salaam, memsahib!" he greeted me heartily. "You need a haircut? A shampoo?"

"No. No, thank you," I said, trying to visualize my head.

"Please, I give you fine massage. Very good for the nerves."

"I can give you massage," interposed my manservant, Abdul.

"That's swell," I said, "but what's for lunch?" Abdul consulted the cook in the tiny kitchen boat to the rear.

"Lamb cutlets," he reported.

"Well," I said, "all right for now, but let's have Kashmiri food in the future." I'm keen for culinary adventure.

"May I come in?" inquired a swarthy gentleman in a dark business suit and brown caracul hat, coming in. "You are interesting in a cashmere coat?" he asked, handing

me a card reading "Dead-end Tailors and Cloth Merchants."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I already have one."

"Please, you would like a nice suit? I make for you very cheap."

"Say," I asked, "can you run me up a Punjabi?" For two years now I have been dying for a Punjabi, the balloon-trousered costume with thigh-length tunic and gauzy stole worn by Pakistani and neighboring Indian women.

"Yes, yes," he said — I thought a bit impatiently. "I will make for you the Punjabi. This afternoon I will bring you swatches."

"Come this evening," I suggested. "This afternoon I am going to see the Shalimar!"

We were gliding by the floating gardens on the *A-One Enterprise*, my very own shikara, when Abdullah the capmaker (not to be confused with Abdul the houseboy and camera bearer) came abreast in his boat. "Salaam. Memsahib, you like to buy beautiful Kashmiri hats?" Well, ever since I took up elementary anthropology, I've been intense about native artifacts and adornments, especially those that might enhance my apartment and wardrobe, so I said, sure, I'll look at them. Opening a large, dingy cloth bundle, Abdullah, who was wearing one of his own beanies, pulled out a kaleidoscopic array of Juliet caps intricately embroidered with gold and silver thread, paillettes, pearls, and bright beads. I popped a couple onto my head, but they were for women with a larger cephalic index. "Please, tonight I bring you better ones," he said.

Just then Osmana & Son, the gunmakers, drew up to my left. "Good afternoon, madam. You like to buy knives? A nice dagger?"

"No, thank you," I said, "I hardly ever need one."

"Please, a sword stick? A shooting stick?"

"No."

"A catapult?"

"No. No, thank you."

"Madam, you are interesting perhaps to buy a nutcracker?"

Abdul shooed away the munitions dynasty, and for a few minutes all was silence save for the sucking of the oars in silt. In some of the channels the vegetation is so lush you feel as if you were rowing in a thick minestrone. We passed embankments where Kashmiri peasants stood calf-deep in the tortoise-shell

water, slapping the week's wash vigorously against the rocks, while brown naked children splashing alongside them screamed at me across the lake, "Meem-meem, salaam!" — the local equivalent for "Hello, Dolly!" — to which the correct response is a salute. From time to time a drab river woman, crouched like a frog on the prow of her unpainted punt, would pole rapidly toward us, her head averted from the evil spirit in my single-lens reflex.

The brief tranquillity was rent by the appearance of A. R. Chakru, "excellent art manufacturer in wood carving and plain furniture," who held up a black and silver Tibetan rice bowl — and was about to display other Asian vessels from the recesses of his shikara when I stalled him. "Later, later," I pleaded.

"You are kindly invited to come to my showroom in Srinagar," he said. "I will send my shikara for you tonight." I nodded absentmindedly. First of all, the Shalimar.

Ignorantly, I had always taken it for granted that the Shalimar was some sort of limpid pool, though why it should seem better grammar to be loving pale hands beside a pond, which it isn't, than a large formal garden, which it is, I don't know. Anyway, Emperor Jahangir, that sentimental Mogul, designed this "Abode of Love" for his inamorata, Nur Jahan, some four hundred years ago. They say that until the couple could get their union legalized (she was a commoner) Nur used to brew and peddle Shalimar perfume, though probably not for Guerlain. However, this may be purely gossip.

The Shalimar was parched and seedy, its principal attraction the mosaic tree of life motif on its marble columns. The chinar leaves inlaid there are ubiquitous in Kashmiri folk art, as indeed are those bulbuls, who, for my part, can have the Shalimar.

On our return to the *A-One Enterprise* we passed a languid young Sikh sitting under a tree — it may have been a chinar for all that I, a nonbotanist, know — embroidering a doily. Thirty to forty thousand Kashmiris, I'm told, are engaged in fancy needlework; most, if not all of them, are men.

As we approached the stoop of the *Cutty Sark* a white-turbaned caliph from an old Persian miniature greeted me from the shadows of his

shikara with a soft-voiced "Salaam." "I am Butterfly," he announced, like one of the Magi bearing gifts. "Butterfly has the most beautiful shawls in all of Kashmir. You will not find their like anywhere." Butterfly, by appointment to H.E. the Marchioness of Lady Linlithgow, H.E. Sir Regionald Dorman-Smith, Governor of Burma, not to say H.E. General Sir Claude Auchinleck, the C in C in India, stretched out a truly lovely cashmere stole with a crocheted pattern.

"Butterfly, it's heavenly, but I have just arrived, and I want to shop around — to see," I said pointedly, "where I can get the best prices."

"I have embroidered shifts," he said. "You like baby doll pajamas? Tea cosies . . . ?"

Out of the dusk materialized the Dead-end Tailor. He stepped down into the parlor, took off his shoes, and sitting cross-legged on the floor with his hat on, opened a square, cloth-wrapped parcel full of the softest, most subtly hued wool. A powder blue caught my eye. Powder blue always catches my eye. "What would you charge for a coat in this?" I toyed, caressing its ribs. "For you, madam, only fifty dollars."

"It would be crazy. I haven't anything to wear it with."

"I will make you a matching skirt. Altogether, sixty-five dollars."

Having just entered the portals, Mr. Aziz, who with his brother, Mr.



Sultan, owns a flock of these houseboats, remarked that I might as well get a jacket, too, and told the couturier to throw one in for another ten bucks. "I can't afford it," I protested. "I just ordered two suits in Hong Kong."

"Madam, I beg you, do not lose this opportunity!"

I could see he was getting emotional. "Can you," I asked, suddenly

recalling a page that I'd ripped out of Pan Am's copy of *Vogue*, "duplicate a coat by Balenciaga?"

"Madam, it is simple," he said, reaching for the tape measure.

"But where," I hedged, "is the Punjabi material?"

"Please, I bring that tomorrow." Clearly, Punjabis didn't much interest the Dead-end Tailor.

"Memsahib," came Butterfly's thin, patient voice, "now may I show you my shawls? I have been waiting for you for two hours."

"Tomorrow, Butterfly. I am tired and hungry."

With his frail gentility Butterfly tugged at my heartstrings, but Deen, his stocky competitor next in the queue, unknotted my purse strings. "I am a *poor* man," he told me, his eyes bloodshot with sincerity as he ribboned the carpet with shawls. "I do all of my own embroidery. Deen will give you the best prices."

"Like how much for this stole?" I inquired. Deen suggested the going rate. "No, no, too much. I am a poor woman."

"Make me an offer," he challenged, so I sportingly halved his quotation. "Madam," he cried, "it is impossible!" I shrugged; others were courting my commerce. However, to still his sighs I said I'd take four. So, tearfully, Deen agreed to the bargain.

If I had forgotten our tryst, the milliner hadn't. In the dim light I tried on two dozen caps, selected a red one and a gray, and ordered four more at three dollars each, which he said it would take his aged father three days to embroider from an old family design. Mr. Aziz exchanged glances with Abdul. "You will pay him ten dollars for the six," asserted my solicitous landlord. They are getting six dollars apiece for the identical chapeaux in New Delhi.

A half hour later the twenty-five-dollar-a-month cook capped a ground lamb *gushtaba* with a gossamer soufflé, after which in the front room Abdul served anise coffee. Palming a jawbreaker yawn, I asked Mr. Aziz what one did about bolting the doors for the night. "Oh," he said, "it is not necessary to lock the doors. Abdul will sleep here." I glanced at Abdul with misgivings. Razor burn is rare in Kashmir.

The next morning was gloriously sunny, and I was reflecting that we needed fresh flowers when the florist appeared under my pantry window.

"They're beautiful," he proclaimed, holding aloft a large mixed bouquet.

"They're bea-u-tiful," piped in his small, ferret-faced grandson. "They're mag-ni-ficent. They're stu-pen-dous."

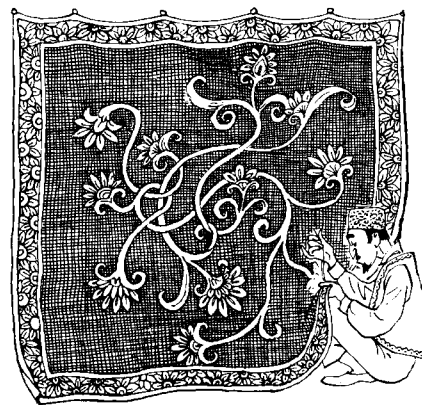
I handed a bunch to the sleepy-eyed Abdul as the floating drug-store took over. "Madam, you wish to buy cigarettes? Shampoo? Chocolate bars?" I noted in his showcase Surf, Halo, Colgate toothpaste, and Delsey double-ply tissue. The last—he responded to a not entirely idle question—costs four rupees a roll, or about eighty-four cents, if you don't play around with the black market.

Hot on his stern was the postcard merchant, which was sheer telepathy, for I woke with an urge to communicate with my cronies. Not such a sensitive was the furrier, who simultaneously appeared at the threshold waving a string of chin-chillas. "Those," I said, "are above my station," and sat down to some cornflakes.

I was just hazarding an after-breakfast smoke when M. A. Ramzana, showing up with the gems,

piled at my feet sparkling rubies, emeralds, topazes, and garnets, along with some rather dull jade. Just like Tiffany's. While I was wondering whether I'd be committed for buying those amethyst earrings (I calculated that the settings alone would cost me more in New York) Mr. Aziz arrived to squire me on a tour of the town. Our first stop was the Indo-Kashmir Carpet Factory. Employed there were dozens of families, with each working on individual rugs and paid as a unit. The youngest members, who were squatting, knees to chin, in front of the huge looms, were only six or seven years of age. To tie knots with the speed of hummingbirds' wings, fingers have to be trained early; what baffles me is how anyone learns to translate into patterns the arithmetic code above them. Although for years I have ascetically insisted I *like* bare, polished floors, a brief fondling of carpets that looked like silk, carpets that were silk and so pliable they could be draped like a toga, left me lusting for even a four-by-six Shalimar runner. The item that really

undid me was the crewel-embroidered draperies (tree of life pattern) for one fifth the tag in the States. All I can say is that expensive window dressing better make me feel



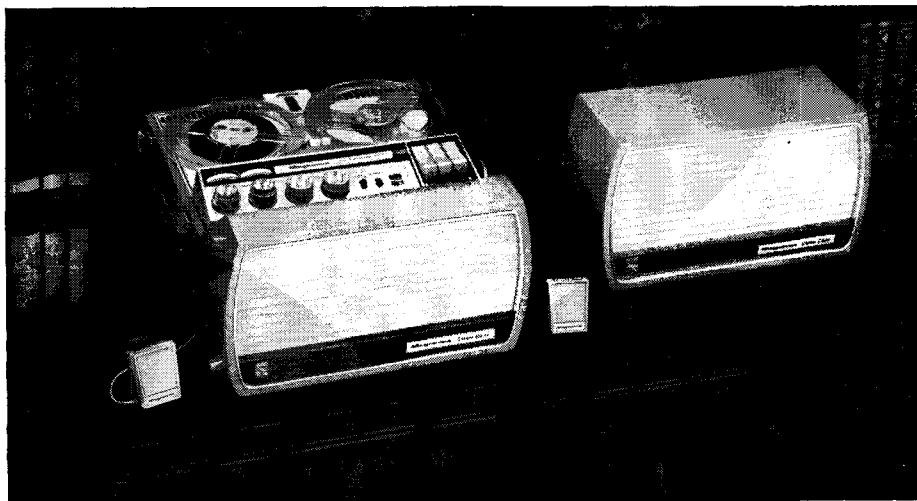
secure—once I have covered the personal check they pressed me to give them.

Utterly spent, I was stuffed by Mr. Aziz into a horse-drawn tonga for the short trot to Sunshine Alley, an establishment whose specialty is "paper machie." The proprietor lacked Deen's nice sense of trade, but his lamp bases and boxes were so refined I quite forgot those that Cheap John had been pushing in the morning, and laid in an ample supply. Then, for diversion, we had a look in the basement at a mound of antique rugs, priceless carpets from Tibet, Bukhara, Shiraz, Kerman, and Meshed, going for a song that was out of my range.

As I sipped the comforting tea that the oarsmen had made on a charcoal brazier in the rear of my shikara, I observed that many of the houseboats we passed on our return to the *Cutty Sark* were far from deluxe—hovels with doors four feet high. Through them women wearing flamboyant bandannas, their bared ears circled with heavily fringed silver crescents, crawled onto tiny porches.

Poor Butterfly was on mine when we landed. "You mean you will not buy anything from Butterfly?" he asked, his long fingers nervously plucking a threaded needle from his turban. "Butterfly has embroidered linen dresses for little girls. You will not find their like anywhere." Warily, I ordered one for each of my nieces.

Gulam Rasool was making his last rounds. "Memsahib," he called out as I was opening the door, "you are interesting in a massage?"



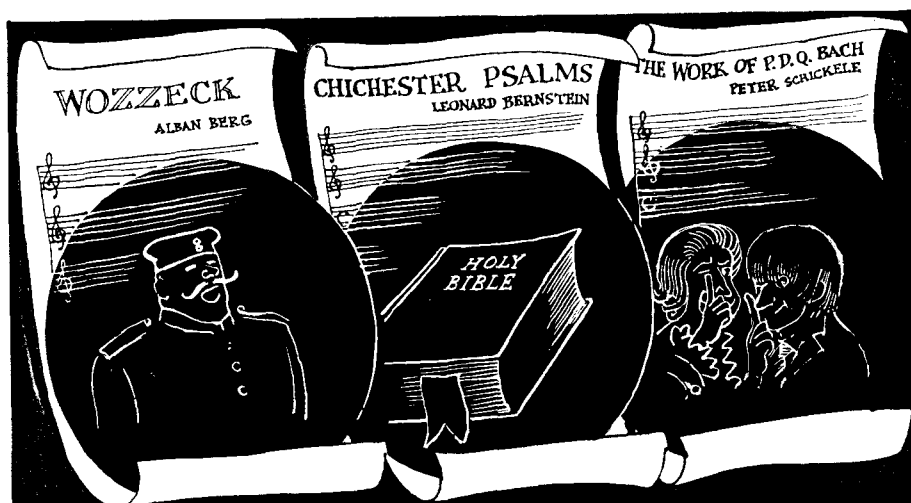
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Berg, Bernstein, Britten, Bach, and the Beatles

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Edgard Varèse, the adventurous composer who died last October at the age of seventy-nine, once remarked that there was no such thing as a musical avant-garde. "The composer is never ahead of his time," he said. "It is the audience which is behind."

A case in point might be that of Alban Berg and his opera *Wozzeck*. That Berg's *Wozzeck* is a masterpiece of modern opera is a tenet held almost universally among musicians. But it took twenty years after its premiere in 1925 to establish itself firmly on the world's operatic stages, and even today more productions of it are born of artistic conscience than of commercial optimism. Its brief history at the Metropolitan Opera is instructive: it had to wait thirty-four years for its first production there in 1959; since then it has had fleeting revivals in 1961 and 1965, but cannot yet be considered part of the permanent repertory.

Similarly, *Wozzeck* has been a late bloomer on records. Only one complete recording of it has been previously made, and that, by the late Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic, has long been outdated in sound. Now Deutsche Grammophon has produced a brilliant new one, which sets forth Berg's

masterpiece in all its garish strangeness (DGG-138991/92, stereo; 18991/92, monaural: two records).

Wozzeck's modernity is more than a matter of music alone. The drama upon which it is based seems startlingly contemporaneous, although it was written nearly 150 years ago by Georg Büchner, the German poet and playwright who lived a feverishly short life and died in 1837. In the character of *Wozzeck*, Büchner invented one of the first anti-heroes in literature, a lumpish soldier whose fate it is to be ridiculed, demeaned, and finally, crushed by the world around him. The symbolism of *Wozzeck* must have seemed particularly apt in the Berlin of 1925, and it has not altogether lost its point in our own day.

Berg's musical setting, like the play itself, is stark, somber, and intense. His acerbities and atonalities led to an uproar in the 1920s; but Berg moved within recognizable musical forms, and his use of the famous *Sprechgesang*, a vocal recitative halfway between speech and song, was ideally suited to express both the bewilderment of *Wozzeck* and the madness of his tormentors.

DGG's new recording of *Wozzeck* sets forth this compelling opera with all its harshness, but with a leavening

of humanity. It is particularly successful in its creation of the weird, hallucinatory characters who drive *Wozzeck* first to murder and then to suicide. The Captain, who symbolizes corrupt authority, the Doctor, who represents unfeeling science, the Drum Major, who embodies brutish sexuality, all stand forth with the vividness of figures in a nightmare. In many instances effects are achieved with a sharpness that is often lost in a stage production, as in the snoring of a barracksful of soldiers, or the strident playing of a beer garden band. And the grim conclusion of *Wozzeck*, with a child gaily riding his hobbyhorse off to view his murdered mother's body, chirping "hop, hop!" as he goes, comes through with emotional intensity as well as dramatic irony.

Wozzeck is conducted by Karl Böhm, one of the foremost authorities on the score (he also directed the Metropolitan Opera performances). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is *Wozzeck*; Evelyn Lear is his faithless girlfriend, Marie; Fritz Wunderlich his army pal, Andres; Gerhard Stolze the Captain; Karl Christian Kohn the Doctor; and Helmut Melchert the Drum Major. The chorus and orchestra are from the German Opera of Berlin, which has long had *Wozzeck* in its repertory. The German text is included, along with translations into English and French, and the explanatory material is unusually ample. The avant-garde may have accepted *Wozzeck* a long time ago; but this is a recording which gives the *derrière-garde* a chance to catch up.

Leonard Bernstein's newest venture into choral writing, *Chichester Psalms*, was commissioned last summer for a music festival in the Cathedral of Chichester, Suffolk, England. Bernstein wrote an eighteen-minute-long work, sung in Hebrew, based upon the full texts of two Psalms (the Twenty-third and the 131st) and portions of four others. He has recorded it with the New York Philharmonic and the Camerata Singers. With it is coupled his 1946 ballet score *Facsimile* (Columbia MS-6792, stereo; ML-6192, monaural).

The *Chichester Psalms* is the work of a skilled and urbane composer who is a master of orchestral writing, not to mention orchestral conducting. But it also is the work of a composer who has written successfully for the

Broadway musical theater. It is a little startling to hear the Psalms treated as if they were part of *West Side Story*; the tunes are different, but the same sense of easy melodiousness is there. In the setting of the Twenty-third Psalm Bernstein does find music that touches the spirit of the words: a lovely, folksong-like melody, with just a tinge of the blues, over a liquid, floating accompaniment. It is sung by a boy soprano and lingers hauntingly in the mind. Had the rest of the *Chichester Psalms* been equally artless and untheatrical this might have been a memorable work indeed.

Benjamin Britten's *Cantata Misericordium* is, by contrast, a subdued and subtle composition. It was written in 1963 to commemorate the centenary of the International Red Cross, and has now been recorded by Peter Pears, tenor, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Britten himself conducting. On the reverse is Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*, written in 1940 (London OS-25937, stereo; 5937, monaural).

Appropriately to its occasion, the *Cantata Misericordium* is a dramatization of the parable of the Good Samaritan. A baritone and tenor, singing in Latin, enact the story of a traveler on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho who is set upon by robbers and given succor by a lowly Samaritan after several more substantial citizens have hurried by, ignoring his plight. The chorus sets the mood with the opening words, "*Beati misericordes*" ("Blessed are the merciful"), describes the action, and draws the moral. Sometimes the chorus and solo voices reinforce one another; at other times they overlap; at still others they go their separate ways. But the texture and mood remain at once musically consistent and dramatically apt.

The *Cantata Misericordium* runs only about a minute longer than the *Chichester Psalms*, but seems far more substantial in content and richer in meaning. In fact, it is astonishing how much Britten has packed into this succinct but exquisitely wrought work, and how deeply he has touched it with compassion and beauty.

Musical wit being so rare a commodity, it is a pleasure to welcome P. D. Q. Bach to the record catalogue. P. D. Q. Bach, hitherto unknown to history, is the personal dis-

covery of a musician named Peter Schickele, who has given several concerts devoted to his life and works. One of these, at Town Hall, New York, last April, was recorded on the spot, enabling the world at large to make the acquaintance of P. D. Q., who was, as Mr. Schickele points out in the solemn lecture that accompanies the music, the last and also the oddest of the twenty-odd sons of J. S. Bach.

Mr. Schickele's spoof is not limited to his spoken commentary. It is also carried out in his musical program, especially two numbers by P. D. Q. Bach, the Concerto for Horn and Hardart (S. 27), and the cantata *Iphigenia in Brooklyn* (S. 53162), both of which are performed with aplomb by a chamber orchestra led by Jorge Mester, with Ralph Froelich, French horn, Leonid Hambro, harpsichord, and John Ferrante, countertenor (Vanguard VSD-79195, stereo; VRS-9195, monaural). Musical satire of this sort can easily become crude and witless, but Mr. Schickele evades the pitfalls magnificently. His "hardart" is an actual instrument contrived for the occasion, a collection of gongs, bells, buzzers, and whistles that blend in neatly with the score he has devised. But it is the music of the "concerto" itself that provides much of the hilarity, being a concatenation of offbeat rhythms, incorrect keys, aimlessly reiterated tunes, and sour notes, somewhat in the manner of Mozart's *Musical Joke* Sextet.

Iphigenia in Brooklyn is even funnier, if slightly more obvious. Both the musical and literary elements of the cantata style are parodied with a flourish, with harpsichordist Hambro playing never-ending cadences, and countertenor Ferrante plowing his way through a madcap vocal part. The climax comes in a recitative, "Oh ye gods, who knows what it is to be running? Only he who is running knows," which leads directly into an aria made up of the repeated words "running knows." As if to demonstrate his versatility, Mr. Schickele's program also includes a quodlibet of his own composition, consisting entirely of themes stolen from other composers. It starts with the first measure of Mozart's *Haffner* Symphony, which leads, incredibly but somehow logically, into the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, then on to "Tea for Two" and possibilities even more remote. It's all

very clever and competent, and easily passes the prime test of wit, musical or otherwise — it makes you laugh.

Much the same can be said for another record, which bears the startling title *The Baroque Beatles Book* and consists of music performed by the Baroque Ensemble of the Merseyside Kammermusikgesellschaft, Joshua Rifkin, conductor (Elektra EKS-7306, stereo; EKL-306, monaural). It is Mr. Rifkin who is responsible for these works; what he has done is to take various melodies made famous by the Beatles, rewrite them in a baroque style, and perform them with a first-rate orchestra, along with Harold Brienens, tenor, and the Canby Singers. Thus one hears such tunes as "I Want To Hold Your Hand" given fugal treatment in a piece called *The Royale Beatleworks Musicke*, and "Help!" turned into an aria from the *Cantata* for the Third Saturday after Shea Stadium.

In a way, this record is almost a victim of its own subtlety and adroitness, for the Beatles' melodies have been so neatly arranged and disguised by Mr. Rifkin that at times one is conscious of listening only to some rather good, if unfamiliar, music in the style of Bach. For the fullest appreciation of the delights of this collection, one must have a thorough knowledge of such Beatles songs as "Ticket to Ride," "Hold Me Tight," and "I'll Cry Instead." Perhaps this is the best reason that has yet been adduced for a closer study of their repertoire.

Record Reviews

Choral Songs of the Romantic Era

Camerata Vocale of Bremen directed by Klaus Blum, and *University of Leipzig Chorus* directed by Friedrich Rabenschlag; *Nonesuch H-71081* (stereo) and *H-1081* Once upon a time family groups used to gather around the piano to sing songs like these by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, and Karl Loewe — most of them celebrating the wonders of nature or the bittersweet pangs of love. It is a style of do-it-yourself entertainment that seems highly unlikely to make a comeback, but these performances furnish a comfortably homelike atmosphere. The German words and English translations are printed on the jacket, providing the opportunity

for a little sing-along experimentation, nineteenth-century style.

Stravinsky: Orpheus; Apollo

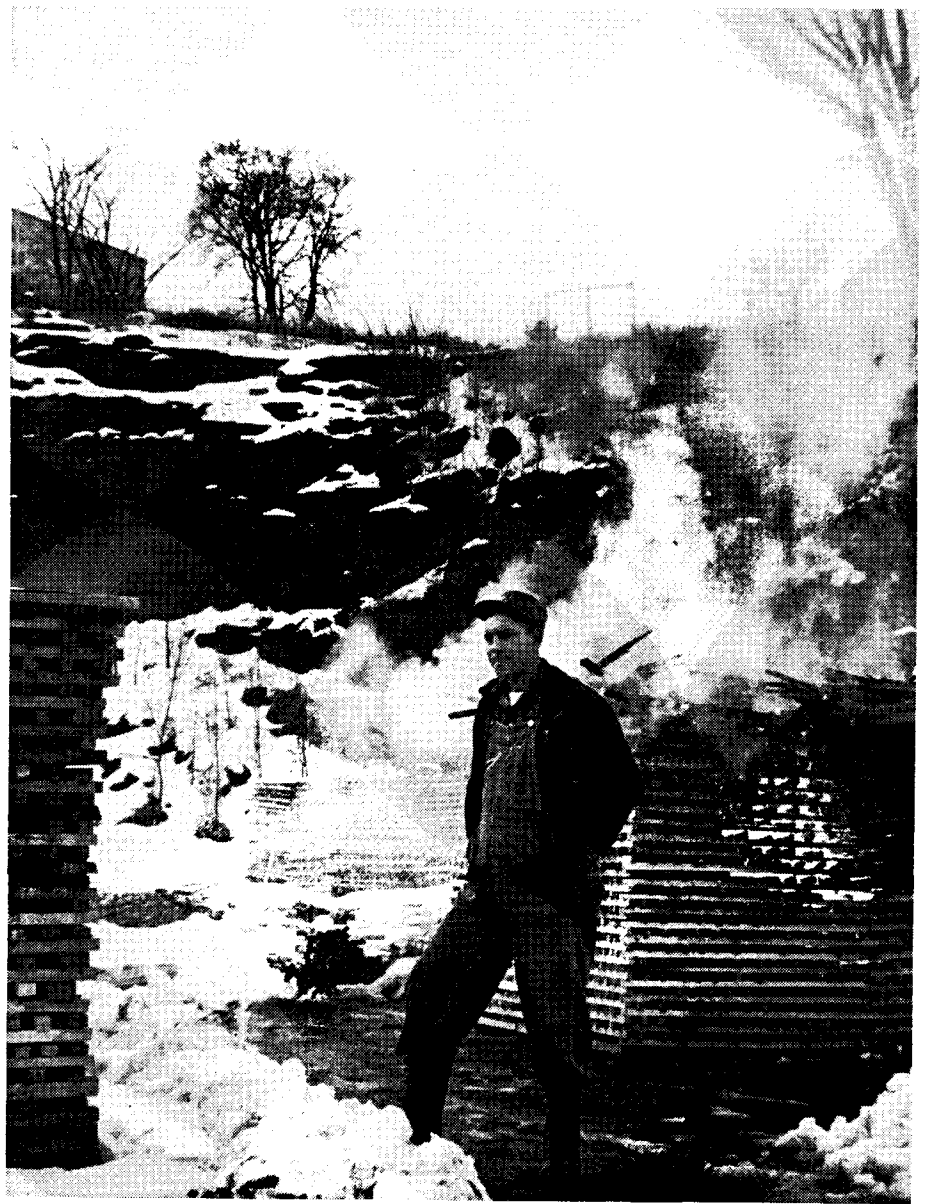
Igor Stravinsky conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6646 (stereo) and ML-6046

These two ballet scores, both on Greek themes, represent Stravinsky's homage to antiquity. Though they differ in their instrumentation and concept, each brings color and life to its subject. *Orpheus*, one of Stravinsky's most underplayed but rewarding scores, is lean and spare in its writing but broadly spacious in its effect. Through this subdued but eloquent work there float elusive strands of almost Debussyan melody. Despite the classic restraint of the music, the figures of Orpheus and Eurydice are given flesh and infused with feeling. *Apollo* has long been known as *Apollon Musagète*, but Stravinsky says he prefers the simpler title. Here the scoring is for strings alone, but these are more than adequate to provide a widely expressive range of color and emotion in a rather abstract ballet. Stravinsky conducts both compositions himself, making two more entries in what undoubtedly is the most comprehensive project ever undertaken by a composer recording his own works.

That Was the Year That Was

Tom Lehrer, singer and pianist; Reprise S-6179 (stereo) and 6179

Most of these sharp-edged satirical songs by Tom Lehrer stem from the lately departed *That Was the Week That Was* television program. But their rhymes, their catchy rhythms, and most of all, their deadly aim still give the songs pertinence and immediacy. Few current national and international enthusiasms escape Lehrer gibes: he takes on National Brotherhood Week, the Ecumenical Council, the Multilateral Force, and Wernher von Braun. ("Once the rockets go up, who cares where they come down? That's not my department, says Wernher von Braun.") One of the most heartfelt and hilarious of the songs deals with the intricacies of the New Math, which may be no surprise since Lehrer has been a Harvard and MIT mathematician on the side. He also is no mean musician, accompanying himself with a bouncy piano that never misses a beat.



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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

LIKE most boys growing up in a small town, I had my dogs and grieved when they were gone. One of the two who meant the most to me was Mr. Dooley, an immaculate bull terrier who accompanied me on my daily walk to Miss Jones's school and came for me punctually at noon (his time clock made him paw the door if Mother was preoccupied), crossing the seven blocks which had less death-dealing traffic in 1906. Mr. Dooley died from swallowing a chicken bone; the vet gave up and drugged him to sleep, and I was inconsolable. Later when Father brought home a French bulldog, black coat with white chest, named Sport, I had my second ally: he slept on my bed, shared my penny candy and punishments, and came out in spots when I had chicken pox. From these two, more than from any elder, I first learned about death.

For centuries the animal was a brute of a lower order, which may explain why the animal story as literature, as a sympathetic portrayal of the animal itself, did not emerge until late in the nineteenth century. Whatever the cause, we are now more tender toward them, as we are certainly more closely observant of them, than were our ancestors. Were we prompted to write only when we had ceased to treat them as slaves? In early times animals were used as in Aesop's Fables, to drive home moral principles, or as symbols of evil, like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood" or the toad in fairy tales into whose ugliness the prince had been transformed as a punishment.

The ban was first broken with fantasy. Joel Chandler Harris' Brer Rabbit is a sly, endearing scamp, dressed in fur and with an answer for any predicament. In *The Wind in the Willows*, Kenneth Grahame's creatures appeal to me as literary types: Mole, the dubious hard worker; Water Rat, the flashy dilettante; Badger, an old pro, like Edmund Wilson; and Mr. Toad, the bumbling would-be patron. (The lovely thing about *Wind*

is that you can shift it to any social milieu and it works.) For the purpose of identification, Rudyard Kipling has a real boy as his center attraction in the *Jungle* books, but Mowgli is surrounded by companions whose behavior and forbearance are of the human not the animal kingdom: Baloo is a nice sensible schoolmaster, Bagheera might be a retired admiral, the wolves are honest, sober citizens, Shere Khan, the tiger, is Al Capone, and (Kipling being gifted with prophecy) the *Bandar-log* are monkeys who have strolled right in off Madison Avenue. In *Stuart Little* by E. B. White, the most imaginative fantasy of our time, no one questions that Stuart is a member of the family nor that he has the frailty of a mouse, but in his feats of heroism, such as the yacht race in Central Park, he behaves like the tiniest of the Lilliputians, not like a rodent, and when he drives out of the story in his little car, he leaves a void young readers are slow to forget.

Black Beauty (1877), the only book ever written by Anna Sewell, an English cripple, is the work of one who knew and loved horses, and the humanitarianism in it has kept it alive as a classic in five languages. *Black Beauty*, a thoroughbred who comes down in the world, tells his own story, an anthropomorphic device we would not find acceptable today, but his fear when the stable burns and the punishment he takes as a dray horse are so real they touch the heart. *Bob, Son of Battle* (1898), for all its rugged Scotch dialect, survived because Alfred Ollivant knew the hazards which the boldest sheep dog must run and the love which passed between a collie and his owner.

Animals live dangerously, always under the threat of death, and this was the truth told and retold by one of the best animal writers of our country, Ernest Thompson Seton: see how magnificently he describes the West in his story of the defiant wolf Lobo. On his return from Flanders, a young infantry officer, Henry Williamson, took

refuge in a hermit's hut deep in the Devon moors, where month after month he studied the badger, the deer, the otter, and the hawk; his best two books, *The Old Stag* and *Tarka the Otter*, are objective, authentic, and remorseless. This was the new trail. The deer in *The Yearling*, the raccoon in *Rascal*, the otters in *Ring of Bright Water* touch our heartstrings because they live and we dread their destruction. Even the homing instinct, that mysterious guidance of birds on migration or of dogs finding their way home across strange country, has been celebrated, by a Canadian, Sheila Burnford, in *The Incredible Journey*. It is natural that with all life in jeopardy and our wilderness shrinking we should care more about our animals.

THE ODDS AGAINST THE EAGLE

The best animal book of the year past and one which is unimpeachably American is **THE GOLDEN EAGLE** (Dutton, \$3.95) by **ROBERT MURPHY**. Mr. Murphy is a redheaded ornithologist who picked up his lore on solitary expeditions as an amateur during the many years in which he wrote and edited for the *Saturday Evening Post*. His struggle, like that of any writer, was to free himself for full-time devotion to his field, and one hopes that with the earnings of his earlier book, *The Pond*, which won the Dutton Animal Book Award for 1965, and with the many reprintings of *The Golden Eagle*, he is at last in the clear.

His protagonist is a female eagle whom for the sake of convenience he calls Kira, and the story spans her short life from the nest on the rocky cliff in Colorado, where she first learned to test her wings and to fear man, to that fateful snowstorm, when she stooped to feed from the old ewe which a rancher had killed and poisoned for coyote bait. The glory of the book is the glory of the high world which we mortals catch glimpses of from our plane window, but which Kira with her stronger sight could mark with infallible accuracy as she rode the wind currents. Much of Kira's life when hunting or roosting is above the tree line, and the author's description of the mountaintops, the high tundra, and the remote canyons in which the great bird takes refuge in the storms is magnificent.

Mr. Murphy is a first-rate ornithologist, and his accounts of how the lesser fowl behave in the presence of the overshadowing Kira — the angry challenge of the tiny hummingbird, the respectful glare of the hawk, the tumbling escape of the raven — are as amusing as they are true. In one fine passage Kira flows against the migration, loitering along the Sangre de Cristos, moving northward through the early autumn to the Arkansas River as the other birds are moving

south. He tells us of her instinctive fear of men, reviving the old curiosity about animals' memory; he depicts Kira's torrid battle with a bobcat; and he gives us one episode, the incarceration in the miner's cabin, which verges on the fortuitous. But for the most part, this is a sweeping and powerful narrative, splendidly graphic and admirably illustrated by John Schoenherr. It is also implacable, for as we know, the odds against the golden eagle are more deadly each year.

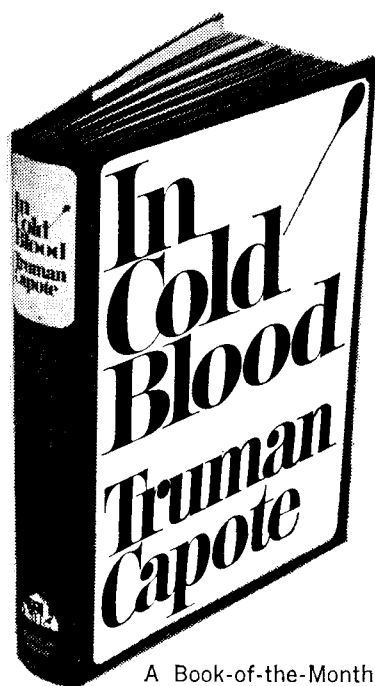
AFTER THE MARKET BROKE

In *The Rector of Justin* and now in his new novel, **THE EMBEZZLER** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS** discloses his story by having each of the three principals set down their version of what happened. The embezzler himself begins. Guy Prime, the handsomest of the younger generation of the New York Primes, had everything in his favor in his twenties, everything, that is, but money: he was a handsome athlete, sunny-tempered, and immensely attractive to women; his uncles had all married fortunes; the right doors were open to him; and when he married Angelica Hyde, there was every reason for him to rise to a crowning success in Wall Street and on Long Island. But Guy was born to spend, his own fortune and any others available. The Glenville Club, which he founded (and whose bonds he temporarily appropriated), was his monument, but the sunny conviviality which won him such popularity in the nineteen twenties had coarsened into a florid recklessness by the thirties, and when the market broke, no amount of borrowing could cover up Guy's embezzlement. After serving his sentence, he took refuge in Panama, where he penned this record to clear his name. When the manuscript was shown to his intimates, it provoked a hot reply from his best friend, Rex Geer, who had undercut Guy in many ways, and a more compassionate statement from Angelica.

The literary artifice in all this seems to me questionable, but the story is such a good one and the three points of view so entertaining in their contrast that I can forgive it. Mr. Auchincloss is happiest when writing about the elect and the wealthy, and his scenes of the summer days in Bar Harbor, where Guy is trying to make peace with his father, a snob beyond belief, of Guy showing off in the bar of the Glenville, or of Angelica and her mother fighting their way through the cruise of the Aegean are delightful period pieces. The author never persuades me that his men are in love, which is a pity since Guy must have been quite good at it. Of the three narrators, Angelica is the most believable, more downright and with far less special pleading than either of her lovers.

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THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

IN *THE PROUD TOWER* (Macmillan, \$7.95), BARBARA TUCHMAN sketches a portrait of the Western world in the quarter century before the guns of August, 1914, marked the end of one era and the beginning of another.

Her purpose is to describe the contradictory tendencies that were the legacy of the nineteenth century to the twentieth. The proud tower of European civilization "was an edifice of grandeur and passion, of riches and beauty and dark cellars. Its inhabitants lived, as compared to a later time, with more self-reliance, more confidence, more hope; greater magnificence, extravagance and elegance; more carelessness, more gaiety, more pleasure in each other's company and conversation, more injustice and hypocrisy, more misery and want, more sentiment including false sentiment, less sufferance of mediocrity, more dignity in work, more delight in nature, more zest."

A chronological framework is inadequate to contain all the elements of the picture. Instead, Miss Tuchman traces eight broad themes which organize the outstanding features of society at the turn of the century. An analysis of the English aristocracy at the point where a Conservative government took office in 1895 uncovers the modes by which a patrician elite exercised power. There is an abrupt contrast with the anarchists, intellectuals outraged by the injustices of their time, who denied the legitimacy of power and resorted to assassination to demonstrate their love of humanity.

These two introductory accounts lead into four ingenious chapters which deal with the issues of war and peace. Around the career of Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Miss

Tuchman weaves the story of the end of the dream of American isolation and the involvement of the United States in imperialism. The life of the composer Richard Strauss is the guiding thread in a discussion of "Neroism" in Germany. The Dreyfus Case is the focus of a perceptive analysis of the military spirit in France. And the two Hague conferences knit together the disparate forces which shaped the peace movement.

The last two chapters deal with the successes and failures of organized labor. The process of parliamentary reform in England between 1905 and 1911 shows power slipping away from the Conservative aristocracy, with the Liberals the beneficiaries for the moment, but with the new Labor Party preparing to contest for control. The tragedy of Jean Jaurès, with which the book ends, is also the tragedy of European socialism, which proved incapable of meeting the crisis of war in 1914.

The Proud Tower is consistently interesting. Its author is a skillful and imaginative writer. She has the storyteller's knack for getting the maximum dramatic effect out of the events which crowd her pages, whether the political debates over the reform of the House of Lords or the pomp of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Miss Tuchman knows how to bring alive personalities as diverse as the golf-playing intellectual Arthur Balfour, the anarchist Prince Peter Kropotkin, or the insufferable Kaiser Wilhelm II. The effective use of anecdotes and quotations carries the reader effortlessly along.

That Miss Tuchman has not told the whole story she is well aware. The book, she explains, "could be written all over again under the same title with entirely other subject matter." Her vignettes open eight windows through which we catch discontinuous glimpses of the life of a tumultuous era. But we do not thereby arrive at a comprehension of the forces that move the people we observe.

The disclaimer of completeness explains but does not justify crucial omissions. We arrive at the final page to discover the international solidarity of labor dissolved as the worker shoulders his rifle against fellow workers of another land. But there has been no coherent discussion of nationalism, nor indeed of such

other major developments as industrialization and technological change.

Miss Tuchman is unwilling to judge some subjects more important than others because she does not aim to arrive at any overall conclusion: "to draw some tidy generalization from the heterogeneity of the age would be invalid." As a result she is content to refrain from asking, and therefore fails to answer, the significant questions. Why did the English aristocrats acquiesce in the surrender of power? Why did the socialists so readily shoulder arms? If the Venezuela dispute so seriously inflamed Anglo-American relations, whence the rapprochement that developed almost at once? It is a tribute to Miss Tuchman's narrative skill that she can guide the reader's attention away from issues of this sort. But in doing so she misses the opportunity for adding to his understanding.

THE WESTERN PACIFIC

It is hardly necessary to remind Americans in 1966 of their stake in the Pacific and Asia. Yet the area is so remote and its culture is so far removed from that of the United States that policy judgments are hazardous indeed. The war, the collapse of old empires, and the development of Communism and nationalism have thrust upon us unfamiliar responsibilities.

Two disturbing books illustrate the complexities of these problems. **FORMOSA BETRAYED** (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95) by **GEORGE H. KERR**, argues that the island is not really Chinese in character and should therefore not be ruled by either Mao or Chiang. The author is familiar with the territory, having lived and taught there before the Second World War, and having served after the surrender as Naval Attaché and later as Vice-Consul. He knows the facts and writes with passion, but not always with conviction.

The thesis of the book is that the United States made a mistake in the Cairo Declaration of 1943 when it pledged the restoration of Formosa to China. The island's connections with the mainland had always been thin, and the people had prospered under Japanese rule. Mr. Kerr believes that they would have preferred American trusteeship to government by the Chinese. Instead,

The Peripatetic Advertiser



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Another professorial voice is heard in **The Promise of America: An Historical Inquiry** by the distinguished historian JOHN

MORTON BLUM. This is a book that has grown out of Mr. Blum's experience in interpreting our country both to native non-historians and to students in foreign countries. It is an effort to examine "out of the whole past those ideas and those developments that seem . . . best to reflect the American performance — the national promise, the changing processes for pursuing it, the changing emphases in defining it, the consequent, irregular satisfactions."



And yet another historian, Frank Freidel, Professor of History at Harvard comments on it. "I read . . . with delight and fascination. Professor Blum has produced one of the most thoughtful and eloquent sets of essays on history of the United States that I have ever seen . . ."

The third book is social history written by **CAROL HOLLINGER**, an American woman who taught young Siamese royalty at the Chulalongkorn University during a stay in Thailand. The book is funny, and sometimes hilarious, but there is nothing saccharine about the author's wit. "She is a brilliant observer of customs, manners, and cultural conflict, compassionate without being coy or condescending toward the 'natives', and frankly unsparing of herself and her fellow American visitors without ever falling into easy self-recriminations or guilt-ridden rhetoric. I think the book tells more about the complex realities of Americans abroad than The Ugly American, and more about the sense and spirit of an 'exotic' foreign country than a car-load of studies." — DAN WAKEFIELD.

Her book is **Mai Pen Rai Means Never Mind**.

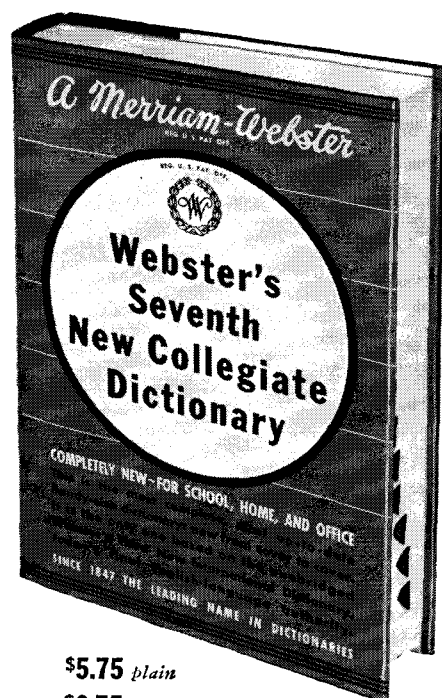


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they were handed over to the greedy Nationalist Army, which ruthlessly suppressed their effort at rebellion in February, 1947. After the military collapse of the Kuomintang government on the mainland and Chiang's retreat to Formosa, the situation became worse, and the islanders' hopes for independence died. The United States was ultimately responsible for the betrayal. It should have held control until the Formosans were in a position to govern themselves.

The analysis is somewhat overdrawn and fails to take into account the genuine economic and social progress in Taiwan in the past decade. Certainly the indices of economic development are encouraging. There is also evidence that the old animosities are subsiding and that the basis has emerged for a free China in which elements of both cultures will fuse.

Moreover, all such efforts to spell out what might have been discount the pressures of the actual situation. Even had the wartime leaders enjoyed the leisure to consider the case for Formosan independence, they could not have turned against Chiang, their ally in a desperate struggle against a common enemy.

Above all, Formosa illustrates the dilemma repeatedly posed to American policy makers. To have followed the line Mr. Kerr urges and to have assumed a protectorate over Formosa would have exposed the United States to precisely the charges of imperialism that undermine its position in the uncommitted areas of the world. Yet the United States cannot abdicate the responsibilities that power thrusts upon it. After 1945 it could neither leave the island to the Japanese nor assure it independence nor allow Chiang's regime to collapse. Under these very difficult circumstances, the best-intentioned policies were bound to be imperfect.

The dilemma is even more clearly stated in *AMERICA'S PARADISE LOST* (John Day, \$5.95) by WILLARD PRICE. This is a description of Micronesia, some two thousand Pacific islands held as a trust territory by the United States, the most important being Saipan, Palau, Truk, and Yap.

Mr. Price knows the islands well. He was one of the very few white men to visit them in the 1930s, when the territory was a tightly guarded Japanese mandate. The present

book is the product of an eight-thousand-mile tour, and it presents a lucid description of an area with problems for which there are no ready solutions.

Their culture has not prepared the islanders for political independence. Their economy is scarcely viable, and they have neither the training nor the institutions appropriate to a twentieth-century state. If all the strangers were to go away, the tribes would revert to the internecine warfare which retarded their development in the past. But all the strangers will not go away. If the United States, for whatever reason, should withdraw, other more aggressive powers would quickly pour into the resultant vacuum.

Substantial groups among the islanders understand that they need not political independence, but support and development. Indeed, the strongest resentments — among the followers of the curious Cargo Cult — arise out of the conviction that the Americans are somehow withholding gifts that are due the people.

The classic responses to colonialism are therefore hardly relevant here. Some of these atolls may have strategic value, but scarcely enough to give the United States an interest in holding them. American imperialism therefore involves a commitment to expenditure rather than the prospect of a gain. If we succeed in our task, our reward in the next generation is likely to be an anti-American nationalist movement. In a sense that Kipling did not intend, colonies have become the burdens of the developed nations.

TILLMAN DURDIN'S *SOUTHEAST ASIA* (Atheneum, \$3.95) offers an excellent general introduction to the vast area that borders on China, the Philippines, Indonesia, Indochina, Burma, and Thailand. This is the most useful of the New York Times "Byline" Books yet to appear. Written by a veteran foreign correspondent who has spent more than thirty years in the Far East, it reveals an expert's knowledge of the subject, yet it is concise and clearly written. Thoroughly objective, it gives the general reader an excellent, if not altogether cheerful, picture of the whole region.

A brief historical introduction opens up a survey of the diverse peoples and places in the area. There is a sober, balanced account of the independence movement and

its consequences and a good analysis of what Sukarno has meant for Indonesia. Durdin's characterization of the political and economic consequences of independence is judicious and leads to pithy chapters on Communist aggression, the influence of China, and the situation in Vietnam. Mr. Durdin concludes: "the simple if unacceptable fact is that South-east Asia is too weak at the present stage of history to determine its own destiny. It must rely on the United States and the Thais to protect it from direct and indirect Chinese Communist domination." Only thus can the forms of regional cooperation develop that would give these independent countries the opportunity fully to control their own destiny.

Useful as such accounts are, they offer only a narrow vantage point from which to regard the problems of Western contact with Asia. Political concerns are in the forefront of our attention, and it is understandable that books written around a topical focal point should concentrate on governmental affairs and should view economic and social issues in the context of public policy. The result, however, is sometimes to obscure the human beings involved and the traumatic shock of changes that have transformed the lives of millions in the past two decades.

The ability to keep the human context in view accounts for the unusual quality of MASLYN WILLIAMS' *FIVE JOURNEYS FROM JAKARTA* (Morrow, \$6.00). The author is an expert on documentary films for the Australian government, and perhaps for that reason has an eye not only for the intimate details of village life but also for their cultural meaning. His absorbing account of Indonesia's people is written with compassionate understanding and avoids alike the dangers of condescension and of sentimentality. It is a superb introduction to an alien culture.

In Indonesia as in many other parts of Asia, the first encounters with European influence were not totally disruptive. Village organization, family life, and religious values survived intact for hundreds of years. The description of Bali reveals the resilience of the old forms even in the middle of the twentieth century. But independence and industrialization have proved to be

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more powerful solvents, for better or worse, than imperialism; and the changes that began with the ouster of the Dutch twenty years ago steadily gather momentum. The confusion and corruption of Jakarta, and the disorientation of personal existence in the countryside, are evidence of the operations of profound social forces with which we shall have to reckon in the future.

DE GAULLE

The elections of December, 1965, which burst the bubble of Charles de Gaulle's popularity in France, cast a curious light upon two recent accounts of that enigmatic personality. Both are the products of competent analysts. Both contain the materials for an assessment of the creator of the Fifth Republic. But both authors are so swept away by the illusion of De Gaulle's necessity that they are incapable of dealing with him critically or of anticipating his repudiation.

DAVID SCHOENBRUN has earned an enviable reputation as a broadcaster and commentator on world affairs. He knows France intimately and writes with care and thoughtfulness. His *THE THREE LIVES OF CHARLES DE GAULLE* (Atheneum, \$6.95) is a useful biography which takes its subject through his career as soldier, as wartime leader in exile, and as the statesman who solved the problems of his country.

The flaw in the book is the religious awe with which the author regards its leading character. "Incarnation and Reincarnation," "The Immaculate Concept," "The Moment of Truth for the French," "Mortality and Immortality" are among the chapter titles which reflect a worshipful attitude uncongenial to criticism.

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC'S *DE GAULLE* (Doubleday, \$4.50) is even more candidly rhapsodic. The Nobel-Prize-winning novelist has not here attempted to write a formal biography or history but rather has chosen to describe the way in which he thinks about De Gaulle. The tone of the book is set in the account of the very first meeting with the hero, shortly after liberation. "Can anyone who has not lived, suffered, and, if not fought, at least resisted in some obscure fashion in occupied France . . . can such a person understand that I had to lean against the wall to

keep from faltering?" The mystic's faith in his savior leaves no room for questioning.

Both books therefore cling to the myth of De Gaulle's consistency. From his earliest youth De Gaulle knew exactly what his duty was; he held inflexibly to his purpose; and by the power of his will, he attained his goal, which was the salvation of his country.

It takes true faith to adhere to this position in the face of the facts. De Gaulle, for example, commonly receives credit for the solution of the Algerian problem. Yet his stony refusal to make his position known in the years when a constructive compromise was possible encouraged the intransigence of the advocates of *Algérie française* who brought him to power. That he ultimately betrayed those who had been his most enthusiastic supporters is hardly evidence of foresight on his part. In the same way, expediency and uncertainty have been characteristic of his relations with Germany and Red China. That his own rhetoric covers up these shifts with affirmations that they are for the glory of France, of which he is custodian, accounts for his capacity to dazzle observers. But the belief does not make the emperor's clothing real.

Paradoxically, Mauriac is more aware of the illusion than Schoenbrun. Mauriac realizes that there is no connection between the France of De Gaulle's vision and that of actuality. De Gaulle "seems to have dissociated once and for all the ephemeral French from eternal France, as if he had finally decided that the nation's greatness depends only on the mind that directs it." Censorship, the failure to develop a coherent political order, the weakness of the educational system, the debasement of taste, sexuality, alcoholism, and corruption do not matter so long as the vision remains pure in the heart of the leader.

The irony lies in the extent to which the deception was successful until tested in December, 1965. It was not De Gaulle alone who believed in his indispensability; his most powerful opponents were unwilling to take what seemed the futile step of running against him. In the end, the French of actuality did have their say at the ballot box, and their verdict stands in mocking contrast to the laudatory judgment of these books.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

RALPH NADER, a lawyer who acted as adviser to the Senate subcommittee investigating automobile hazards, has written *UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED* (Grossman, \$5.95) in the hope of arousing public demand for safer vehicles, through legislation if necessary. Mr. Nader is no sentimental optimist; he does not envision a car that will be proof against idiot driving. Granted a certain amount of idiot driving as inevitable, however, Mr. Nader insists that cars can be built to give the participants in accidents a better chance of survival. His evidence in support of this claim is extensive and convincing, while his list of the dangers knowingly built into cars is blood-chilling. These hazards—and Mr. Nader finds every American motor company guilty of something of the sort—range from a weight distribution that causes the vehicle to turn turtle where a properly balanced machine would not even wobble (Corvair), to tail fins sharp enough to kill a child falling against a parked car (Cadillac). The first case was the result of cheap construction; the second, of excessive and irrelevant ornament. They both boil down to money, to the desire for profit unrestrained by any sense of responsibility toward the public. Mr. Nader finds this state of mind endemic among car makers. The book is unnerving, but should be read by anyone who does not intend to take permanent refuge in a bomb shelter.

NOEL BARBER'S *THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95) is not quite formal history, since the author confesses to drawing conclusions for which there is no sure evidence surviving, and to filling in certain gaps in the action. Still, the book is hardly fiction either. Perhaps it can best be described as a reconstructed episode. It concerns the brief scuffle between the East India Company and one Siraj-Uddaula, Nabob of Bengal, which, in 1756, led first to the death by suffocation of more than one hundred English prisoners of war, and second to the annexation of a large chunk of India by the company. The siege of Calcutta, the disgraceful

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actions of the English officials responsible for its defense, the confusion inside Fort William, and the final disaster make a lively story and incidentally provide a fine example of the dangers of overconfidence.

RESCUED TREASURES OF EGYPT (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95) is a handsome book, full of photographs of Abu Simbel, the island of Philae, and related antiquities. The text by **MAX-POL FOUCHET**, formerly professor of art history at the University of Algiers, is most artfully designed to include everything the general reader needs to know about the case of Abu Simbel versus the Aswan Dam.

THE JAGUAR'S CHILDREN (Museum of Primitive Art, \$8.95) includes over two hundred photographs of artifacts of the culture of "Pre-Classic Central Mexico." Primarily, that is, material from the Olmec civilization, which flourished between 800 and 300 B.C. **MICHAEL COE's** text is terse and practical, for the most part simply describing the objects and recording their status as either true Olmec or local peasantry under Olmec influence. As for the objects themselves, most of them are enchanting. The pots are neat and functional, the masks wonderfully bizarre, and there is a positive chorus line of pert female figurines. In an area where nothing is definitely known or likely to be, Mr. Coe risks guesswork interpretation of these dolls; he thinks their aboriginal owners thought well of pretty women.

THE FIREBUGS (Knopf, \$3.95), by **PETER FAECKE**, is reported to have been vastly admired in its native Germany. It is indeed impressive work for an author aged twenty-three, an outright marvel of ingenious obliquity. Mr. Faecke's fragmentary, out-of-sequence narrative style is a shrewd device, for told straight, the story would be one of those glum bucolic melodramas about rape in the cow shed — the sort of thing that inspired that neglected satirical delight *Cold Comfort Farm* and that still flourishes on Peyton Place.

"A critical appraisal of a famous father is a task not lightly to be undertaken," **T. LUX FEININGER** writes in **LYONEL FEININGER CITY AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD** (Praeger, \$14.95), and then demonstrates that, however undertaken, he can do it with charm, grace, and insight. The photographs, many in color, are by the author's brother, Andreas.

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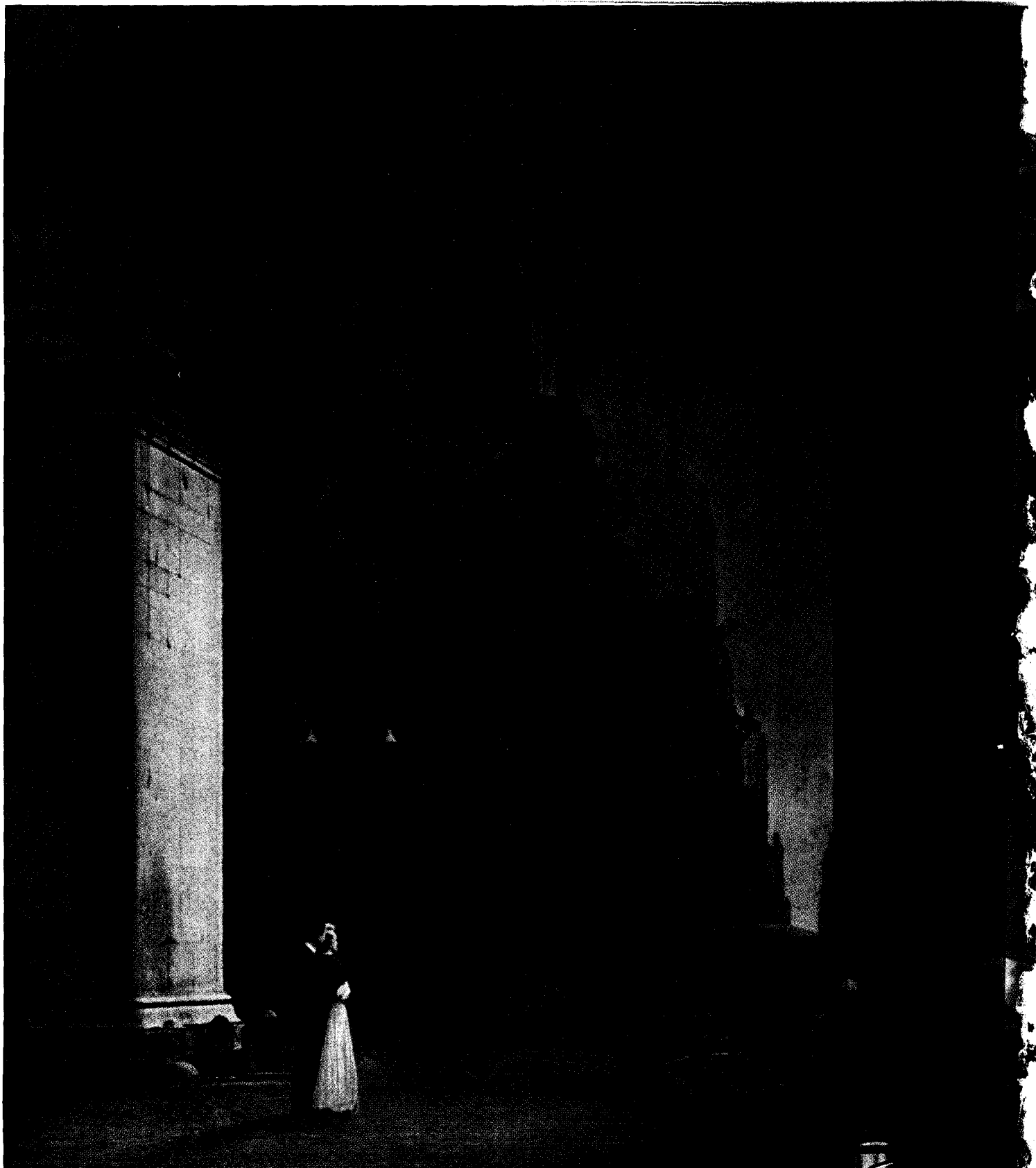
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